THE NEW ADELPHI

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Thomas Hardy.—Thomas Hardy died in the evening of Wednesday, January 11, at the age of eighty-seven. His appeal to the love and veneration of men for the most part yet unborn when his greatest work—in prose at least—had already been accomplished, was peculiarly intimate. The unflinching integrity—" If way to the better there be, It exacts a full sight of the worst "—which put his reputation in jeopardy thirty-five years ago, unspeakably endeared him to a generation which passed through the European War. He stood, in their eyes, clean apart from all other English writers of his time.

What there was, if any, of extravagance in this admiration other generations will decide. We are scarcely capable of the necessary detachment. But those of us who were privileged to know him must bear our witness that he possessed to a rare degree the quality that idealism demands of the spiritual hero. He was perfectly simple.

We have heard the word " naive " spoken of him; but it was by those who did not know him well. But he had the simplicity of one whose ways are not as our ways. The manners of megalopolis had passed him by. They seemed to him, as they seemed to anyone in his company, frenzied and stupid—an opening of the body to the seeds of decay, a closing of the soul to an awareness of fundamental things.

Therefore we rejoice at the final decision that his heart should be buried at Stinsford in his own country. Not only was it his own deeply felt and often expressed desire that he should rest there; but, had it not been so, many of those who loved him would have felt an unfading regret that his career had been denied its consummation. For Hardy, like Shakespeare in other things, was like him not least in this: that he was to the core a countryman, and his heart was with his own place and his own people. Who, that has made the pilgrimage to Stratford, is not glad that Shakespeare was buried there and not in London; or having walked by Avon and stood by the altar in Stratford Church, does not understand something in Shakespeare that he never understood before? So it will be with Hardy. His lovers in years to come will need to seek him in the spaces and the silence of his own country; and there they will find him.

Hardy and the English Church.—It was fitting no less that he should have been honoured by a national funeral in Westminster Abbey. Even though he may not have satisfied the standards of "idealism" necessary for the Nobel Prize, it was felt, and rightly felt in this country that there was no incongruity in the burial of the great "pessimist" in the central shrine of the English Church. The feeling may have been inarticulate but it was widespread that in Hardy we have lost one of the most Christian minds of our time. We may refine and refine in our definitions of what Christianity is, but we have not much doubt in our hearts that the true Christian is he

> To whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery, and will not let him rest.

Of this high compassion Hardy and his works were full. And not the least reason why the Christian Church is fallen into disrepute among us is that it is felt that it tithes the mint and cummin and neglects this weightier matter of the law, and that those who do not neglect it—like Hardy—are generally to be found not within the Church, but outside it.

Yet not wholly outside. I remember in the summer of last year Hardy's saying to me one afternoon that, when he was a boy, there had been a possibility of his entering the Church. Circumstance decided otherwise. "But I," he said, "have often regretted it." I was, for the moment, astonished; but when, in the evening, I came to think over his words, I felt that they showed a faith in the English Church which I would give much to share. Whether or not Hardy was right in supposing that room could have been found for his beliefs within the Church—and the difficulties are not so great as they at first sight appear—he paid the Church a noble tribute in "hoping it might be so." And I have little doubt that all through his life Hardy in a real sense regarded himself as a member of the Church of England.

The Rejection of the New Prayer Book.—The attitude of an Englishman towards the English Church, expressed in Hardy's words and symbolized by his burial in Westminster Abbey, is one that is easily forgotten in the subtleties of theological dispute and ritual practice. But we have been reminded most potently of its stubborn persistence by the unexpected action of the House of Commons in rejecting the New Prayer Book, and by the general welcome in the country which that action has received. In this matter the House of Commons voiced the dormant sentiment of the nation. Hundreds of thousands of men and women who scarcely ever take part in a Church service are concerned for and attached to the Church of England. It is a strange situation, and one that must seem intolerable to the more specifically "religious" people who are assiduous in worship. Certainly it is almost unthinkable save in an English country. But the situation exists, and we may be glad of it. It means, among other

things, that England is a much more religious country than would ever be deduced from the statistics of church-going. Englishmen are shy about religion—so shy, indeed, that many of them never go to church at all. The frequent Latin Catholic attitude of taking religion as a sensible sort of prophylactic against pangs of conscience and possible future discomforts, and of getting the periodical inoculation over as expeditiously as possible, has much to be said for it as a method of social hygiene. So also have the *maisons tolérées* which are a sort of physical analogue to Latin Catholicism, and often concomitant with it. England can do with neither the one nor the other: it is no merit of ours, simply a difference. We do not like to see things too sharply. The logic of Christianity leads inevitably to Latin Catholicism, just as surely as the logic of animality leads to the *maison tolérée*. The logic, in either case, we refuse.

The recent history of the Church of England has been too logical for the English people. The Enabling Act by which the Church gained the apparatus of self-government would in itself have been an admirable measure if those whom it chiefly concerned had really wanted it; it enabled changes to be initiated and elaborated without setting in motion cumbrous and inappropriate political machinery. But those who rejoiced in it forgot that the House of Laity could not possibly be representative of the members of the Church of England.* Some of them did realize that not more than a fraction of faithful church-goers would trouble to place themselves upon the parochial roll, and that the House of Laity would in consequence be a great deal more "professionally" religious than the lay members of the Church: but few indeed cared to remember the existence of those countless people who never, or hardly ever, go to church but yet regard the doctrines and practices of the Church of England as a matter of real concern. It is easy and tempting to declare that such people have no right to be concerned; but that exclusiveness is based upon the assumption that the Church of England is something other than it actually is. Whether or not it would gain by being something other is a matter for dispute. We do not believe it. It might gain a certain intensity of life by ceasing to be the nation in its religious aspect; but it would lose a potential comprehensiveness which, it seems to us, no other Church possesses or is likely to possess.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE NATION.—What happened when the House of Commons rejected the New Prayer Book was that the nation, which is in the last resort the real Church of England, rejected a manifest tendency towards Roman sacerdotalism which the more professional or more specialized Church had found it necessary to yield to. The report of the debate in the House of Commons is a very interesting document, which anybody can and everybody should

* Charity says "forgot": accuracy might say "remembered."

buy for sixpence. Unlike its analogue in the House of Lords (which costs one and sixpence) the debate in the Commons is suffused with genuine conviction. It contains no such masterly expositions of ecclesiastical law as that given by Lord Phillimore in another place; but it does to a surprising degree represent what we imagine to be the temper of the nation—that nation which sees no incongruity, but only fitness, in the solemn burial of Thomas Hardy in Westminster Abbey. The leaders of the opposition to the New Prayer Book made it abundantly clear that they had no objection at all, but rather welcome, to nine-tenths of it. The very real doctrinal change involved by the rejection of the doctrine of original sin from the Service of Baptism was completely acceptable to them. The objections were simply to the alternative Communion Service and to the Reservation of the Sacrament. In other words, all those changes which could be regarded as concessions to English Modernism would have been accepted: all those changes which seemed to the ordinary man to bring the sacramental doctrine of the Church of England nearer to that of the Roman Church were rejected. And that, it seems to us, was a consummation devoutly to be wished. The House of Commons did well, and it is impossible for anyone to read the debate without realizing that it acted with a genuine sense of responsibility. The most notable speech was that of Sir John Simon, because for the first time in the whole prolonged discussion of the New Prayer Book he clearly enunciated the principle by which the votes of those members who were not members of the Church of England ought to be governed.

> The thing we have always got to keep in mind . . . is that, apart from those who are the convinced and active supporters of the Church of England as by law established, apart from those who, although they do not go regularly to church, go to the Established Church if they go at all, there is a great mass of people in this country who have the most friendly feeling towards Churchmen and Churchwomen, but who continue to acquiesce in the Establishment of the Church of England because they have been satisfied that it is a Protestant Reformed Church. I have the duty of considering how they regard this matter, and not solely how Churchmen and Churchwomen who support the Revised Book regard it.

It would be easy to enter on a subtle disputation concerning sacramental doctrine; it would be easy to show that Anglo-Catholicism can trace a noble, though of late years sadly contaminated, descent from Andrewes, Laud and Hooker; it would be easy to admit that the majority of Anglo-Catholics are a high-minded and devoted body of men. But the fact is that they represent a doctrine totally opposed to that upon which the Established Church of England really rests. This doctrine never has been formulated, and is probably incapable of clear formulation.* It lies behind Sir John Simon's statement,

* After all, it may be said to have been formulated well enough by Hooker (quoted by Dean Inge in the opening essay of "The Church in the World," Longmans: 6s. net). "There is not any man of the Church of England but the same man is also a member of the commonwealth; *nor any man a member of the commonwealth which is not also of the Church of England.*"

and we have attempted to express it by saying that the Church of England is the English nation under its religious aspect. That principle is expressed in act by the necessity of securing the assent of Parliament to any modifications of the doctrine of the Established Church. As to the question whether the doctrinal changes introduced by the New Prayer Book are or are not serious, once more Sir John Simon's argument is convincing. A large number of Anglican priests, devoted, high-minded, have deliberately chosen to disobey their ecclesiastical superiors. It is impossible to believe that they chose to disobey on a trivial matter: some deep doctrinal issue was at stake. If, then, the New Prayer Book will satisfy these recalcitrants (as the Bishops argue) and bring peace to the Church, there obviously has been a fundamental change of doctrine.

> It would neither be very candid, nor, indeed, very plausible, to say that indiscipline will cease if, indeed, you preserve, in all fundamentals, all the doctrinal stumbling blocks which have caused indiscipline to arise.

THE BLOW TO ANGLO-CATHOLICISM.—Since the publication by the Bishops of their proposed amendments to the Deposited Book, controversy has been hot and furious. Lord Hugh Cecil has repeatedly enounced the wild theory that Parliament has no right to pronounce upon doctrinal issues in the Church of England. The theory in a vague form is shared by many Anglo-Catholics. Lord Hugh Cecil deserves the credit of stating it clearly, though it is so remote from the reality that it is interesting chiefly as showing what views *can* be held by responsible Anglo-Catholic laymen. If it were indeed so, what was the Archbishop of Canterbury doing in introducing the measure into the House of Lords? And how heinous the heresy he committed by solemnly acknowledging the full right of the House to vote its pleasure! Perhaps the present situation of the Established Church *is* impossible; but it will not be improved by uttering theories so patently nonsensical.

In its latter stages the controversy has centred on the Reservation of the Sacrament. It is acknowledged that this is contrary to the Articles; but it is argued, for example, by the Bishop of Southwark in the *Times* of January 30, first, that Continuous Reservation is already widely practised, and that to forbid it would be to drive many priests into disobedience; and, secondly, that the 39 Articles are no longer regarded by one side or the other. The first of these arguments is a poor thing to come from a Bishop. The second is more interesting. The Anglican spokesmen at the Malines conversations ("a ridiculous flirtation with a Belgian cardinal": Dean Inge) quite openly surrendered those famous 39 Articles to which every ordained priest of the Church of England has declared his assent "in their literal and grammatical sense." On the other hand, the Anglican Modernists are quite as unable as the Anglo-Catholics to accept the Articles; and most of them are quite as frank about it. In other words, the doctrinal

basis of the Church of England has collapsed. Essentially, the New Prayer Book is an attempt to strengthen that basis by extending it in both directions at once: towards Rome and towards—wherever the future of Protestantism may lie. We do not believe the unity of the Church of England can be maintained by such hazardous expedients.

At this opportune moment the Pope has launched his Encyclical *De vera unitate religionis fovenda*—a lucid, impressive and completely uncompromising document—a timely check to the wilder sort of Anglo-Catholic dreamers to whom one portion of it is obviously addressed. The Roman Church will contemplate only that unity of Christendom which comes from complete submission to Rome. Whether the Encyclical will have an immediate effect we do not know, but ultimately it is bound most seriously to weaken the Anglo-Catholic movement in the English Church. Already the name begins to sound a little more forlorn and provincial than it did before; and those who answer to it might ponder the words of Fulke Greville, written 300 years ago:—

Again, for such as strive to undermine
The vanity of Rome's o'er-built foundation
With sin's ambition, under words divine
Hoping to raise sects from her declination;
O let them know, God is to both alike,
The one he hath, the other he will strike.

And in the world where Pow'r confirms Opinion,
Advantage, disadvantage as they stand;
Rome hath the odds in age and in dominion;
By which the devils all things understand.
The superstition is too worn a womb
To raise a new Church now to equal Rome.

Last, for ourselves, which of that Church would be
Which—though invisible—yet was, is, shall
For ever be the State and Treasurie
Of God's elect, which cannot from Him fall:
Arks now we look for none, nor signes to part
Egypt from Israel; all rests in the heart.

The Real Position of the Church of England.—The doctrinal basis of the Church of England has collapsed. The tug-of-war between those who want more dogma and those who want less has disrupted its Articles of faith. Those who want to reform them and rebuild the doctrine of the English Church would be wise to show a little foresight and to consider from what quarter the most serious danger is to be apprehended. The editor of *Crockford*—no alarmist, we may be sure—will tell them. In the preface to the current edition of his famous directory he says that it is evident from the figures of the last ten years that the Church of England cannot count on "more than 350 recruits to its priesthood every year," of whom "a very large number are quite unable to provide themselves with an adequate education."*

* Quoted by the Rev. H. Hardy in the January *Hibbert Journal*.

> It is not too much to say that if the history of the last ten years is continued for another ten, the effective maintenance of the parochial system will have become impossible in all but a few favoured localities. Anything which can fairly be called 'The Church of England' will have ceased to exist and its place will have been taken by the sporadic activities of a denomination.

Here is the real danger to the Church of England. The fact is simple. Educated men find it daily harder to take orders. And the reason for that is also simple. It is not, as is sometimes said, that the Church of England no longer offers a career. Religious Englishmen are not so hopelessly Erastian as that cynical statement implies. The reason is that educated men do not believe in the Resurrection of Christ. This may seem a crude way of putting the matter: but it is better to be crude than to be ambiguous. Those who write about these matters are almost invariably themselves in orders, and they have a certain reticence imposed upon them. Unconsciously, they falsify the real situation. They tend to ascribe the reluctance of educated men to enter the priesthood to intellectual difficulties over this dogma or that. They elude the crucial difficulty, which is as clear as day to any outsider who has given some real thought to Christian doctrine. For the man who sincerely believes in the bodily Resurrection of Christ as expounded in the Articles, there is no difficulty whatever in any single one of the traditional dogmas of the Church. Anyone who genuinely believes in the Resurrection and is capable of thinking will find that the dogmas of Christianity are necessary. To represent that educated men are debarred by minor dogmatic difficulties from entering the priesthood is to misrepresent the situation altogether.

There is *a sense* in which any man who has passionately contemplated the life and the teaching and the death of Jesus must believe in his resurrection. He lives and will live for ever in the hearts of men who give heed to him.

There are very many priests in the Church to-day who believe this, and do not believe in the bodily Resurrection of Jesus or in any of the dogmas which flow from it. They mean well, and we believe that they remain in the Church with the highest motives; but, in spite of that, an odour of disingenuousness does attach to them. In fact, they do not attract men to the Church: that compromise with their intellectual conscience which they have elected to make has been made in vain. Their apologetics, brilliant though they may be, are tainted; they alienate rather than persuade. They hold on, in the hope that a change will come. Either that change must come soon, or in a little while the Church will have sunk to the level of an illiterate denomination. The old prestige of learning and culture will have left it, never to return. The educated man who can believe in the Resurrection will go to Rome, the educated man who cannot will—what will he do? That is the question the Bishops should be trying to answer.

THE EDITOR.

UNLEASHED

THE room was darkish, even at midday. Once, when all four of the paper-ruling machines had been in working order, whistling blue and yellow gas flares had to be lighted over the two middle ones. Now, three of the machines, like nightmare four-poster beds, had been abandoned to dust, to spiders, to small white insects that darted across the once shining woodwork on unknown business. Ghosts of the smells of ink and gall hovered above the decaying machines in the quiescent air.

There were four grimy windows in the long, narrow room, two at each end, but the tall building fronting them helped to exclude the light. In the centre of the room, a wooden stairway ascended abruptly to a hole in the roof, Upstairs, at the end of a short passage, there was life and light. Eight or nine girls lounged upon stools or boxes, sewing sections of torn and dirty library books together with thin string, or folding endless sheets of paper into booklets. A man and a boy pressed reams of paper into a hand-worked guillotine, straightened it, and cut. The paper creaked. Another man, at the top of the room, re-backed the books as they became ready for him. Still another man marbled the edges of account books and ledgers. Near him, in a corner, stood a triangular sink, at which many scuffles and skirmishes took place between man and girl.

Yet even here, decay was in the air. Hand-sewing, hand-ruling, hand-bookbinding was definitely going out, but old Ben Isitt, the master, would not advance with the times. He blinked his tired eyes, stroked his long white beard, and said in his soft, indistinct voice that it would see his time out. He was eighty.

Downstairs, no noise penetrated except the occasional cla-che-cla-che of a heavy perforating machine in the rear of the office above. At one time, four men and eight girls had worked happily in this room. Now it was abandoned to two, a man and a girl. She fed paper into the jaws of the machine, and he turned a handle with one hand, and guided the ruling pens with the other. Day in and day out they kept to their task. There was no monotony in it for them. Each job they were given took on an individuality. Some were easy, some hard. Some cheap, some costly. Some could be done carelessly, yet would come out right, others were so precious that not one sheet of paper was allowed to be wasted.

If there was too much work for one—sometimes, even yet, that happened—old Ben Isitt would stump laboriously down the wooden stairs, tie up his beard with a piece of red tape to keep it away from the rollers, blow the dust off one of the deserted machines, and set the pens in order. Then he would borrow one of the older girls from upstairs,

set her to feeding in the paper, and ... even Einstein ... absolute time ... entry of the "boss" and another girl feeder ... and yet the ... nation of the room. The ghosts quivered a little ... any

Louis Hughes was the name of the youth who worked ... the old machines. He was nineteen, not yet out of his "time," ... knew everything there was to be known about ruling paper. He was dark, very dark, with a long, pale face, small grey eyes, and a large mouth, the top lip of which was pushed forward by the unexpected jutting out of two teeth. He rarely smiled, but if anything amused him very much, he cackled and guffawed alternately, bending down and pressing his great hands between his knees in a transport of mirth. He was ugly, but not repellent. There was a long tuft of black hair running up the middle of his head, something like a cock's comb.

Susannah Ross, his feeder, was a quiet and mysterious girl. Dark too, with a round, pale face, and fat, heavy ringlets hanging around her head. She was slightly deaf, and there was always a smell of some kind of oil about her. Her hair shone. She had dark brown eyes, smooth lips and small, square teeth. Always, she seemed to be sunk in some reverie. She was sixteen. Her breasts had budded high and firm, asserting themselves boldly from beneath her tight blue serge dress. Sometimes she was ashamed and distressed because of them, and if anybody stared at her, a purple blush of agony crept slowly over her thick white skin, and as slowly drained away.

The dark, heavy room with its unchanged air seemed to suit these people. They had worked together for two years. Louis was a man in the girl's eyes; she was a child in his. Both quiet, they seldom exchanged a word. When Louis was cleaning his machine, or re-setting the pens, the girl would go upstairs and fetch water from the sink in a tin pail, spatter it over the floor, and sweep up. In spite of the water, the atmosphere soon became nebulous with particles of dust, and ghosts awakened. She would pick up the scraps of paper and carry them away to the waste box upstairs, wrapped in one of her unending dreams.

Sometimes, in summer, Louis opened the window a little way, so that the noise of the traffic came up to them in small gusts of sound. A clock chimed mi, ray, doh, soh, every quarter of an hour. There were times when they lost count of an hour, and were pleasantly surprised to find that it was twelve, instead of eleven o'clock.

Susannah lived with her grandmother in a city slum. She did not know it was a slum, neither did her grandmother. Their home was a two-roomed cottage in a long street off a main road. The girl slept with her grandmother, ate with her, walked with her in the evenings about the city streets. They paid infrequent visits to her mother. She had several brothers and sisters, some older, some younger than herself, but she was unhappy in their presence. They would run along the stone flagged yard, up the steps to the door, and cry shrilly, "Mother, 'ere's Susannah an' gran'ma," and her mother would open the door, fat,

...-pins, her thick stuff dress greasy ... that they had "caught" her, and that ...ed and dressed in another minute." Then she ... the lurking children for a supper of fish and chips from ...op, and they would all eat and quarrel among themselves. ...ver mind plates. Eat 'em off the paper and save washing up!"

"That isn't the way I've brought the girl up. Susannah, you get a plate out o' the cupboard," gran'ma would say in her slow, determined way.

"There isn't a clean one," Susannah would answer, almost in tears. Then to the old woman she would whisper, "Gran'ma, let's go home. Oh, gran'ma, let's go home." And soon they would go.

Each visit to her mother was like being sucked into a whirlpool, and each walk through the dark and dusty streets to her grandmother's house, clinging to her grandmother's arm, was like the exhausted return to the smooth river. She could not speak for pure happiness. She never wondered why she lived with her grandmother. She was the result of a violent passion on her mother's part for a former lodger. The grandmother had taken the child to save her from ill-treatment at the hands of the incensed legal father, and the trouble had died naturally away.

Apart from these visits, Susannah Ross was exquisitely happy. There were times when she and her grandmother climbed the long flight of stairs which led up to the gallery of the People's Theatre, and saw a play. Susannah could hear quite a lot of the dialogue. Something in her willed it so. Always early, they would contrive to get a front seat, and lose themselves in the vivid melodramas that passed before them. Rich, harsh parents. Beautiful daughters suddenly saddled with mysterious babies—usually on snowy nights—dark villains, fair heroes, romance, splendour, hope; all was poured richly before the old woman and the young girl on the front row of the gallery.

This was the sort of thing she thought of continually as she fed paper into the ruling machine. One day a dark villain would pursue her. She would flee from him in terror, yet secretly she knew that the fair hero would come and rescue her in time. In the end, there was a vision of eternal loiterings through marble halls and gardens with fountains, around which grew thousands of red, red geraniums.

The winter in which her seventeenth birthday occurred was a cold one. Day by day there were frost patterns on the grimy windows. Each morning Susannah entered the room with a bucket of coke that had several strips of straw-board flapping on the top of it. She would bend and tear the straw-board, place it on the cold cinders, build a structure of coke over it, and ask Louis in apologetic tones for a match.

Sometimes he would bluster and shout, "Do I provide all the matches in this place? Gordam it, I spend 'alf my screw in gordamned matches!" Other days, he would hand one quietly to her, without a

word. Yet she could never forgive [illegible] even Einstein [illegible] his arms and waved them at her. She [illegible]olute time [illegible] sionately, "Idiot, he is an idiot," while the angry[illegible] yet the [illegible] from her skin. [illegible] *any* statio[illegible]

In the depth of winter came a sudden rush of work. Every[illegible] Mr. Isitt would tread carefully down the steps, one at a time, his [illegible] beard neatly tied up with red tape, like a horse's tail. But this winter, he brought a new girl down with him. The old man never seemed to feel the cold, and he would work away by the hour without once going across the room to warm his hands. Bertha Palmer, the girl he brought downstairs, could scarcely keep herself warm for five minutes together. Some days, luckily for her, old Isitt was called upstairs a dozen times. As soon as he disappeared through the hole in the ceiling, she would be across at the glowing fire, near to the other machine.

"Feel my hands, how cold I am! You, Louis, feel my hands."

Bertha was a large, plump, overdeveloped girl of nineteen. She had a quantity of red hair with a curl in it, small, impudent eyes, and a habit of touching and patting people. She could not help what she called "flirting." She tried to rouse desire in every male. Still a virgin, she flaunted her charms as though she were not. She liked to lean over men, to brush past them, to be caught and given careless kisses, and then to smack the hot face that hovered above her with suddenly simulated temper.

"The idear! What'll you be doin' next, I wonder?"

She was miserable across at the machine with the old man.

"What's 'e lingerin' on for?" she would ask the air, disdainfully. "'E ought to've been dead years ago. Silly old nanny-goat."

Sometimes the old man would be detained upstairs for an hour or more, and Bertha would walk across the floor to shiver at the fire and to try to flirt with Louis. She wore a dull pink, tight-fitting dress. It was a very fancy dress, meant for best, and much ornamented. She had just discovered that the colour did not suit her hair, so she was wanting it to wear out. She would walk up to the machine and stand beside Louis, slyly putting her arm around his waist. She took no notice of Susannah, and Susannah took no notice of her.

"Get off!" Louis would shout suddenly, his little eyes red with anger, his lips wet. She disturbed him.

He would put his hand on her over-ripe bosom to push her away. She would resist him, and he would leave his hand there, as if powerless to take it off, and he would say in a troubled voice, "Go away now, go away."

They would stand staring at each other, he with loathing, she with impudence, and Susannah would look out of the window, her face expressionless, her eyes showing only a blank stare. These things were less than nothing to her. She waited, placidly, until the two separated, then went on with her work.

..all

..rtha, and perhaps for that reason
..ntly. She would wait for him in the dark
put her arms around him. There would be a
. the end he would succumb, and Bertha would walk
..n him in tow, like a captive ship. They would leave the town,
.. stumble through stiles into dark, evening fields, where the half-frozen mud oozed beneath their feet, and where cold drops from unseen branches pattered on to their heads. And there she would caress him, while he trembled and gasped, "Let me alone, can't yer?"

The winter passed. Old Isitt untied his beard and left the dark room again to peace. Bertha no more perplexed the quiet. Still she waited for Louis outside, still she lured him, miserable and shrinking, to her side, but here in the room, he was free.

And for the first time, he saw Susannah Ross. He saw her as something beautiful, desirable; aloof, dignified, her eyes filled with dreams. He began to stare at her. He hated the work at which it was necessary to look. He would just turn the handle and gaze and gaze at her. He began to croon in a low voice. Gradually the tone of it became louder and louder, until at the end, with his mouth open, he was howling like a dog. The old man, hearing the noise, would tramp down the steps, and sit on them half way down, looking at Louis and stroking his long beard. The noise would die away, but as soon as the boss disappeared it would begin again with the low croon which gradually became higher and more supplicating. The young girl, wandering near the fountain, saw only the warm colour of the geraniums, heard only the splash and tinkle of the water. Louis might have been dead, so little did she notice him.

Upstairs, his infatuation was taken as a huge joke.

"Look out, Bertha, she's cutting you out," someone would laugh, and Bertha would press her lips together and raise her eyebrows.

"Puh, that!" she would drawl; and in front of their eyes she would lay hold of Louis as they all trooped downstairs, and take him, unresisting, with her.

Queer things began to happen downstairs. Louis could make no impression on Susannah Ross. Sometimes he would stop in the middle of the work, put down his head on his hands, and cry with agony. Then he would lift up his head, toss back the comb of hair, and fall to working like a madman, so that he could finish quickly, and gaze at this pale, passionless girl.

One morning, he wandered in like a drunken man. His hair was uncombed, his eyes red, his face streaked with dirt and tears. Inside his head, disconnected thoughts were whirling about like wheels. The room was dark and quiet. Susannah was sweeping the floor with long, delicate strokes of the brush. Her hair shone out of the gloom, the stout little curls bobbing to her movements as if they were saluting an audience. Louis walked across, took the brush from her fingers

without touching her—he had neve[illegible]
finished the work, his face melancholy with [illegible]

Upstairs, Bertha was sitting at her frame, se[illegible] and out, she drew the needle slowly. Her face was [illegible] and there was a look of furtive terror in it. Twice she left the roo[illegible]

"What's the matter? Are you ill?" asked Hannah, the [illegible] woman, in a suspicious voice. She had never liked Bertha.

"Course I am," said Bertha, with a return of impudence, "me supper didn't agree with me."

One of the men, higher up the room, gave a loud laugh. Bertha leaned sideways and fell heavily to the floor.

"I thought so," said the forewoman in virtuous tones. "Anyone can see what's the matter with her." All the same, she helped to pick the girl up.

"Take her home, one of you," she commanded.

Bertha wasn't going to give in so soon. She refused to be taken home, and continued her work.

Soon everybody knew that Bertha was going to have a baby, and that she was going to marry Louis. She made all the arrangements, while Louis, with his eyes fixed on Susannah Ross, crooned a hopeless farewell.

The day before the wedding, Louis came in again dirty, dishevelled, red-eyed. He made mistakes in his work, turning the handle slowly or quickly, as the mood took him. Now and again he threw a brief glance at the girl in the corner, noting the calm, regular movements of her hands as she fed the machine.

After a while he dropped the pens and ceased turning. Little blobs of bright red ink formed on the spread paper. He gazed at them uncomprehending. Then he looked up and began to mutter rapidly.

"What did she want wi' me? I never wanted her. I never did nothing, nothing!" His voice rose passionately, "It was all 'er, 'er. Why couldn't she let me alone. Always touchin' me she was, couldn't keep 'er 'ands off me." He ran a hand through his comb of hair and shouted, "It's your fault. It ought to've been you! Standing there, an' never givin' me a decent look, when all the time I'm burnin' mad for yer!"

He ran up to the girl, and seizing her in an embrace of despair, covered her face with kisses. She moved convulsively, but made no sound; only looked at him with sad wide eyes.

Then he let her go, and leaned limply against a machine. Susannah stared at him. Somebody had done something to him that they ought not to have done. There was the stirring of a pain in her breast. It was her fault; she had done it. She wanted to go to him, to stroke him, to touch him. But she was frightened and tiptoed away.

MALACHI WHITAKER.

..IONS IN SCIENCE

J.. the beginning of the twentieth century Science has gained notably in expertness and lost notably in authority. We are bombarded with inventions; but if we ask the inventors what they have learned of the depths of nature, which somehow they have probed with such astonishing success, their faces remain blank. They may be chewing gum; or they may tell us that if an aeroplane could only fly fast enough, it would reach its destination before it starts; or they may urge us to come with them into a dark room, to hold hands, and to commune with the dear departed.

Practically there may be no harm in such a division of labour, the inventors doing the work and the professors the talking. The experts may themselves be inexpert in verbal expression, or content with stock phrases, or profoundly sceptical, or too busy to think. Nevertheless, skill and understanding are at their best when they go together and adorn the same mind. Modern science until lately had realized this ideal: it was an extension of common perception and common sense. We could trust it implicitly, as we do a map or a calendar; it was not true for us merely in an argumentative or visionary sense, as are religion and philosophy. Geography went hand in hand with travel, Copernican astronomy with circumnavigation of the globe; and even the theory of evolution and the historical sciences in the nineteenth century were continuous with liberal reform: people saw in the past, as they then learned to conceive it, simply an extension of those transformations which they were witnessing in the present. They could think they knew the world as a man knows his native town, or the contents of his chest of drawers; nature was our home, and science was our home knowledge. For it is not intrinsic clearness or coherence that makes ideas persuasive, but connection with action, or with some voluminous inner response, which is readiness to act: it is oncoming fate, a compulsion to do or to suffer, that produces the illusion of perfect knowledge.

I call it illusion, although our contact with things may be real, and our sensations and thoughts may be inevitable and honest; because, nevertheless, it is always an illusion to suppose that our images are the intrinsic qualities of things, or reproduce them exactly. The Ptolemaic system, for instance, was perfectly scientific; it was based on careful and prolonged observation and on just reasoning; but it was modelled on an image—the spherical blue dome of the heavens—proper only to an observer on the earth, and not transferable to a universe which is diffuse, centreless, fluid, and perhaps infinite. When the imagination, for any reason, comes to be peopled with images of the latter sort, the modern, and especially the latest, astronomy becomes more per-

ssive. For although I suspect that even Einstein ... relativist, and retains Euclidean space and absolute time ... of his calculation, and recovers them at the end, yet the ... express the system of nature as it would appear from *any* station and to *any* sensorium seems to be eminently enlightening.

Theory and practice in the latest science are still allied, otherwise neither of them would prosper as it does; but each has taken a leap in its own direction. The distance between them has become greater than the naked eye can measure, and each of them in itself has become unintelligible. We roll and fly at dizzy speeds, and hear at incredible distances; at the same time we imagine and calculate to incredible depths. The technique of science, like that of industry, has become a thing in itself; the one veils its object, which is nature, as the other defeats its purpose, which is happiness. Science often seems to be less the study of things than the study of science. It is now more scholastic than philosophy ever was. We are invited to conceive organisms within organisms, so minute, so free, and so dynamic, that the heart of matter seems to explode into an endless discharge of fireworks, or a mathematical nightmare realized in a thousand places at once, and become the substance of the world. What is even more remarkable—for the notion of infinite organisation has been familiar to the learned at least since the time of Leibniz—the theatre of science is transformed no less than the actors and the play. The upright walls of space, the steady tread of time, begin to fail us; they bend now so obligingly to our perspectives that we no longer seem to travel through them, but to carry them with us, shooting them out or weaving them about us according to some native fatality, which is left unexplained. We seem to have reverted in some sense from Copernicus to Ptolemy: except that the centre is now occupied, not by the solid earth, but by *any* geometrical point chosen for the origin of calculation. Time, too, is not measured by the sun or stars, but by *any* "clock"—that is, by any recurrent rhythm taken as a standard of comparison. It would seem that the existence and energy of each chosen centre, as well as its career and encounters, hang on the collateral existence of other centres of force, among which it must wend its way: yet the only witness to their presence, and the only known property of their substance is their "radio-activity," or the physical light which they shed. Light, in its physical being, is accordingly the measure of all things in this new philosophy: and if we ask ourselves why this element should have been preferred, the answer is not far to seek. Light is the only medium through which very remote or very minute particles of matter can be revealed to science. Whatever the nature of things may be intrinsically, science must accordingly express the universe in terms of light.

These reforms have come from within: they are triumphs of method. We make an evident advance in logic, and in that parsimony which

..osophers (though not to nature), if we refuse to assign ..ms and relations to any prior medium, such as absolute time .. space, which cannot be given with them. Observable spaces and times, like the facts observed in them, are given separately and in a desultory fashion. Initially, then, there are as many spaces and times as there are observers, or rather observations; these are the specious times and spaces of dreams, of sensuous life, and of romantic biography. Each is centred here and now, and stretched outwards, forward, and back, as far as imagination has the strength to project it. Then, when objects and events have been posited as self-existent, and when a "clock" and a system of co-ordinates have been established for measuring them, a single mathematical space and time may be deployed about them, conceived to contain all things, and to supply them with their respective places and dates. This gives us the cosmos of classical physics. But this system involves the uncritical notion of light and matter travelling through media previously existing, and being carried down, like a boat drifting down stream, by a flowing time which has a pace of its own, and imposes it on all existence. In reality, each "clock" and each landscape is self-centred and initially absolute: its time and space are irrelevant to those of any other landscape or "clock," unless the objects or events revealed there, being posited as self-existent, actually coincide with those revealed also in another landscape, or dated by another "clock." It is only by travelling along its own path at its own rate that experience or light can ever reach a point lying on another path also, so that two observations and two measures may coincide at their ultimate terms, their starting-points or their ends. Positions are therefore not independent of the journey which terminates in them, and thereby individuates them; and dates are not independent of the events which distinguish them. The flux of existence comes first: matter and light distend time by their pulses, they distend space by their deployments.

This, if I understand it, is one half the new theory; the other half is not less acceptable. Newton had described motion as a result of two principles: the first, inertia, was supposed to be inherent in bodies; the second, gravity, was incidental to their co-existence. Yet inherent inertia can only be observed relatively: it makes no difference to me whether I am said to be moving at a great speed or absolutely at rest, if I am not jolted or breathless, and if my felt environment does not change. Inertia, or weight, in so far as it denotes something intrinsic, seems to be but another name for substance or the principle of existence: in so far as it denotes the first law of motion, it seems to be relative to an environment. It would therefore be preferable to combine inertia and attraction in a single formula, expressing the behaviour of bodies towards one another in all their conjunctions without introducing any inherent forces or absolute measures. This

s to have been done by Einstein, or at least impressively
it has been found that the new calculations correspond to
ate observations more accurately than the old.

is revolution in science seems, then, to be perfectly legal, and
it to be welcomed; yet only under one important moral condition,
with a paradoxical result. The moral condition is that the pride
cience should turn into humility, that it should no longer imagine
it is laying bare the intrinsic nature of things. And the para-
ical result is this: that the forms of science are optional, like
us languages or methods of notation. One may be more con-
ent or subtle than another, according to the place, senses, interests,
scope of the explorer; a reform in science may render the old
ries antiquated, like the habit of wearing togas, or of going naked;
it cannot render them false, or itself true. Science, when it is more
the gossip of adventure or of experiment, yields practical assur-
s couched in symbolic terms, but no ultimate insight: so that
intellectual vacancy of the expert, which I was deriding, is a sort
varrant of his solidity. It is rather when the expert prophesies,
n he propounds a new philosophy founded on his latest experiments,
we may justly smile at his system, and wait for the next.

elf-knowledge—and the new science is full of self-knowledge—is a
liberator: if perhaps it imposes some retrenchment, essentially
evives courage. Then at last we see what we are and what we
do. The spirit can abandon its vain commitments and false
ensions, like a young man free at last to throw off his clothes and
naked along the sands. Intelligence is never gayer, never surer,
when it is strictly formal, satisfied with the evidence of its
erials, as with the lights of jewels, and filled with mounting
ulations, as with a sort of laughter. If all the arts aspire to the
ition of music, all the sciences aspire to the condition of mathe-
ics. Their logic is their spontaneous and intelligible side: and
they differ from mathematics and from one another in being
ted in the first instance upon various unintelligible existing objects,
as they advance, they unite: because they are everywhere striving
iscover in those miscellaneous objects some intelligible order and
hod. And as the emotion of the pure artist, whatever may be
materials, lies in finding in them some formal harmony or imposing
pon them, so the interest of the scientific mind, in so far as it is
and purely intellectual, lies in tracing their formal pattern. The
ematician can afford to leave to his clients, the engineers, or
aps the popular philosophers, the emotion of belief: for himself
eeps the lyrical pleasure of metre and of evolving equations: and
a pleasant surprise to him, and an added problem, if he finds
the arts can use his calculations, or that the senses can verify
: much as if a composer found that the sailors could heave
er when singing his songs.

such independence, however glorious inwardly, cannot help diminishing the prestige of the arts in the world. If science misled us before, when it was full of clearness and confidence, how shall we trust it now that it is all mystery and paradox? If classical physics needed this fundamental revision, near to experience and fruitful as it was, what revision will not romantic physics require? Nor is the future alone insecure: even now the prophets hardly understand one another, or perhaps themselves; and some of them interlard their science with the most dubious metaphysics. Naturally the enemies of science have not been slow to seize this opportunity: the soft-hearted, the muddle-headed, the superstitious are all raising their voices, no longer in desperate resistance to science, but hopefully, and in its name. Science, they tell us, is no longer hostile to religion, or to divination of any sort. Indeed, divination is a science too. Physics is no longer materialistic since space is now curved, and filled with an ether through which light travels at 300,000 kilometres per second—an immaterial rate: because if anything material ventured to move at that forbidden speed, it would be so flattened that it would cease to exist. Indeed, matter is now hardly needed at all; its place has been taken by radio-activity, and by electrons which dart and whirl with such miraculous swiftness, that occasionally, for no known reason, they can skip from orbit to orbit without traversing the intervening positions —an evident proof of freewill in them. Or if solids should still seem to be material, there are astral bodies as well which are immaterial although physical; and as to ether and electricity, they are the very substance of spirit. All this I find announced in newspapers and even in books as the breakdown of scientific materialism: and yet, when was materialism more arrant and barbarous than in these announcements? Something no doubt has broken down: but I am afraid it is rather the habit of thinking clearly and the power to discern the difference between material and spiritual things.

The latest revolution in science will probably not be the last. I do not know what internal difficulties, contradictions, or ominous obscurities may exist in the new theories, or what logical seeds of change, perhaps of radical change, might be discovered there by a competent critic. I base my expectation on two circumstances somewhat more external and visible to the lay mind. One circumstance is that the new theories seem to be affected, and partly inspired, by a particular philosophy, itself utterly insecure. This philosophy regards the point of view as controlling or even creating the object seen; in other words, it identifies the object with the experience or the knowledge of it: it is essentially a subjective, psychological, Protestant philosophy. The study of perspectives which a severer critic might call illusions is one of the most interesting and enlightening of studies, and for my own part I should be content to dwell almost exclusively in that poetic and moral atmosphere, in the realm of literature and of

humanism. Yet I can't help seeing that neither in logic nor in [illegible] genesis can perspectives be the ultimate object of science, since a plurality of points of view, somehow comparable, must be assumed in the beginning, as well as common principles of projection, and ulterior points of contact or coincidence. Such assumptions, which must persist throughout, seem to pre-suppose an absolute system of nature behind all the relative systems of science.

The other circumstance which points to further revolutions is social. The new science is unintelligible to almost all of us; it can be tested only by very delicate observations and very difficult reasoning. We accept it on the authority of a few professors who themselves have accepted it with a contagious alacrity, as if caught in a whirlwind. It has sprung up mysteriously and mightily, like mysticism in a cloister or theology in a council: a Soviet of learned men has proclaimed it. Moreover, it is not merely a system among systems, but a movement among movements. A system, even when it has serious rivals, may be maintained for centuries as religions are maintained, institutionally; but a movement comes to an end; it is followed presently by a period of assimilation which transforms it, or by a movement in some other direction. I ask myself accordingly whether the condition of the world in the coming years will be favourable to refined and paradoxical science. The extension of education will have enabled the uneducated to pronounce upon everything. Will the patronage of capital and enterprise subsist, to encourage discovery and reward invention? Will a jealous and dogmatic democracy respect the unintelligible insight of the few? Will a perhaps starving democracy support materially its Soviet of seers? But let us suppose that no utilitarian fanaticism supervenes, and no intellectual surfeit or discouragement. May not the very profundity of the new science and its metaphysical affinities lead it to bolder developments, inscrutable to the public and incompatible with one another, like the gnostic sects of declining antiquity? Then perhaps that luminous modern thing which but recently was called science, in contrast to all personal philosophies, may cease to exist altogether, being petrified into routine in the practitioners, and fading in the professors into abstruse speculations.

George Santayana.

SAMUEL BUTLER AND THE ODYSSEY (I)

SAMUEL BUTLER demonstrated that the Odyssey was written by a resident at Trapani in Sicily who drew the topography of both the Ithacan and Scherian scenes from that locality. He also argued that it was written by a woman who introduced herself into the poem as Nausicaa. Both opinions—it is now over thirty years since they were propounded—fell quite flat. They have become a standard joke. The fashionable, and uncritical, estimate of them may be read in the article Mr. Edward Shanks contributed to the *London Mercury* on Butler by way of review of the *Memoir* by Mr. Festing Jones. Mr. Shanks's article has been reproduced in the *Mercury Book*, as being one of the best articles that has appeared in that journal in recent years and as being worthy of a more permanent fame. It is the opinion of Mr. Shanks that when Butler complained of his neglect by the professional scholars he had about as much right on his side as if a professional scholar were to try to alter the rules of Rugby football and complain that the devotees of the game would not give him a hearing. Nevertheless, on the question of the Trapanese origin Butler was right. To see that he is right it is necessary first to understand his theory and then read the Odyssey through. Sooner or later sufficient intelligent people will do this to produce a general conviction of the rightness of his view. Perhaps even Mr. Shanks himself may bring himself to do this.

To turn from the clear and convincing arguments with which Butler supports his geographical theories to the confusion and illogicality of those professional expounders of the geography of the Odyssey who have not been content with an honest despair, is to understand the aversion with which they must shrink from his book. Similarly, an acquaintance with the ineptness and timidity shown by some famous critics of the æsthetic quality of the poem is the necessary clue to the understanding of the violent promptitude with which they smothered his theory of the feminine authorship beneath their contempt. Yet, even if the theory of the feminine authorship be incapable of rigorous demonstration, the arguments with which Butler supported it constitute the most illuminating contribution to the criticism of the Odyssey and its right understanding that has yet been made; and one who has convinced himself of the truth of it, as the writer has done, by reading the poem through, cannot but anticipate that others who take the same steps will arrive at the same conclusion.

So far as the contempt which the theory has incurred does not spring from lazy conservatism, or some less creditable cause, it can be accounted for only by the general belief in the sturdy and mature virility of the poem. Shelley, however, found it "sweet" but not

sturdy; Bentley found the female and domestic inte ponderant that he thought it must have been written for wom Colonel Mure was surprised to observe that among the Phaeacians (and the same is observable throughout the whole poem in a less degree) "*the women monopolize the small stock of common-sense* allotted to the community." Maurice Croiset, in the standard History of Greek Literature, which he wrote in collaboration with his brother Alfred, finds the invention of the author naive and childish. Butler points out the vagueness, sketchiness and positive incorrectness of the descriptions of masculine pursuits which are as noticeable as the definiteness, fullness and correctness of what properly concerns women, points out also the absurdity of the male psychology, above all where it should be most definitely male, in the matter of love and fighting, which is again in strong contrast with the jealousy for female honour, the simple piety, and the concern for the sanctity of the home. But to have ventured to draw any conclusion from all this was to make himself an outcast, the object of a smiling pity; to be suspected of senile decay; to be anything and everything except treated with the respect which is deserved by the man who suggests the solution of the puzzle which has been too difficult for the most intelligent of his forerunners.

Every schoolboy who struggles through the ninth and tenth books of the Odyssey with the help of his Butcher and Lang comes away, of course, a convert to the "surge and thunder" theory of the Odyssey which has been instilled into him by the famous sonnet which Andrew Lang has placed in the forefront of his version. For twenty years this very lovely sonnet has lived in my own memory, and for the greater part of that time it held me also a slave to the surge and thunder view of the Odyssey. It is indeed a very pretty poem, but not even Pope himself could do more to falsify one's conception of Homer than that poem does to falsify one's conception of the Odyssey. To the imagination of Andrew Lang the Odyssey would seem to have presented itself as the supreme poem of the sea, a sort of blend of *Dauber* and Hakluyt. As to the sea poetry of the Odyssey, it is indeed of unsurpassable beauty, though there is much less of it than is generally supposed; but it is ridiculous to suppose that it gives any countenance to the view that a man wrote the poem. Its evidence is, indeed, all the other way. If one contends that an anonymous description of a storm at sea is from a woman's hand, it is not necessary that one should deny the poetry or the splendour of the writing; all that is incumbent upon one is to point out the passages in which it appears that a woman's hand is betrayed. There is a well-known passage in Horace Smith in which he quotes an account of a storm written by "a lady of some celebrity in literature," who states, "that in spite of the captain's entreaties I firmly persisted in remaining upon deck, although the tempest had now increased to such a frightful hurricane that it was

great difficulty I could hold up my parasol." No doubt ...e regarded as little short of blasphemy to suggest that the Odyssey holds any parallel to this. Will the reader please, then, see for himself?

Let us look first at the storm in the twelfth book. In Butcher and Lang's version it runs thus:—

> But now when we left that isle nor any other land appeared, but sky and sea only, even then the son of Cronos stayed a dark cloud above the hollow ship, and beneath it the deep darkened. And the ship ran on her way for no long while, for of a sudden came the shrilling West, with the rushing of a great tempest, and the blast of wind snapped the two forestays of the mast, and the mast fell backward and all the gear dropped into the bilge. And behold, on the hind part of the ship the mast struck the head of the pilot and brake all the bones of his skull together, and like a diver he dropped down from the deck, and his brave spirit left his bones. In that same hour Zeus thundered and cast his bolt upon the ship, and she reeled all over being stricken by the bolt of Zeus, and was filled with sulphur, and lo, my company fell from out the vessel. Like sea-gulls they were borne round the black ship upon the billows, and the god reft them of returning.
>
> But I kept pacing through my ship, till the surge loosened the sides from the keel, and the wave swept her along stript of her tackling, and brake her mast clean off at the keel. Now the backstay fashioned of an oxhide had been flung thereon; therewith I lashed both keel and mast, and sitting thereon I I was borne by the ruinous winds.

To deal with a small point first, the description of the death of the helmsman is borrowed from the twelfth book of the Iliad, where Ajax kills Epicles with a blow of a stone. Perhaps the amount of these borrowings has not, before Butler's time, been adequately noticed; certainly he was the first to point out how passages are often spoiled in the borrowing. It is so to some extent here. The comparison with a diver is natural enough in the Iliadic passage where a man is knocked from a high wall by the blow of a stone; but the helmsman in the Odyssey would almost certainly have been entangled in the sails or the cordage of the broken mast and prevented from falling clear.

But, without pausing longer to consider the fate of the helmsman and the mast, let us take the description as a whole and ask whether it be possible for the description of a storm at sea to be at once more spirited and less realized. Nothing happens as it ought to happen. Nobody has the least idea of doing anything, least of all the captain. There has been warning of the storm. Does it occur to anybody to take in canvas? Then the ship reels so violently that all the crew are thrown into the sea, it is so shattered that all the timbers part from the keel, but Captain Odysseus, as if he were at once ignorant of any steps that might be taken in an emergency and incapable of being thrown off his balance by any motion, however violent, "keeps pacing through the ship." Surely the most absurd of captains and the most unrealized of storms that ever satisfied an uncritical reader. How would Conrad or Tomlinson manage such a scene? Read the story *Sea* by the modern Greek Karkavitsas. See how Masefield's sailors act in such a crisis:

> "Caught in her ball-dress," said the Bosun, hauling;
> "Lee-ay, lee-ay" quick, high came the men's call;
> It was all a wallop of sails and startled calling. . . .

It may very well be that in the stanza of Masefield from which we quote the final line:

> The blackness quenched all memory of the sun,

is a reminiscence of an unrivalled Odyssean phrase. But it is unnecessary to remark that one may search the whole of *Dauber* without finding any trace of the sort of absurdities that are of the very texture of the Odyssean passage.

In case it may be thought that this is only an isolated example of a kind of inadvertence of which any author might be guilty, let us consider another storm, in the beginning of the ninth book. We quote again from Butcher and Lang's almost literal version:

> Now Zeus, gatherer of the clouds, aroused the North Wind against our ships with a terrible tempest, and covered land and sea alike with clouds, and down sped night from heaven. Thus the ships were driven headlong, and their sails were torn to shreds by the might of the wind. So we lowered the sails into the hold, in fear of death, but rowed the ships landward apace.

Would it have been possible for the crew of a penteconter to take to the oars in the circumstances described? Remembering that Odysseus was in unknown waters, was it the advisable thing to row towards land in such a gale? Would not the normal procedure be to stand out to sea? If it be objected that here at least somebody does think of taking down the sails, I shall point out that they were only taken down after they were torn to shreds, and I shall not scruple to suggest that in the conception of the authoress the reason for taking them down was that they were torn, and that hence arose the necessity of taking to the oars. If she did not think so, what was the rowing for? In a gale such as that described even a sailless vessel will drive before the wind. The procedure here described is rather that of a little fleet of fishing boats caught in a storm off a familiar shore, and it was probably such a scene that the authoress had in mind. And I shall go further and say that in the light of the description of these two storms, when the question is raised whether Aristarchus was right in removing a line from the poem because it put a rudder both at the stern and the prow of the ship or whether Butler was right in restoring the line and the rudder to its place, nobody who takes into consideration the internal evidence of the poem but must admit that Butler is here the better critic of the two.

But was there ever indeed such another sailor as Odysseus? "Hence we sailed onward grieving at heart" is the formula that introduces each new adventure. The grief, it is true, is put down to the loss of his dear companions; nevertheless, it is strange that we should never have any expression of pleasure in the sea, certainly not in its fiercer moods—strange, that is, from the point of view of Lang's sonnet.

...able to the hero only when he lies asleep on a super-... craft, or when the wind and the helmsman speed him as gently ...er the deep as if he were running down stream on a river. Of interest in seamanship Odysseus shows not a trace. We learn that he had a remarkable bed. Is there ever anything remarkable about his ship? We learn that Laertes was looked after by a Sicel woman. Do we ever hear that Odysseus had a helmsman who came from anywhere in particular? The swineherd Eumæus has a personality and a history, and so have other servants of the household of Odysseus. The sailors are an almost totally undifferentiated lot, so many lay figures to be slaughtered here, drowned there, devoured in twos by Polyphemus or in sixes by Scylla, never, except for Eurylochus, Polites, and Elpenor, dowered with so much as a name—and even these only acquire a name and a shadowy personality on *terra firma*. Nor has the captain any sort of affection for his ship. We hear nothing of its cut or rig, or whether it could sail a point nearer to the wind than any other ship. Why, the ship hasn't even got a name, a point that Jason did not omit, nor any other sailor worth the name inside or outside the covers of a book. Beyond any reasonable doubt the writer of the Odyssey knew and cared as little about ships as she, or he, if we must keep it an open question, cared or knew about athletic sports, minding sheep, or fighting. The athletic contests in the Phæacian episode, the sheep-minding of Polyphemus, the fight between Odysseus and the beggar Irus, the slaying of the suitors and the hanging of the twelve guilty servant maids—not one of these incidents is free from the absurdities which we have found to be present in the pictures of storm at sea. The last point only has been developed here, since Butler himself has done ample justice to the rest.

Dr. Rouse has a story, which I take at second-hand from Frazer's Apollodorus, which a Greek skipper told him in a little island off Cos. It is to the effect that the prophet Elias, a fisherman long buffeted by storms, conceived a horror of the sea, and, putting an oar on his shoulder, took to the hills and walked till he met a man who did not know what an oar was. It seems an obvious reminiscence of the somewhat mysterious counsel given by Teiresias to Odysseus; but whatever the motive of that counsel may have been, it seems clear that the Odysseus of the Odyssey would have been as glad to carry it out as the prophet Elias, and for the same reason.

The Odyssey, as a matter of fact, so far from being mainly a poem of nautical adventure, is not even mainly a poem of out-of-doors. The domestic life of Penelope and Telemachus in the home to which Odysseus longs to return, the palaces of Alcinous and Arete, of Menelaus and Helen, the hut of Eumæus and the homestead of Laertes, these are the scenes where the poem lingers, the scenes which we learn to know intimately and in detail, in contrast to the life on shipboard which is indeed a sort of fairyland.

But stranger still, in view of Lang's yearning for the Odyssey as an escape from "gardens near the pale of Proserpine," as a free region "beyond the close of heavy flowers," is the delight of the poet in gardens, and even in their scents. Round about Calypso's cave "there was a wood blossoming, alder and poplar and sweet-smelling cypress." About it also "trailed a gadding garden vine." . . . "And all around soft meadows bloomed of violets and parsley." But this is a mere wilderness compared to the famous picture of the garden of Alcinous, with its "pear-trees and pomegranates, and apple trees with bright fruit, and sweet figs, and olives in their bloom." . . . "Pear upon pear waxes old, and apple on apple, yea, and cluster ripens upon cluster of the grape, and fig upon fig." Yet, even after this, the writer is not afraid to describe even a third garden, nor unsuccessful in investing it with a new charm. When Odysseus, after the slaying of the suitors, visits his old father whom he has not seen for twenty years and seeks to convince him of his identity, he does so in these words, which make the prettiest garden scene of all:

> But come, and I will even tell the trees through all the terraced garden, which thou gavest me for mine own, and I was begging of thee this and that, being but a little child, and following thee through the garden. Through these very trees we were going, and thou didst tell me the names of each of them. Pear-trees thirteen thou gavest me and ten apple-trees, and figs two-score, and, as we went, thou didst name the fifty rows of vines thou wouldst give me, whereof each one ripened at divers times, with all manner of clusters on their boughs, when the seasons of Zeus wrought mightily on them from on high.

If the surge and thunder are well shut out of the gardens with which the poem is so liberally planted, still less are they to be heard in the ideal paradises which the author is fond of imagining. Menelaus, because he is the husband of Helen, who is divine, is to pass without death to the Elysian plain "where life is easiest for men. No snow is there, nor yet great storm, nor any rain; but always ocean sendeth forth the breeze of the shrill West to blow cool on men." No passage in all poetry is more familiar, both in its original form and in its imitations, than that in the sixth book which describes the heaven to which the goddess Athene ascends. "So spake the grey-eyed Athene, and departed to Olympus, where, as they say, is the seat of the gods that standeth fast for ever. Not by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow come nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread above it cloudless, and the white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for all their days." In effect the author of the Odyssey is equally resolved with the author of Revelations that "there shall be no more sea."

As we have found three gardens, so we find three paradises, though the scene of this last be set on earth. "There is a certain isle called Syria," says the swineherd Eumæus, recalling in idealistic hues the scene of his boyhood, "if haply thou hast heard tell of it. . . . It is not very great in compass, though a goodly isle, rich in herds, rich

flocks, with plenty of corn and wine. Dearth never enters the land, and no hateful sickness falls on wretched mortals. But when the tribes of men grow old in that city, then comes Apollo of the silver bow, with Artemis, and slays them with the visitations of his gentle shafts."

This passion for gardens and for peaceful paradises is one of the evidences for a feminine delicacy of physical constitution of which Butler has noticed so many instances in the writer of the Odyssey. But what becomes of the surge and thunder view of it? Is Lang right, or is Butler right? And did Butler deserve that Lang, who returned in book after book to the discussion of the "Homeric" question, should have treated with silent contempt views based upon a consideration of the Iliad and Odyssey at least as patient as his? But the future will yet empanel a jury that will do justice between Butler and his boycotters.

It would not be true, of course, to say that at present Butler's theories suffer an absolute boycott at the hands of professional scholars. Some considerable stretch of time has elapsed since the obnoxious views were first propounded. Time is the great healer. And since it is now some thirty-five years since they saw the light, it is becoming the fashion for every scholar who wishes to show that he is keeping abreast of contemporary thought to make facetious allusion in passing to this aberration of an eccentric amateur. In a comparatively recent essay on *Penelope in the Odyssey*, Dr. Mackail remarks: "One of the foolish things said in antiquity about the Odyssey was that Homer composed it for women after composing the Iliad for men. One of the foolish things said about it by a brilliant but eccentric modern writer was that it was written by a woman." This is far from being the only indication in his rather disingenuous essay that Dr. Mackail wrote with Butler's arguments fairly well present to his mind; but it is the only express mention of his views. It seems somewhat eccentric of Dr. Mackail himself to relegate Bentley, to whose view of the Odyssey he obviously refers, to a place in antiquity; and it is decidedly unfair of him to say that what originated Butler's "notion" (for that is what he calls it) was the large part played in the Odyssey by women. Butler, whose worship of Shakespeare hardly stopped this side of idolatry, did not need to be reminded that a man could create a much larger and more varied and even more vital company of women than figure in the Odyssey. But to Dr. Mackail the mere suggestion that a woman could have written it is foolish. He will not condescend to argue about it. He will prefer to believe that Homer wrote the Odyssey as well as the Iliad; a theory, surely a little the worse for wear.

B. Farrington.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE SUPREMACY OF THOMAS HARDY*

INDUBITABLY the most singular phenomenon in the history of English literature during the last twelve or fifteen years was the rise of Thomas Hardy to a position of undisputed pre-eminence among contemporary writers.

Hardy had become, in the fullest sense of the word, the national writer of England. Of no English writer since Dickens could that be said with certainty. Tennyson and Kipling were the acknowledged spokesmen of phases of the national sentiment; but the phases have passed away, and those writers endure by virtue of qualities quite independent of those which brought them popularity. Tennyson, the prophet of Victorian optimism, Kipling, the noisy poetic apologist of an aggressive British imperialism—these have long since been forgotten; there remain only Tennyson, the young lyric poet, and Kipling, the prose-writer of genius. What was popular in their work has completely decayed; only their art endures.

Hardy, on the contrary, conquered his popularity, inch by inch; he extorted it from an unwilling people. For the great heart of the public (in England, at least) is optimistic: Hardy was not. It does not like to be pained: Hardy is a painful writer. He imposed himself upon the public by force of sheer veracity. Nor was he, in his long career, aided by the critics. Indeed, except for the last dozen years, it may fairly be said that Hardy was ignored by English criticism; it resolutely preferred other idols—Meredith, Stevenson, Henry James, Kipling, Wells, Shaw, Conrad. In comparison with these more brilliant and metropolitan stars Hardy was reckoned dim and provincial.

And, let us freely and frankly admit it, *ad majorem gloriam*, Hardy is provincial, more provincial even than Shakespeare was. Hardy is, even less than Shakespeare, of the town. But the collocation of his name with the great name of Shakespeare is inevitable, if only to show how deep is the English tradition to which he attaches, and to emphasize his singularity among English writers of to-day. For like no other writer of comparable magnitude since Shakespeare, Hardy is saturated in the life of the English countryside. Compared to his great predecessor, Hardy is clumsy, narrow, heavy; he is very far from possessing that astonishing sinuosity of Shakespeare's language which is the marvel of English literature, and the despair of every English writer since Milton; nor has he the profundity of Shakespeare's thought, which was content to reveal the unutterable.

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* This essay was written two years ago to serve as introduction to a volume of tributes to Hardy by French men of letters. It was therefore primarily addressed to French readers, and traces of its original destination will be found in it.

Under whatever aspect we compare the genius of these two men, Shakespeare is indisputably the master. Nevertheless, instead of bein annihilated by the comparison, Hardy emerges fortified by it. An essential similarity is manifest.

The attempt completely to define this similarity would be arduous in the extreme. Here one can only indicate the chief points of contact between them. They are three; the first is that sheer *creative* power in virtue of which the substantial, almost physical reality of a character abides in the mind and becomes as it were a permanent inhabitant of the reader's world. The second is the steady increase in the capacit to envisage the problem of human life: the amazing speculativ crescendo from *Hamlet* to *Antony and Cleopatra* has its counterpar in the succession of Hardy's later novels from *The Return of the Native* (1878) to *Jude the Obscure* (1897) and onwards to *The Dynasts* (1908) The third, which is the most immediately obvious likeness to an English reader, is, alas, the most difficult of all to convey across the Channel—that indefinable fragrance, as of an English apple-orchard, that inscrutable mellowness, as of a stubble-field in early autumn sunshine—some essence that to the Englishman is England's secret, and, when he finds it in one of Shakespeare's "comedies," or in a Hardy novel makes the exiled Englishman's heart ache for home. *Dulces reminiscitur Argos.*

It is the pervasiveness of this last simple and mysterious quality in Hardy's work which more than any other of his excellences conquered for him the supreme position which he now holds. It is this which makes the simple-minded readers endure the torments which Hardy inflicts upon them—torments in themselves the less endurable because Hardy has chosen, unlike Shakespeare, to stage his comedies and his tragedies in the same rustic scene. The tragedy of Shakespeare, in this respect of the Greek tradition, befalls the great ones of the earth: they have tasted the splendours of sovereignty and command. The naive justice of the heart is somehow satisfied, and leaves the mind a spirit free to contemplate. Not so in Hardy. In his work the simplest children of the earth are crushed by inexorable destiny: not the proud and secular oak crashes to the earth in the splendour of lightning; but the small and lovely woodland flower is cut down by the monotonous sweep of a common scythe.

This denial of its dearest hopes the simple heart endures because it trusts Hardy; and it trusts him because it knows that he, more than any othes writer of his time, is sensitive to the loveliness of the simple creatures and things of the earth. His austere philosophy—his unremitting awareness of the omnipotence of "crass casualty"—is forbidding, even terrifying, to the ordinary man; but he knows, from his experience of Hardy's faithfulness and tenderness in the little things, that Hardy cannot fail him in the great things. He is not making sport, like some malign Olympian, with human destinies; he

is only following the love, which makes his scenes of country life warm with the radiance of the sun, to its uttermost conclusion. His love for his fellow-men is but a part of his love for the truth, and in that love of the truth finds its consummation.

If way to the better there be
It exacts a full sight of the worst.

Hardy, who has something of Shakespeare's completeness, was, like Shakespeare, autochthonous. Country-born and country-bred, largely self-educated, his vision was never clouded by the sweeping generalizations and facile optimisms which are the product of great cities. A sense of the concrete and particular reality of human existence never left him, so that theories, whether of life or art, had singularly little influence upon him. He was concerned from first to last to utter his experience of life—the joys he knew, the pains he knew—in forms that should not betray it. He gladly accepted the form prevalent in his time, the solidly constructed Victorian novel, with its well-knit plot, and its instinctive avoidance of the attempt to capture half-lights and overtones: he seems, indeed, to have had an intuitive sense, like Shakespeare's, of the popular form to which he must accommodate himself, if he was to address himself successfully not to the élite but to the general. The Shakespeare who abandoned the writing of courtly poems like *Venus and Adonis* to conquer in the rough-and-tumble of the Elizabethan playhouse, has his obvious counterpart in the Hardy who gave up composing poems of singular beauty and perfection of diction to take his place in the ranks of Victorian novelists.

It is too often forgotten, even in England, that Thomas Hardy at twenty-four years of age was already one of the most accomplished and original of English poets. I have heard him called, by a French critic of more valour than discretion, *un esprit primaire*; and something of the same condescension, though concealed, lurks behind the reluctance of elegant criticism to accept the work of Hardy as whole. When his position and achievement were no longer to be gainsaid, English criticism lulled its conscience by representing that Hardy the poet, who had not begun to appear publicly as a poet until his last novel was written in 1897, was a wholly different writer from Hardy the novelist. The distinction was obviously preposterous; but for the moment it passed muster, and it enabled the critics to explain to their own satisfaction why they had ignored or belittled the great succession of novels from 1871 to 1897 and yet saluted the poet of 1900 as a master. Perhaps with some sardonic intention (for Hardy had no great love of critics as a tribe) he took the next opportunity of publishing a handful of poems written in the days before his career as a novelist had begun. They were astonishing: they were just as individual, just as completely unlike the poetry that was being written in 1864 (to which year the earliest of his poems belongs) as his poems in 1900 were individual and unlike the poetry written at that time. So it was quietly revealed

that Hardy had been from the beginning essentially the same Hardy: only the fashion, and, above all, the fashion in criticism, had changed.

It must not be supposed from this that at any point in his career Hardy was unknown to, or ignored by, the general public. Although his first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, written when he was twenty-six and published in 1871, may fairly be called amateurish,* his second, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, published in the following year, was a minor masterpiece. For richness of humour, for solidity of character-drawing, this production of a young man was astonishing. With it he conquered a certain following among ordinary readers. But the critics and the *intelligentsia* were not interested. The *intelligentsia* were engaged in lauding Meredith to the skies, while the alert critics and the critically minded writers were infinitely more concerned with the developments of the realistic novel in France than with the appearance of a new master in England. Hardy was accounted a mere journeyman in the trade of novel-making. His technique offered no point of interest; he was completely indifferent to style in the Flaubertian sense: and since he thus waived all claim upon the merely intellectual attention (which is always quicker to utter itself than the spiritual-emotional response to pure artistic creation) he was neglected by the educated public in favour of more "cerebral" authors, and classed among the host of respectable purveyors of Victorian fiction—the Blackmores, the Besants, the Broughtons.

It is strange in the extreme to reflect that a novelist who had written two such novels as *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872) and *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874) by the age of thirty, should not have been immediately recognized for what he was. But it was not for the first time in the history of English literature that the common folk displayed a surer judgment than the intellectual leaders of opinion. Shakespeare himself was, in the opinion of his intellectual contemporaries, the manifest inferior of Jonson and Daniel; it was not till more than fifty years after his death that it began slowly to be recognized that he was of a different order from that of his more educated rivals. Shakespeare's substantial success was won not among the nobility, but the plebs.

Fortunately Hardy lived long enough to watch the process of his own immortality, and to find himself all but universally acclaimed as both the greatest of contemporary novelists and the greatest of contemporary poets. The old and familiar criticisms—that his technique is clumsy and the range of his experience narrow—are as true to-day as they have ever been. But what was not realized thirty years ago,

* In a conversation which took place after these words were written, Hardy told me that the first part of *Under the Greenwood Tree* was written before *Desperate Remedies*. He put it aside at the suggestion of Meredith, who advised him to write a sensational story. ("A thing which Meredith never did himself," murmured Hardy ironically.) So that the "amateurishness" of Hardy's first published novel can scarcely be ascribed to himself.

but is recognized to-day, is that Hardy belongs to that order of creative literary genius which can easily carry a host of minor imperfections—nay, more, that the excellence of his work is of that absolute kind which apparently excludes the possibility of minor perfection. He is a writer in whom the creative endowment is so rich and overflowing that the patient labours of the file are impossible. There is a sense in which Mr. George Moore's criticism that Hardy "cannot write" is true: neither Dickens, nor Balzac could write, in this sense. What is important to recognize is that they do not need to.

Hardy was compelled to abandon the writing of poetry for prose in 1868; he did not resume writing poetry for thirty years. Then, having earned a measure of economic freedom, he set himself to accomplish a work over which he had been brooding for many years—a vast epic-drama of the Napoleonic wars in which his vision of human destinies should find complete expression. To expound the structure and philosophy of *The Dynasts* (1908) is impossible in these pages: it must suffice to say that in this extraordinary poem, which ranks with (and to my own mind above) Browning's *The Ring and the Book* as the most memorable achievement of English poetry during the last fifty years, Hardy succeeded by an adaptation of the technique of the Greek chorus, in giving expression to his own austere and subtle philosophy of life. It is held by some, whose opinion is worthy of respect, that *The Dynasts* marks the supreme point of Hardy's achievement. This opinion I cannot share. It is by far his most ambitious work; indeed, it is one of the grandest attempts ever made in English literature. Nevertheless, it lacks something, as compared to his finest novels, and his finest lyric poems, of that essential spontaneity which distinguishes Hardy's work from that of all his contemporaries. The intellectual element predominates, and Hardy's genius is not intellectual.

Neither is it unintellectual; it is simply creative. The contemplation of life by which his work is informed is never abstract. That is why, though many critics have made the attempt, it has proved impossible to systematize what is vaguely known as Hardy's "pessimism." He had not, nor ever claimed to have, a systematic philosophy; he claimed no more than to have rendered, with a minimum of falsification, the substantial truths of life as he has experienced it. Moreover, he frankly admitted that he was more responsive to the sombre aspects of human life than others apparently are. His eyes were keener to detect the dark thread in the pattern. That, he confessed, was a matter of temperament: but it was not for him as a conscientious artist, to correct the bias of his own nature. A novelist who takes his work seriously, and aims less at providing an amorphous public with entertainment than at satisfying his own conscience, must build his work upon those aspects and incidents of life which awaken in him the profoundest response. To build upon more superficial perceptions is to build upon

a foundation of sand. A true artist must tell the deepest truth he knows; therefore he must represent life by the medium of those aspects and happenings which for him contain the maximum universality and significance.

This, from first to last, Hardy did. His great work rests upon the sure foundation of the utter veracity of a creative soul. And it is surely no paradox, for those who have an understanding of the creative as distinct from the merely speculative mind, that just as no modern English writer has so ruthlessly rendered the undeserved pains of suffering humanity, so none can compare with him for the joyousness of his instinctive response to the physical beauty of life. For, in the truly creative mind, the sense of tragedy must spring directly from "a more than ordinary organic sensibility" (in the famous phrase of Wordsworth) to the delight and wonder of things mundane.

> Aye, in the very temple of Delight
>   Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
> Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
>   Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
> His soul shall taste the sadness of her might
>   And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

It is appropriate that we should be compelled to quote from Keats to define the quality and secret strength of Hardy, for Keats now takes his place with Shakespeare and Chaucer as one of the three poets who are most deeply native to the English soil and the English soul. Their common quality is the most difficult to convey to a foreign reader. But they, more than any other of our poets, repay the attempt to understand. Hardy belongs to their succession; and, like them, he has slowly conquered for himself a place in the intimate affections of the English people, from which he will never be dislodged.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

THE CRITICISM OF JOUBERT

PLATONE *platonior*, Joubert boasted himself. It has been customary to derive the essential characteristics of his thought from his early and lifelong devotion to the great philosopher, but this is an assumption in which some caution is needed. If Plato was the dominant intellectual influence upon him, his moral nature was more, and his whole spiritual nature quite as much, conditioned by orthodox Christianity, of which the expression was not always tempered by the keenest intellectual stringency. His sayings on local and contemporary matters, in which his recoil from the spirit of the *philosophes* and the horrors of the Revolution (he connected the two) affected his view most strongly, are a rather curious blend of reason and conventional piety; but a blend less curious than it might have been had the time not been one in which piety was itself a form of "la raison." Joubert valued "la raison"; and he was probably aware that it must be sought upon various planes if it is to be made applicable to all things. In questions of literature, of high philosophy, in which he passed more or less beyond the sphere of his religious certitude, he is very obviously inspired by ancient and timeless wisdom; mainly embodied, for him, in Plato. But a consideration of his views on social, political, and domestic questions will show that they are deeply tinctured with the attitude—at its best, indeed, its most reasonable and most sensitive—bred of the culture of the *ancien régime*; a culture formalized, semi-Augustan, traditional, narrow, and singularly persuasive, from which nobody but the Rousseauists had escaped. With the Rousseauists Joubert, for all his "hospitality" of mind, could have nothing lasting in common. It is a great distinction of Joubert that, finding himself at a parting of the ways, he turned neither to the right nor to the left, but still went forward. Not with any spectacular vigour, but, as he said, "la direction de notre esprit est plus importante que son progrès." It is not easy to miss this merit in Joubert; but it has proved not difficult to find it in merely a kind of Platonic abstraction or seclusion which in some bearings could hardly fail to seem reactionary; lacking in full intelligence where not applicable. Joubert's delicate constitution, physical and mental, induced a certain fastidiousness; but "behind his weakness there was strength." Reactionary he was, though not very often, and never *statically* so. For, it must be remembered, occasional tracts of ignorance that seem strange to us were hardly to be escaped by the rarest French intellects of his age; and Joubert in any case had no pretensions to the intellectual vigour and indiscriminate hunger for knowledge of a Diderot or a Madame de Staël, nor perhaps half the facilities for reading that Sainte-Beuve quite soon after turned

to so good account. He had a finer, subtler feeling for the essentials of literature, of the human spirit itself, than any of them; but Dant and Shakespeare meant nothing to him. Homer, he said, *is* poetry, as Plato is metaphysics.

It is to this limitation, rather than to his Platonism (which is usually left to mean a transcendentalism and idealism that have been fatal to so many purely critical thinkers) that should be traced the disparity between Joubert's almost supreme quality in æsthetic generalization and the inadequacy or partiality of his judgments on some writers. This disparity has been slightly exaggerated—even by so great an authority as Dr. Saintsbury. For it must be borne in mind that Joubert did not write for publication; that he made no sustained survey even of French literature; and that nearly all his judgments are touched with the over-emphasis of the aphorism. On the Greeks and the Romans (confining the question for the moment to pure literature) he is very original, considering his time and his nationality: he is no neo-classic. His love of Virgil has something of the idolatry of the Renaissance; his criticisms are wholly on the *positive* side, but so far they are both sound and stimulating. It may be painful to some to hear of Catullus that "son instrument est baroque." Others will not agree that the *Georgics* of Delille's translation are the true *Georgics*. But for the rest, his observations on classical writers are just, incisive, stimulating and profoundly sensitive. On the subject of Plato himself, Joubert's (sometimes unconscious) over-eclecticism, his temperamental preference for and heightening of those aspects which gratify his thirst for perfection, debar a full survey of the philosophy. But nothing could be more apt in its way than the phrase in a letter to Molé: "en le lisant on n'apprend rien, mais on se trouve transporté dans les régions où tout s'apprend." Joubert's apprehension of Plato, in short, is *artistic*: from that point of view it is as fine as could well be.

Joubert was to some extent, in a complex and rather negative way, the product of his own century: his comment on the earlier and greater French writers is a little disappointing. A certain fastidious exclusiveness seems to limit his scope. Though he did not echo La Bruyère's "tout est dit," he was a *laudator temporis acti*, and it is difficult to deny this want of scope when faced with his lack of enthusiasm for some of the greatest exemplars of the French tradition. What Joubert (and Joubert especially) did *not* write is, of course, negative evidence; but he has more than one mention of Molière, and he is wholly insignificant on that great writer. Of Rabelais he does not speak. Rabelais was not very Platonic, and Joubert was openly distrustful of "vigour"; but it is to be feared that he had no stomach for this fight. His greatest admirations seem to be for Bossuet, which is explicable enough, and La Fontaine, whom he thinks the most poetical of Frenchmen. He also rates highly Amyot, Corneille, La Bruyère, and Fénelon—though his reservations on the last are both strong and discriminating. Yet

he thinks Balzac (he of the *Lettres*) "un de nos plus grands écrivains," which seems a lapse into the unconscious æstheticism which led to his notorious (though too much preached-on) admiration for the Abbé Delille and the "Descriptive" school. What he respects in Corneille is a nobility that transcends his works, which are "less perfect" than Racine's. Of Racine, as is well known, Joubert had a poor opinion —very much that of the best English criticism till quite recent years, though more neatly expressed. But a Frenchman of perfect sincerity who calls Racine "the Virgil of the ignorant" is giving a very real indication of the uncommonness of his own mind.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing, however, that Joubert's views on the literature of the *grand siècle* are less than interesting and suggestive in their way. They are the small cards of a man who holds some of the highest trumps; and here, as often happens, there is some advantage in playing the small cards first.

Joubert was not an idealist or a transcendentalist in his æsthetic criticism. Being by no means a pure romantic, he had no "absolute" in art. Deeply spiritual by nature, his literary values, at least on their highest plane, are spiritual ("it is above all in spirituality of ideas," he says, "that poetry consists"); but his absolute does not lie solely in the highest manifestations of the human spirit in art. Though he may concede that *la religion* is the metaphysics of the simple, his certainty of a personal God (of Whom "space is the stature") and the further conviction of a better world to come lead him fundamentally to see human life as a passage, and, therefore, even the highest concerns of this life as subordinate, *in the individual*, to something beyond. But his Catholicism does not generally condition his literary judgments: it is clear that his intelligence has had to temporize. There is something higher than any spiritual apprehension possible to the individual man (does not God "deceive us and wish us to be deceived" ?); but the soul of mankind is itself real, and real only, *sub specie aeternitatis*. "Il y a quelque chose d'immuable dans l'homme." So the literature which is but the expression of a transient phase of society; the literature which merely records *l'affreuse réalité*; and the literature that springs from what is exaggerated in the romanticism of Rousseau must all pass. The Platonic leaven is here clearly at work in the son of the *dixhuitième* and of the college at Toulouse. The sophisticated, the reasonable Joubert, who understands not only the necessity but the nature of compromise; and knows that art, since it involves expression and communication, cannot be a *purely* spiritual and abstract thing, is evident in his two greatest and most debatable critical dictums. In poetry, he says, "il faut ne rien voir tout nu"; and of the good writer "he must have a natural facility and an acquired difficulty."

In art, and in other issues outside the sphere of practical conduct, Joubert is a kind of perfectionist. Not the kind that believes in perfectibility, or that starves inwardly through rejecting the half-loaf.

Nor the kind which holds that to be highest which is most faultless. For, as a modern critic says, none of the greatest creations of the human mind has had "that quality of æsthetic perfection." In sustained works of literature, this may seem self-evident; but the balance between creative value and perfection was not a clear or concise issue to many men of Joubert's time.

Joubert's perfectionism in art (this is closely related to what has been said of his religion) concerns the ideal state, not of the creator, but of the critic, the reader. A writer is enduring not because what he gives is perfect, but in so far as he contributes to the process of inward self-perfection by the sensitive reader. At this perfection Joubert aimed; and though the attitude may sound "precious," it almost never became so in him. "Light!" was his cry, as it was to be Matthew Arnold's after him; and one can best suggest why this also was not precious by pointing out that his demand for the writer to carry us, first and essentially, into the realms of light means very much the same thing as does Longinus's desideratum of "the Sublime." Coming when it did, from Joubert as from Longinus and from Arnold, it was a necessary protest against a thickening spiritual darkness.

This self-perfecting aim of Joubert's is, of course, only an ideal formulation of the critical spirit itself, of the motive of all criticism. On deeper examination, indeed, the two things are identical. But unfortunately, self-perfection in æsthetic criticism has never been considered as a way of complete morality.

Joubert's humanism is quite as remote from the naturalism of Rousseau as from the most formalized pseudo-Aristotelianism of the previous age. He respects the dignity of man, but he has no illusions about liberty. "Universal justice will be liberty enough." It has been very aptly said that he differed from Mme. de Staël in seeing morality as a bridle and not as a spur. He concedes to the Romantics that literature needs passions; but adds that it is restrained passions which avail. He wishes to control instinct by reason, and to subdue reason and unite it with a higher, more spiritual wisdom that is partly Platonic and partly religious; deriving as much from the humility of man as from his dignity. Joubert would have man achieve his highest nature not by discarding reason, but by subordinating himself to reason and reason to a higher impulse.

The *essence* of things is a kind of order; and it is by orderly contemplation of order that their nature is apprehended and conveyed. Whatever conforms to "universal order" is beautiful. As a natural consequence of this view, Joubert's conception of education (and particularly his justification of religious teaching as a part thereof) is based mainly upon the idea of order as the only way of life for the average mind. Joubert being comparatively practical, his "order" is not in all things the transcendent harmony of Plato's *Er*; but his lowering of its plane in political and domestic matters is justifiable both as intelligence and

as utilitarian ethic. He does indeed contrast unfavourably the bricks-and-mortar formalism of his own land with the *lucidus ordo* of Horace, in which he finds "something sidereal." His definition is very flexible, for he says that Boileau's "beau désordre" (a progenitor of Keats's "fine excess") is really a form of order.

§

It is not easy to "place" Joubert, to filiate him, in the history of French critical thought. He has much more obvious points of contact with the Greeks and with his successors. His criticism has an *imaginative* fineness flowering from deep roots, that is to seek in France* between Joachim du Bellay and the maturity of the romantic movement. Joubert is of the comparatively small band whose best literary judgments, combining the essentially original perception with the essential common heritage of the human spirit, have an unwavering applicability, touch the real nature of that validity (*quod semper, quod ubique*) that is beyond any "scheme of values." He knew the quality of great poetry—

Making the heaven of heavens its dwelling place—

and his knowledge was a *religious* knowledge. Not that poetry was his religion: that is a consummation which has become fully possible only in later times, since the conscious modification of Christianity by a more intuitive Christian morality, a modification made possible—and in a way inevitable—by the complex developments of modern thought. To a Greek an æsthetic—the word is not really adequate—an æsthetic religion might have been possible; but the moral heritage of the Western world has long been Christian, and the great thinkers in pure literature have been within that tradition, whatever the difference—and there must in the nature of things be a "difference"—with which they have worn their Christianity. It is still so to-day, but with the important distinction that since Joubert's time the specifically religious element in the spiritual being of those alive to art has at once increased and dwindled; it has passed largely from the conscious to the unconscious, and the result is a closer merging of poetry and faith. (The term faith, or belief, must be taken to have altered in meaning *pari passu*; for unfaith in revealed religion is perhaps more common now than faith, and the belief which is one with poetry has shifted its objective from the defined to the indefinable Good). Thus (ideally, if not in fact) our poetic awareness is enriched and our religious feeling is brought more fully into the main stream of consciousness, of the unified diver-

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* The legend of French critical superiority dies hard. The cold fact is that, except in the brief and splendid hour of the Pléiade, France never held the palm of criticism until well into the nineteenth century; and she does not hold it now. What France *has* usually excelled in is intelligent comment on the contemporary literature from the point of view of the contemporary mind. That is not high criticism: it is very often its obscurant.

sities of experience that make and respond to art. It is true that ou age does not create much poetry and that religion has become les imaginative; but for these things there are other reasons. The poin is that a Roman Catholic critic of literature and an "atheist" criti of literature—if such there be— hold unconsciously the same "religion so far as they are critics at all, and are critics by virtue of that religion and that now we know enough to know this is true, and true not becaus art is separable from other spiritual activities in man, but because embraces them all.

The tendency of Joubert's criticism at its highest was to "platonize the poetic consciousness—it was Coleridge's too—but they bot platonized it unawares; holding the one a not wholly assimilate religious dogma and the other a wholly intractable metaphysica conscience, which both were too scrupulous knowingly to abandon Joubert, though centuries of the Christian tradition came between hin and direct acceptance of Greek thought, remains one of the mos perfect exemplars of the power of Plato's spirituality to inspire a trul poetic conception of poetry. It must be noted here that Jouber had entertained both the idea that "la *métaphysique*" could be mor poetic than poetry and the idea that the poet could find more truth in his quest of beauty than could the philosopher in quest of truth.

He does not rank with Coleridge and two or three others. The firs reason, naturally, that strikes one is his lack of sustained reasoning the fragmentary form in which we have his opinions, and the neve *perfectly* final finality of the aphorism. The second reason, also eviden and hardly separable from the first, is the faint air of over-delicac which pervades his responses to the stimulus of high literature; it i accentuated by his very metaphorical expression; and the whole effec is capable of irritating, slightly and not unjustly, one who comes t him in a mood of passionate surrender to great poetry—a mood which on the other hand, could, or should, find entire satisfaction in Coleridg on the Imagination. One who feels that poetry touches the highes comprehension of life, of the nature of things, and the mystery of things that human vision has glimpsed may feel at difference with Joubert' conscious perfectionism *as expressed*. As expressed, we must say Joubert's attitude almost certainly sprang from an unconscious impuls deeper than itself.

A third limitation of the Joubertian Poetic, if not directly due to th seeming disregard of Dante and Shakespeare that has already beer noted, is certainly implicit in his reluctance for intimate experience wit work that was, roughly speaking, anti-Platonic. Like many men wh combine robust common-sense in practical matters with extremel refined æsthetic taste, he had an aversion to the art that concerns itsel mainly with a valiant inclusion of the grosser elements of life. He did not see literature as equally concerned, to borrow a recent critical phrase, with Falstaff's belly and with the lids of Juno's eyes. In short

he apparently did not realize that the wider, the more various, the more uncongenial is the experience that is comprehended and subdued, the greater is the sublimation. His austere judgment and taste consistently rejected bad work: it is another thing to reject any kind of experience prematurely because it has been made the material of bad work. Coleridge, in his examination of Wordsworth, was not insensible of this.

The fourth limitation of Joubert's criticism is of a less obvious kind; and one that compels a glance at deeper questions. We have observed that Joubert's knowledge of the nature of great art was a "religious knowledge." That is essential; for a critical comprehension that is religious (the word will not be misunderstood), however imperfect, is nearer to reality than any which wants for one of the greatest impulses of the human soul. Yet Joubert's approach to the poetry that is religion and the religion that is poetry, is incomplete. Let us put it this way: the aspiration (spiritual, intellectual and emotional) of man to ultimate truth is in the last resort one and indivisible: it is monistic. Joubert, though he would have been pained to recognize it, formulates a dichotomy—which is, of course, remote from and unconnected with the metaphysical dualism he disliked. The reality on which he said so many excellent things, is an incomplete reality. There is "la réalité" and there is God. (On this ground one must tread delicately, on pain of being told that literary criticism needs a special kind of God!) To Joubert, God must be unknown: human reality is divine also, but of a second order of divinity. "Order"; the "reason which is the rule of rules"; these, be they never so entirely spiritualized, "of essence and not of existence," be they even insurpassable as means of critical integration, are imperfect philosophical concepts when not fully derived, as Joubert does not derive them, from their origin. He specifies reality without specifying in comparable terms the nature of God; he does not achieve a moral identity between devotional truth and ultimate æsthetic truth. This does not affect the quality either of his piety or of his æsthetic judgment; but it does impair the value of his philosophic legacy.

If we agree (as we must) that Joubert's religious acceptance is whole-hearted, and if we agree (as we must) that his acceptance of Plato and poetry is also whole-hearted, we shall be asked: Can a man serve two masters? If man cannot, Joubert the critic cannot; and to justify the assumption that there can be a literary comprehension fuller than Joubert's it is necessary to indicate how two masters may be served together, or how the two masters are really identical. Acceptance of a dogmatic theology and acceptance of great art are spiritual states too absolute to co-exist equally in one person unless their moral impulses and moral emanations are, when brought to the touchstone of great problems, identical. Both are forms of belief (there is no more literature without faith than there is religion without faith), and active belief in

anything beyond recognition of mere concrete fact comes only from moral impulsion.

The real distinction to be made is that between dogmatic and intuitive morality—taking the latter in a rather broad sense. In the instinctive, often sub-conscious acceptance of the omnipresent sense of good and evil, consists the faith that makes literature. The beauty of literature depends upon the survival of certain impulses in the spirit of man. A great writer like Thomas Hardy who denies that there is moral order in the universe, in the workings of fate, affirms by the same token that there is moral order in humanity.

With a religion the case is different: for here the machine of dogmatic morality and unquestioning submission to "revealed" truth can go on working when the instinctive moral impulse has long lain dormant. Such a state of religious acceptance could not inspire—could not, indeed, go together with—original thought or artistic creation. But the active religious sense which we are trying to bring into relation with the active poetic sense combines dogmatic belief with alert, instinctive perception of truth and goodness and love everywhere, a perception heightened by the (non-intellectual) love of God: *accrescit eundo.*

The spirit of Rousseau, Joubert once observed, "lives in the moral world, but not in that other world which is above it." A modern writer would be more likely to say that Rousseau soared to the realms of religion, but had a moral sense too uncertain to sustain him there. The great artist has invariably a religious impulse, but what Joubert did not wholly grasp is that it not only may but *must* be religious in the broader sense; be humane as well as transcendental; be instinctively moral. Great art is an heroic sublimation of the consciousness of good. Religion affords, or perhaps rather is one with, the heroic transcendence of good and evil that attains the serene comprehension of great art. The religious spirit of the artist may be partly passive and conventional, but must in a greater degree be actively moral, questioning all things and affirming its own vision of moral order, thus making the world of the artist's own creation acceptable *a priori* to all men in despite of their habitual dogmas. How far the sense of moral order conveyed is subjective and how far it proceeds from æsthetic insight into and revelation of that hidden "nature of things" which must be inferred from the fact that so many men respond alike to the apparently personal when it is communicated by perfect expression, is a further question. That art may derive from a "nature of things" which is at once more abstract and more tangible than *l'ordre* with all its manifestations and assumptions, was not apparent to Joubert, to whom none the less all honour for being a more sensitive exponent of *l'ordre* than any of his predecessors, and an almost perfect applicant of it wherever it is applicable.

H. P. Collins.

MRS. CADOGAN

WHEN, not so very long ago, a new literary periodical appeared on the bookstalls, boldly announcing its intention of dealing with LIFE, it met, you will remember, with a somewhat varied reception. With the rights and wrongs of this I am not concerned. I only mention it because in the more exclusive circles of intellectual London there was manifested towards that harmless magazine a peculiar kind of dry, almost shocked, contempt, in which I happen to be interested. For, being possessed of certain psychic faculties, into the nature of which I need not enter, I was able to trace this subtle, yet quite distinctive emotion to its *fons et origo*.

I have to report, then, that I gradually perceived it radiating in wave-like formation from a certain drawing-room in a residential part of the Metropolis. The vibrations, which were coloured a delicate shade of green, varied in intensity. Sometimes—in the mornings, for instance, when the pale yellow curtains had been drawn back and the pale-faced servant-girls were sweeping cigarette-ash from the carpet and carrying stained coffee-cups out to the scullery—they were comparatively feeble. At other times—at night, when the lights blazed down on four hundred square feet of bobbed hair and dinner-jackets—they were often violent. Now the owner of this drawing-room (I am assuming that you are not of her circle) is a certain Mrs. Cadogan, a *blasé* but withal energetic hostess whose evenings are threatening to outshine in restrained brilliance the salons of Maintenon and Scudéry. She is an interesting woman. Her impeccable good taste, which yet does not prevent her from being perfectly outspoken on all manner of subjects, her immunity from the usual prejudices and complexes, her deep underlying hatred of all cant and humbug, and her whimsical attitude towards the clergy endear her to a large circle of discerning friends. Quickly reaching, with care and a little luck, a footing intimate enough to allow me to study her character closely, I have been led on by the subject to examine Mrs. Cadogan's antecedents and personal history, and I am now strongly of the opinion that some knowledge of these is necessary, in order to savour the full bouquet of her personality.

Well, then—but, mind you, in the ordinary course I should feel some diffidence over the revelation which I am about to make without her permission. If I feel none in this instance, it is only because I know that in attempting a scientific dissection of my dear friend's personality, I am merely indulging one of her own favourite pursuits, while in stressing the influence of heredity, I am actually adopting what I might almost call the "Cadogan convention." Being illegitimate, you see . . . .

No, that is *not* the revelation. Mrs. Cadogan makes no bones about that at all. On the contrary, she is never tired of alluding in the most disarming manner to her mamma's little escapade. Just as a conjuror goes on drawing yards and yards of coloured ribbon out of a hat which to the ordinary observer appears to be quite empty, so Mrs. Cadogan continues year after year to extract an endless reel of impish irony from the discrepancy between this early episode in her late mother's career and the moral pretensions of that lady in later life. But more of this anon. Who *was* Mrs. Cadogan's mother? That is the point. I will tell you how I found out.

Those—and their name is legion—who knew the elder lady personally will remember very well a curious habit of hers which I myself used to describe, in cricketing metaphor, as "stone-walling." You know what I mean: you would be talking with her quite pleasantly and candidly upon all sorts of subjects, when it would happen that you—no, not that you actually referred to the forbidden topic, merely that you indicated by the tenor of some innocent remark that you were aware of the *existence* of such a thing. And immediately you would have the vivid sense that the soul of Mrs. Cadogan's mother had been conveyed from her breast, and that in its place there had been erected an eighteen-inch stone wall, from which your remark bounded back, gay as an indiarubber ball, without having made the tiniest impression or the faintest noise. Well, one day I was talking to Mrs. Cadogan, who was in the most excellent form, jesting to me—though she had then only known me for a few weeks—over various intimate memories of her "parent," when from some remark which she happened to drop, the light suddenly began to break upon me. Faintest glimmer of dawn that it was, it yet took me so completely unawares that immediately, and as by a kind of reflex action, "O-oh, then," I gaped, like a great booby, "so you were a *Grundy!*"

It was odd that this *gauche* and even impertinent precipitation of mine should have elicited the very token which was to transform surmise into certainty. Almost before I had spoken, the focus of Mrs. Cadogan's eyes had elongated itself till she seemed to be looking at a point several miles behind my head; and between us, if you can believe it, I felt the family stone wall, palpable, forbidding, cold, and certainly not less than eighteen inches thick! Never, as long as I live, shall I forget that moment of illumination.

My curiosity now thoroughly roused, I made a few attempts both on that day and later on to lead up to the subject again, but from the small success I met with, I was obliged to conclude that Mrs. Cadogan *is* complexed after all on one matter—her own maiden name! Thus, I had to ferret out for myself, and not without considerable labour, the interesting facts which follow.

Well, of course, there were stories—there always *are* stories—concerning the identity of the little Victorian Miss's impetuous gallant.

With the "single hoof-mark in the soft earth outside the bedroom window" I shall not detain you. But although, of course, this is nonsense, I may as well challenge your credulity at the outset by saying that the psychic powers to which I have already referred made it impossible for me to scorn altogether the notion that Lucifer—not just simply that vague abstraction, "the Devil," mind you; I mean the Luciferic ipseity—him who fell through pride of power—that Lucifer, I say, had *something* to do with Mrs. Cadogan's origin. Be that as it may: little Miss (?) was brought up with the Grundy family *as* a Grundy, no distinction whatever being made between herself and Mrs. Grundy's post-marital offspring. In spite of these advantages, however, at the age of nineteen, "the eldest Miss Grundy," as she was called, suddenly vanished from the family circle, where her name was never again allowed to be mentioned.

She reappeared in London at about the beginning of the century with self-knowledge and a packet of elegant visiting cards marked MRS. CADOGAN. What became of her in the interval, whence is derived her by no means insignificant stock of cash, who Mr. Cadogan is or was—these things nobody knows. It is thought that she had spent most of the time in Paris. For one thing she herself loves to speak of the gay city in such a way as to imply that she knows its social life from within. And there is better evidence. Before he died, the portly and prosperous stepfather had actually said as much to a friend—a rubicund old bachelor whom I have succeeded in running to earth in a boarding-house at Wimbledon. It appears that, as time drew on, leaving its mark on all things, and among them Mrs. Grundy, Mr. G. began to find it necessary to run over to the Continent on business more and more frequently; this had enabled him to keep in touch with his stepdaughter and her friends.

With this I must conclude my references to Mrs. Cadogan's history, from which, as I have already indicated, I have only ventured to lift the veil at all in the hope of throwing a little fresh light on her present character. Nor can I think it has been waste of time. For myself, at any rate, since making the discovery, how many times, when I have been with the daughter, has some little gesture or trick of speech, some little emphasis or even some little silence, well-nigh deluded me into the belief that it was the mother herself who was sitting there and talking to me! But then the perception of the past in the present has always provided me with one of my keenest delights. To many it may be a matter of indifference. Certainly, when I try to impart a little of this delight to Mrs. Cadogan herself, I do find her unresponsive. I have mentioned her self-knowledge. It is really most odd that in spite of this Delphic possession, my friend is literally incapable of raising to the level of her own consciousness the extent to which her ancestry and early life are responsible for it. It cannot be because of any preconceived notions. If there is a being with an almost religious

reverence for the ancient doctrines of Spiritual Heredity and the Environmental Ego, that being is Mrs. Cadogan. Then what is it? Not pride, surely, I once thought. Everything connected with Mrs. Cadogan, her honesty, her chastity, her legitimacy, her own hypothetical soul, her family, her dearest friends—all these things come freely and frequently under the lash of her unsparing wit. At times there is something almost abject in her self-abasement. It is only just on this one little point that she seems to be perfectly unapproachable. Drop but a hint, and there, erected out of nothing in the twinkling of an eye, stands the Great Wall—the Barrier. Not a sound penetrates its granite mass, not a gleam of light. And yet—and yet—in *very* sensitive moods—I have sometimes half fancied that I saw scrawled *across* that Wall, mystical, defiant, in letters of sulphurous flame, the proud motto: "*Before Grundy was, I am!*"

But I grow fantastic. Among the other family likenesses I shall adduce Mrs. Cadogan's enclosure from the common lands of conversation of certain proscribed areas into which her friends are not permitted to trespass. Thus, in conversation with her, no word or words must be introduced which seem to her to imply *moral* classification. Naturally this restricts the conversational scope considerably and demands plenty of periphrastic nimbleness from those who have the good fortune to talk with her. The point is, however, that when I am of this number, every time we seem to be getting, as it were, out of bounds, every time some skilful manœuvre of hers or mine has just landed us back safe but breathless in the midst of the amoral field, I am reminded of those evening conversations with her mother during which the same effort was necessary in order to keep off what one might call the physical or "naked" side of life. For instance, I recollect once quoting bef Mrs. Cadogan, in an unwary moment, the remark of a modern critic that "morality colours all language and lends to it the most delicate of its powers of distinction." Believe me, the Wall was up. It was there. Conversation quickly flagged, I left early and observed a few days later that she had added poor Raleigh to—may I call them her *ironicals*? "Earnest" was the epithet with which she henceforward carefully disparaged his name.

Some students of heredity have observed that what is physical in one generation often comes out psychologically in the next, and *vice versa*. The brawny, sub-cerebrated sire, they assure us, begets the weakling with a mighty intellect, and so forth. Whether there is any general truth in this proposition I am not able to pronounce. But I *can* bring forward one piece of evidence in its support; and that is, of course, the case of Mrs. Cadogan. I think I have mentioned the maternal dislike of overt references to one's physical origin, with its necessarily undignified attendant circumstances? The repetition (only abstracted, spiritualized) of this trait in the daughter is so exact as to be almost grotesque. For if there is one thing which makes

Mrs. Cadogan thoroughly uncomfortable, it is a public allusion to her *spiritual* origin. Indeed, she will indulge in all manner of roundabout phraseology in order to imply that she never had anything so crude and clerical. The very phrase sets her nerves screaming—so much so that I feel it is rather unkind even to *write* much more on the subject. Suffice it to say that, as Mrs. Grundy had, for instance, no *legs*—only "limbs," so Mrs. Cadogan has no *soul*—only a "personality." So tender has the lady lately become on these subjects that she is not even sure at the moment whether she cares to admit that. But enough. This is hitting below the belt.

I trace yet another resemblance between Mrs. Cadogan and her mother in her attitude towards Social Problems. You remember how the older lady opposed the fitting of safety devices to the little cages in which miners are lowered to their work on the ground that it implied an irreverent distrust in the efficacy of the Everlasting Arms? You laughed sardonically, I expect, when you first heard of this as a young man, but you know now that the attitude was quite logical, based, as it was, on an unshakable conviction anent the impregnable position which is reserved in this world and the next for middle and upper class English bodies and souls. From the same source sprang Mrs. Grundy's sturdy refusal to be misled by the insidious endeavours of wild-haired reformers to disentangle the social values from the moral ones. And again, of course, it was this which prevented her from drawing odious comparisons between Mr. Grundy lifting up his voice in church on the Sabbath and the same gentleman voting—but not speaking—against the Factory Acts in Parliament on Monday. But all this is such a very old story. I am sure you are as tired of it as I am. I only ventured to bring it up because this discrepancy between what I might call the Sunday Grundy and the Monday Grundy lives on in Mrs. Cadogan. To take an instance, its subdued radiance may be seen playing over the gulf between her Fabian principles and her passbook, the one so public and the other so very, very private. And if Mrs. Cadogan is in no danger—for obvious reasons—of confusing the social values with the moral values, she has proved herself her mother's daughter by discovering a totally new set of values to stir into the great cauldron of snobbery. I mean the æsthetic ones. Call on her one day and get her to talk about Dickens. You will see what I mean.

I could go on for ever drawing these interesting parallels, but I shall content myself instead with making a few observations on two final points (i) the secret of Mrs. Cadogan and (ii) her influence. Her secret, then, is, in my view, a certain Peter Pannishness. Despite her *blasé* and disillusioned behaviour, Mrs. Cadogan has really, at the bottom of her soul, never grown up. All that she says and a good deal of what she does is shaped with secret reference to the haunting wraith of her mamma—and possibly of one or two of her mamma's sisters. Mrs. Cadogan is, in fact, perpetually engaged in shocking invisible aunts.

She appears to carry these spectral ladies about with her in her subconscious, very much as wealthy oriental despots used to include certain slaves in their retinue solely for the purpose of having them whipped.* Whence, if it is not from them, does she draw the delicious sense of emancipation and naughtiness which (witness her tone of voice) she still does draw from somewhere every time she quotes from the Old Testament, and *nearly* every time she alludes, let us say, to sexual relations of a kind not sanctioned by that document—relations, mind you, which throughout her adult life, have been the rule rather than the exception in her own circle?

If this is the secret of Mrs. Cadogan, it is still none the less a mystery; and I cannot help asking myself as I contemplate but do not solve it, whether in times to come the little Cadogans will be haunted in the same way by the shades of *their* mamma, and her friends, and, if so, to what manner of life and speech it will lead them. Already, so my journalist friends tell me, there are some doubtful signs of a reaction against Mrs. Cadogan and her circle. If this is really so, I am sorry. Personally I like Mrs. Cadogan. I like her for herself, and because I feel the pathos of her biography. Certainly it would sadden me to see, crowning all that she has been through, the last bitterness of superannuation.

Secondly, as to her influence. This, as the reader will no doubt have guessed, is no mean matter. To that little house in Chelsea have resorted for many, many seasons lawyers, scientists, doctors, artists, scholars, literary men galore, and an endless stream of politicians. The Egeria of literally thousands among the smaller fry of nameless novelists, Mrs. Cadogan can also boast bigger catches. The Apostle of the Unconscious unconsciously drinks influence from her bright eyes. She was the spiritual consort of Victoria's Biographer. The Historian of the World has frequented her drawing-room from a young man, and there is evidence (chiefly internal) that she was at his elbow practically the whole time he was dictating his Magnum Opus. Even the Chronicler of Juan and Joan was once a pretty regular visitor, and some say that it has taken the great man most of his life to shake himself free of her spell. Her hegemony manifests itself in other ways. There are those who met her at an early age and took a violent dislike to her: original spirits, one would think, and strong enough to stand alone? Not at all: she frightened them out of their wits, and now it is only from behind the ample skirts of Mother Church that they dare to hurl their rotten eggs. It is only in Rome (as the best of them will paradoxically add) that they feel safe in doing as Rome does.

Amid her numerous train of admirers, Mrs. Cadogan's preference is reserved for Literature, her respect for Science. With the former

* The Romans, as every schoolboy knows, even evolved an *active verb—vapulare—* which meant "to be beaten." I fancy Mrs. Cadogan's aunts must have created, on the Other Side, an active verb meaning "to be shocked." *C'est leur métier.*

(for she herself has literary aspirations) she feels more or less on equal terms. Before the latter she bows down. No matter what subject is under discussion, the "Authorities" maintain their place unchallenged at her dinner-table, and the regal hostess is not amused by ill-timed jests at their expense. No wonder. These august beings, together with her bankers, form the rock upon which the Church of Mrs. Cadogan's life is built; and none but the totally unimaginative or the very cruel would have the heart to shake her confidence in either.

Yes. On the whole, perhaps, Mrs. Cadogan's influence is the most interesting thing about her. It is a useful exercise, and one which with me has long become a habit, to try and disentangle from each contemporary product of the imagination, as it comes before one, the part of it which is due to her. When, after a little practice, one has acquired some proficiency in the art, the results are positively startling; I had almost said alarming. Really—taking the word "influence" in its broadest sense—I sometimes wonder whether the future literary and social historian of this enlightened age will find very much left but water, when he has precipitated from his solution the protean essence of Mrs. Cadogan.

MICHAEL OWEN.

ON TWO FILMS

THE other day I went to our cinema. It is new, and perfectly suited to the suburb; it is, in fact, precisely similar to hundred thousand other new cinemas. For the most part, these halls are fitted with comparatively comfortable seats. Smokin is allowed, and talking. There is some sort of orchestra, which infuses a yet warmer feeling into the already tropical air. For the atmosphere of most cinema-halls is of that peculiar damp heat which, novelists of the Pacific tell us, turns strong men into vapid wrecks.

Such an atmosphere of relaxation is at the base of much of the later romantic art, romantic in spirit rather than in style. It is the feelin behind the Celtic twilight and most of de la Mare:

> Outworn heart, in a time out-worn,
> Come clear of the nets of wrong and right—

an easy beauty that comforts tired men, the direct descendants of a weary Coleridge. This atmosphere is distinctly alien to the classica feeling: compare the black magic of Theocritus with that of de la Mare. At its best, this feeling creates a sort of dreamy beauty: at its worst, spirit of passive receptivity which tolerates, and even welcomes, inanity of intellect and emotion; in a word, sentimentality: and nowhere more than in the cinema. The cinema, which is democratic almost exactly as much and almost exactly in the same way as the modern newspaper, deliberately exploits this languor, as a newspaper fosters and exploits a herd-passion. There must, of course, be always a certain effort involved in the appreciation of any important work of art. Indeed, one of the chief defences—if there be any need for defence—of modern poetry and painting is that it calls for intellectual effort in order to appreciate it, or even to dislike it, intelligently. The cinema deliberately makes things as easy as possible for the spectators. The result of the too emotional acceptance is sentimentality, and that, not science, is really the opposite of poetry.

This narcotic beauty created by Yeats and de la Mare and their school is really only a softened form of the more truly romanesque art of Doré or the great cathedral-builders. The laughter and terror of the souls in hell, or the gargoyles straining on Notre Dame de Paris are transmuted; the tone is lowered: it is as if one should see Pantagruel in a vision, and imagine the Fruit Merchant. Fundamenta to this form of sublimated sentimentality is a new use of pathos. That is, tragedy without irony, or, one might almost say, the shadow of tragedy.

The films have produced only one man capable of realizing pathos without descending to sentimentality: Charlie Chaplin. He has

affinities with the art of which de la Mare is the most typical writer is his method rather than in the spirit and intention of his work. Superficially, the results seem to have no resenblance: but there is this that links them, that they both practise a softened form of what I have called romanesque art, the art of Doré and of Rabelais. Chaplin is rarely terrific, always penetrating: he plays Doré and Rabelais in a dream.

The parallel between Chaplin and the later romanticists is useful simply to illustrate one side of the genealogy of his pathos. But his real affinities, whether conscious or unconscious, are with Dickens and Tchehov. The pathetic lowering of tone is dangerous: and it is Chaplin's greatest triumph that he has linked the pathos of romanticism with the energy of classicism. He has succeeded where Dickens failed—in sublety and harmony in the management of pathos in burlesque: and he adds a quality in which even Tchehov is lacking, that of the romanesque conception of the ridiculous, which is at the root of Falstaff, the conception of the gargoyle, even when very much softened, as in most of Chaplin's later work. Tchehov could never have imagined *Pay Day*. But Dickens, Tchehov and Chaplin have this essential in common, that they create an atmosphere of deliberate fantasy, in which, as in a dream, everything, however seemingly incongruous, is in harmony, is surprising but natural. This is, in the main, a romantic conception, and the creation of such an atmosphere is what they have in common with the later romantics. But the quality of the atmosphere they create is so different from that of conventional romanticism that they seem to practise an entirely new art-form; as, indeed, every really great artist does, however conventional his medium. The danger of evoking this fantastic atmosphere is that it tends to foster vagueness and "wistfulness," that the twilight may become a mist. Even this danger Chaplin turns to account: one of the chief delights of watching his performance is to see him sliding and slipping perilously near to the vulgarity of "human tears and human laughter" sentimentality—and avoiding it by raising his hat or dropping his stick.

To represent the sentimental and to sentimentalize are two very different things: sentimentality seen objectively is rich material for the comic spirit. That old sentimentalist, Uncle Gaev, in *The Cherry Orchard* is a great tragi-comic figure, equal to Euripides' Admetus himself. He is, it is true, conscious of his own failing, but by nursing it and brooding over it, has grown so much to love it that he becomes doubly sentimental in his very consciousness of it. Chaplin, too, makes great comedy as the hero-worshipping little tramp in *The Gold Rush*, simply by "his shy burlesque of his own emotions." What else is Don Quixote in the dryer idiom?

The two films I saw that evening showed as clearly as possible the difference between sentimentality felt subjectively and sentimentality

viewed objectively: Betty Balfour in *Reveillé* and Charlie Chaplin *The Kid*. There are certain points of superficial resemblance. Bot are "popular" or "democratic," in that they deal with the class which have to work as employees, "the proletariat," in fact. Both a what injudicious advertisers label "human," for much the same reaso that Mayfair is "gilded" or Chelsea "Bohemian": for their epithe are very Homeric. Moreover, both films are essays in sentiment, had almost said, exploitations of sentiment. *The Kid* is importar as being perhaps Chaplin's worst stumble towards vulgarity, and th may be fairly compared with a very average commercial film. *The Ki* indeed, when Chaplin is not himself on the screen, frankly degenerat into pure studio-stock. But there the likeness ends. *Reveillé* is study of London poor during and after the war, as seen from afar Hollywood. There is a certain realization of the feverish gaiety civilians and soldiers on leave, of hysterical merriment: but nothing seen of the monotony, the prolonged suspense, or above all, of t mutual disgust of civilians and returned soldiers. Then, after t inevitable scenes of Armistice Night at the "Troc," at the station in the "humble home," there comes the inevitable despair of th unemployed, the Red agitation in the doss-house; and then, of cours Miss Balfour, the brave little sempstress, goes down to the den sedition, and recalls the hungry and desperate wretches to a sense England's glory, by singing "It's a long, long way . . ." rendere lusciously by the orchestra. For a grand finale, Armistice Day, 191 complete with two-minutes' silence, Abbey service and bugle-blow Reveillé; and, of course, Miss Balfour, the gentleman ranker agitat and the hearty whelk-seller join hands to swear by a Brighter Futur This sounds quite ordinarily banal, and as negligible as most others its sort, but it is typical of so many similar films that it may be use as a kind of criterion and scapegoat together. The film is the apotheos of conventional war sentiment: the ideas are as trite and dull as tho of any dear old lady who spoke of "the Brave Boys," "the Fallen etc. But it is not so much because it is conventional that the film bad, but because it is sentimentally conventional.

In *The Kid*, to quote the critic of *The Observer*, "Chaplin sets o to do, and in a few sure strokes in shots and sub-titles, does achiev more devastation of conventional ethics than in the whole of *T Woman of Paris*." True; though the critic tends to confuse effe with cause in attributing the social rather than the artistic motiv for it is certainly not the "yearning motherhood" of the woman, n her conventional sobs and slumming that devastate society. Rath it is Chaplin's genius that makes personally appreciable "the i personal tragedy which lies in the helplessness of poor people in face of the undiscriminating benevolence of the law, against which th can struggle but cannot appeal. The tragedy is worked to its clim without the presence of a single wicked character . . . It is exact

the Marxist interpretation of History; the method of Mr. Shaw in *Saint Joan*. The spectator feels a sort of *Weltschmerz* rather than an individual sympathy," but, as in all great art, simplified in a single personality. This universalization is far more effective, far more probable than the particular story of *Reveillé*: and, incidentally, a far more effective statement of social facts.

One might be interested in the individual characters in *Reveillé*; the sentimentalized *gamine*, the sentimentalized gentleman-ranker, the sentimentalized whelk-seller, but only as interesting types of the results of sentimentality. Sentimental whelk-sellers and flappers, if you like: you have the examples of Uncle Gaev and the Lone Prospector to justify it. But *Reveillé* is really blasphemous and immoral in that it sets out to be moral. A Black Mass is not in itself blasphemous, nor to condone adultery immoral; but to exploit a studio-manufactured memorial service and to sob over the repentant sinner are artistically and spiritually both blasphemous and immoral. Even in *The Kid*, there is no suggestion of artistic immorality in the parts for which Chaplin himself is responsible. The Woman is a disturbing, though necessary, character: she does not harmonize at all with the delicate tragi-comedy that is played in Chaplin's garret. One cannot help feeling that Charlie must have been very uncomfortable in the Woman's palatial mansion.

Most important of all, in this comparison, is the use that is made in both films of adventitious aids. In *The Kid*, Chaplin does not now rely on himself alone. He introduces the dangerous device of transferring half the burden of pathos to the shoulders of someone else; and that person a child, an infant prodigy. That is what I meant by the pleasure of watching Chaplin stumbling close to the abyss. Jackie Coogan might so easily have been exploited as the dear little angel-child. Even as it is, he provokes delighted coos of "How sweet!" Here was a God-given opportunity for "human tears and human laughter," and Chaplin was great enough artist to subordinate the child to the main theme of the tragedy. What is important in the film from Jackie Coogan's point of view is not his fight or his window-smashing, but his abduction. The whole film is more obviously a complete and necessary whole than is usual with Chaplin; or, indeed, with any of the men of his succession, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, who tend more and more to become the much-enduring Odysseus, lacking his ingenious cajolement of the gods: "Alexander is become a melancholy clown."

Reveillé, in attempting the universality which Chaplin obtains with his five figures, floods the screen with characters supported by all kinds of adventitious aids. Whereas the introduction of Jackie Coogan was an organic necessity for Chaplin's theme, the packing and padding of the somewhat disjointed story of *Reveillé* serves no artistic purpose at all. It gives neither the individualistic nor the epic conception. Cut out

any of the scenes which do not include the three chief characte and the film is not materially damaged. The picture relies on all meretricious aids that Chaplin is out to destroy. Chocolate-b prettiness, quaintness, soft music in the dark, dancing crowds, and mo of all the relaxing atmosphere of the hall. Miss Balfour has all t in her favour; and yet the film remains not only vulgar, but incredib dull, unforgivably dull.

Partly it is the result of the American "star" system, which really the commercial exaltation of the second-rate, a sort of visu journalism. The difference between the actor and the "star" is mo than the difference between genius and talent: it is the distincti between the dancing of Lopokova and, say, Miss Dorothy Dickso almost the difference between seriousness and trifling. Miss Balfo is merely the "star" in a commercial production; as such, she c display her charm and talent only so far as the producer will allo her. Chaplin usually has the immense advantage of producing own films. *Pay Day* is fine because it is as unmistakably and necessar the personal work of a genius as is St. Paul's Cathedral. *The Wom of Paris* is not so obviously personal, and for that reason fails, in spi of magnificent decorative photography, equal to anything th Seaström has done so far. But the story never came to life, ar suffered badly from the lack of any coherent idea underlying the who Chaplin seems to fail when he is not dealing with the underdo *One A.M.*, which describes the adventures of a rich man, who, havi come home drunk, tries to get from the hall to his bed, might ha been funny if it had happened in a tenement-house. As it is, it positively bad in its damnable iteration of cheap "effects." As soo as Chaplin forsakes what Plato calls "his specific excellence," he fai *The Kid* was nearly ruined by the addition of anomalous detail to t extremely characteristic central structure. Like Shakespeare, Chap cannot successfully collaborate: his personality is too positive. B the "star" can never be more than *primus inter pares*; if personality were dominant enough to raise him above that, he wou never have consented to take up his present position. That positi is as precarious as that of a king's favourite: like a popular noveli the cinema "star" must supply the public for ever with what he persuaded it that it wants. As he is not naturally talented, he mu introduce all kinds of mechanical devices to distract the spectato attention from his weakness. So he will "make a feature" of ac batics or equestrianism: he will deliberately exploit the emotio both of himself and of his "public." Exploitation is always a form vulgarity, and to exploit the emotions is sentimentality as well: the caressing or abusing of the emotions renders them unnatural a unspontaneous.

Chaplin, as he has often said, gives the public what it really want pathos, laughter, slap-stick, the overthrow of pompous authorit

These things are primal and eternal: to hear the laughter he raises from the hackneyed Harlequinade poker business in *Pay Day* is to realise that. He knows the public as well as Shakespeare did, and knows that what it wants is the basis of art, the Iliad and the Odyssey. Chaplin envelops the heroics of Homer in a romantic pathos which makes really democratic and "understanded of the people" the aristocratic epic. Like Shakespeare again, he pleases the particular and the general, and that is the surest mark of genius.

F. Jellinek.

MADE WITH HANDS

This is a stone that should have been
Worn by waters swift and green,
Weathered by softly falling rain,
Swarmed by the bees that crossed the brook,
And cracked by frost until it took
A shape subdued and dim—
Part of the natural peace
Dwelling beneath the trees
Where hawthorn branches drink the water's brim.

The sculptor's chisel to it gave
Sharper angles than wind and wave:
Light laid in planes, deliberate curves
Soft and severe. Thought entered in
The simple stone, and dwelt therein
With subtle graces blent.
The sculptured stone, made wise
By worship from men's eyes
Was lovely still, but oh! how different.

So man, with inward passion, may
His hands on his own nature lay;
Turn, force and soften, and endure,
Striking the stone until the pure
Ghost of his thought burns through
All things he says, or he may do:
But he can only guess
How lovely Nature might have made,
In course of years, that burning Shade
Had his own power been less.

And there are ruins softly clad
With Traveller's Joy and berries red,
Where the pine boughs brush the ground
When the wind wakes no other sound—
Ruins sinking every year
Softly backwards into Time
From the days when they were dear
To mankind in their morning prime.
Nettle and fern their walls invade
As though One mocked the things man made,
And proved their hour is brief
By triumph of wind and leaf;
But only eyes of dust would see
In their decay a mockery.

For the seas of curling fern
The frosts that crack and rays that burn,
And the grace these ruins lose—
The very years that claim their pride
Were made with Hands . . . and Whose?

STELLA GIBBONS.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AN INN AND A HOTEL.—It had been raining steadily since two o'clock and we were wet through, wet from top to toe, wet from coat to vest, wet with the wetness to which even the best mackintoshes at last gave way and became mere sponges for the absorption of moisture. As we approached the village of A— we wondered apprehensively whether the inn could take us; we were not in a mood to beard strange landladies, nor was our appearance such as to prepossess; besides it was past seven o'clock and we were very hungry. The inn was full; they could give us a meal, but they could not sleep us. They suggested we try Mrs. Smith for rooms; which we did and drew blank.

It was then that cold, hungry and thoroughly bad-tempered, I saw The ——— (you will see in a moment why I cannot reveal its name). An insignificant-looking pub standing in a row of houses in the main street, it had the appearance of one of those places that, forgetful of their proper function, supply drink but deny both food and bed to the weary traveller. The bar, through which lay the only entrance, was full of Saturday night drinkers, and the proprietress, a fat woman, was busy serving drinks. Hesitatingly I asked her if she had any rooms to let for the night. She had, and in spite of her repellent appearance, in spite of the moisture that ran down our necks and the little pools of water that formed round us on the floor as we stood and parleyed, she would and did take us in. Further, she dried our clothes, gave us hot rum to drink to keep the wet out and hot baths to complete the work of the rum; she lent us overcoats to cover our pyjamas, gave us ham and eggs and coffee for supper in a little room off the bar, and smiled at us like a benediction as we had them and listened to the singing. The singing by the way was local talent; we did not see a sign of wireless or gramophones in the pub. More ham and eggs for breakfast with cream and home-made jam, and the price for the lot was six shillings each. Six shillings each for supper, bed and breakfast, home-made jam, a hostess glad to see you and no wireless, in a pub in the Home counties! These things are true, I swear it! Now you see why I cannot disclose its name.

Next day there was sun and wind, and about five o'clock we came to the county town of L—. Being dry, albeit dusty, our appearance was not so repellent to the eye as on the previous evening at A—; so we went boldly into the first hotel we saw and asked for tea. It was a large hotel, and two serried ranks of cars were drawn up in front of it. Motorists were standing in the porch and washing in the lavatory; motorists sat and smoked in the lounge; the dining room was full of motorists. Having been propelled for the greater part of the day through the air at considerable speed, they were cold, numbed and rather dazed. Also

lack of exercise, overeating and boredom appeared to have affected their tempers.

Whatever the reason each motorist seemed to be chiefly engaged in staring disapprovingly at the other motorists, until we appeared, when they one and all stared disapprovingly at us. What right had we miserable pedestrians, so hot, so dusty and above all so uncompromisingly healthy, to insinuate ourselves into the company of our superiors? They had chivvied us on the roads until they had chivvied us off them altogether, and seeing the roads deserted by walkers they had naturally supposed they had ceased to exist. For the motorist the country is composed of roads that link the metropolis with beauty spots such as Newlands Corner and the South Coast watering places; for the rest there is no doubt an intermediate tract between the roads presumably inhabited by rustics, tramps and artists; but it never occurs to them that one may walk there. Hence if there are no walkers on the roads the presumption is that there are no walkers at all; yet here they still were hot and untidy as ever, not only not eliminated but actually venturing to intrude themselves into decent hotels. The hotel staff seemed to share the views of the motorists. Reluctantly, since they could not turn us away, they found us an obscure table hidden in a corner where we should offend their regular patrons as little as possible and reluctantly they brought us bread and butter, jam in which the strawberry, the gooseberry, the rhubarb and that which was not fruit at all were glued in an amorphous mess, and those peculiar substances called cakes coyly ensconced in frilled papers with which high-class English hotels tax the endurance of their clients. For this they charged us two shillings each, and when we had eaten as much as we dared they bade us go away to make room for other motorists.

Such is the country and such the country welcome to-day. For the inn at A— is palpably a survival; it has strayed, by an oversight as it were, from the past when the country was the country, into the present when it is the poor relation of the town patronised by motorists. Such places still exist in the north of England, but they are vanishing rapidly from the South and the Home counties know them no more. Throughout the length and breadth of Surrey there is no longer an inn which will give food and drink and bed at a modest price to the walker; there are only pubs that serve drink to the natives, and hotels that provide bought cakes for motorists. I give the pub at A— another five years at most; at the end of that time it will be bought by a trust, serve expensive dinners and bad wines, and despise all those who do not ride in motors. The pub at A— is a relic from the past; the hotel at L— is the hotel of the future.—C. E. M. Joad.

The Passing of "The Westminster."—The *Westminster Gazette* ceased to have a separate existence on February 1, when it was amalgamated with the *Daily News*, in which, of course, it will be

completely absorbed, as the gay and reckless *Morning Leader* was engulfed before it.

The *Westminster Gazette* had existed for exactly thirty-five years. During the last six of these, however, it had been a pale shadow of its former self. Its famous green had dimmed to white, and the only essential connection between the commonplace morning newspaper and the individual evening newspaper which it replaced were the occasional contributions of its great editor, Mr. J. A. Spender.

We call J. A. Spender deliberately a great editor, even though his life's work has vanished in smoke. The green *Westminster*, which was really his creation, will not easily be forgotten. It represented, as its editor embodied, all that was best in Liberalism: but it was not for that cause that the old *Westminster* was as eagerly read by its political opponents as its political friends—more eagerly, we believe. It was because J. A. Spender and the *Westminster* represented the high humane tradition in London journalism, which has now almost entirely disappeared from it. It lives on undiminished only in *The Times*; it flashes out occasionally in the *Morning Post*: but we do not know where else to seek it in London daily journalism to-day. Three-quarters of the stuff that appears in other London daily papers would have gone into the *Westminster* waste-paper basket.

It was, of course, a journal of opinion primarily and not a journal of news; and the public for such journals has probably not increased. But we cannot help believing that, if the senseless change into an otiose and undistinguished morning newspaper had not been made, the green *Westminster* under Spender would finally have weathered the present stormy time of transition in journalism. The root of the trouble lay, of course, in an insufficient advertising revenue. But advertisers would gradually have realized that there are commodities which appeal more directly to 100,000 readers of discrimination and taste than to the undiscriminating millions of the "circulation" press. *Exoriare aliquis.* One day an avenger of the slaughtered evening papers of the 'nineties will arise—someone who will see that there is still room for the daily journal of cultivated opinion, with its modest circulation, its modest revenue—and its modest costs. — A JUNIOR MEMBER OF THE STAFF.

ROBERT KEABLE.—If Robert Keable, who died in January last, was not a very good writer, he was none the less a sign of the times. He wrote several novels, some bad, one nearly very good; and all characteristic of his strangely unsubtle, but rather attractive nature. He had begun as a parson; he had been driven to inquire into the beliefs he professed; and was finally driven to abandon them, and give up his profession. He was, therefore, an honest man; one whom it is hard to criticise since few of us pass that test.

Two of his books are evidently autobiographical: *Simon called Peter* and *Peradventure*. The latter, since it afforded him less opportunity for that abandonment to emotionalism which was his pitfall, is much the better. The first is an account of one who, like himself, was in orders; who went to France as a chaplain, and to whom the realities of war made clear the unreality of his own beliefs. A good deal of the book is crude melodrama. *Peradventure* is the history of an Evangelical parson's son who went to Cambridge full of religious enthusiasm, and gradually learned to question all that he had begun by taking for granted; the story of his attempts to find truth in other forms of dogma, and his final abandonment of dogmatic religion are told convincingly and sympathetically. They might be the story of many men and women of the day. It is not a great novel, but it is a memorable one; it conveys the reality of a genuine religious experience.

Perhaps the most significant thing about it is that it proves the possibility of such a man's making his escape and his discoveries in this century; for it would have been impossible a hundred years ago. Men tried dogma in the balance and found it wanting in those days, but not men like Robert Keable. What was then the course of the few of keen intellect and clear-cut sense of values, is now the course of the majority. Not all have his honesty; but they have his doubts. Sometimes they have the courage to face those doubts out to the end, and sometimes courage fails them, and they take refuge in a creed which saves trouble in thinking or pain in facing life. But "courage" is the wrong word; none of us knows the relation between another's strength and his fear; it is not courage that drives men to face things out; it is something in their hearts which cannot find rest in anything short of things faced out. Why some are so constructed, and others can find peace in yielding their minds to a dogma half-way remains a mystery. But it brings us back to the mystery of Robert Keable: that a second-rate mind should have faced things and seen through them up to a point, and then have dissipated into a mist of faulty values and fair, but futile illusions; that a man could be so honest and well-intentioned, and yet so insecurely balanced; so without understanding of the meaning or necessity of self-discipline; in a word, that he should have seen so clearly through so much falsity, and yet have been unable to touch and conquer the subtlest falsity of all: self-deception. For most self-deceivers are such from fear, and by a deliberate act of avoidance of painful facts. Robert Keable faced painful facts enough; that is evident. If he did not face the fact of himself, it was not through any deliberate act, but through sheer incapacity. He was true metal as far as he went. But he was incomplete; and that is why he was also an incomplete mystic, who was never able to fuse together the ideal and the real in himself and the world around him, but knew, vaguely, that they must somehow so be fused.

M. Robinson.

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE

A "FELLOW" OF SHAKESPEARE: ROBERT ARMIN.—I cannot easily imagine anyone (except perhaps Dr. Grosart, who once reprinted them) reading the "works" of the Elizabethan actor Robert Armin for their own sake. But the simple fact that this same Robert Armin is the actor whose name appears conspicuously in the First Folio in the list of "the principal actors in all these plays," and in the patent to the "King's Men" in 1603, makes all the difference. By a touch of true alchemy Robert Armin and his "works" become, not gold indeed, but precious ore.

And, indeed, Armin was a considerable actor in Shakespeare's day. It is on record that Tarleton, the famous clown, took notice of him and prophesied that he would be his successor. This place was, however, really taken by Will Kempe; but when Will Kempe left Shakespeare's company, probably in 1599, Armin succeeded to his position. For we know that Kempe originally played Dogberry in *Much Ado*, and it is perfectly clear from two passages in Armin's prefaces that he also had played the part many times and made a reputation in it. The first, from the preface to *The Italian Tailor* (1609):

> Pardon, I pray you the boldness of a Beggar who hath been writ down for an Asse in his time, and pleads under *forma pauperis* in it still, notwithstanding his Constableship and Office.

The second (from *The Nest of Ninnies*, 1608) is still more interesting, for the preface is addressed to the gentlemen of the University of Oxford.

> I have seen the stars at midnight in your societies, and might have commenced like an Asse as I was, but I lackt liberty in that, yet I was admitted in Oxford to be of Christ's Church, while they of Al-soules gave aim: such as knew me remember my meaning.

The point of the joke in the second half of the sentence is lost in oblivion; but the plain implication of the first is that Armin played Dogberry at Oxford. Very possibly this was in 1601, and no doubt it was on the same occasion that Shakespeare's company played *Hamlet* at Oxford, as it is recorded on the title page of the 1603 quarto. I suppose the famous reference to the players travelling because of "the inhibition by reason of the late innovation" was in the play as given at Oxford.

I will indulge, moreover, the incidental speculation that Robert Burton of the *Anatomy* was among the audience of *Much Ado* at Oxford. One of his few, but precious, references to Shakespeare—and, if my memory is right, the only reference to a *play* of Shakespeare—is to "Beatrice and Benedick in the comedy." There are no copies of Shakespeare's plays in the two extant lists of Burton's library: from this, and the fact that he did not know its name, it is very probable that he actually saw the play. Burton, in 1601, was twenty-five years old, and but two years before elected to a studentship at Christ Church. The dates fit admirably; and, if one were a thorough-going optimist, one might even suppose that the melancholy man (who was probably not so melancholy at twenty-five) had a first-hand knowledge of the obscure joke concerning Armin—Dogberry's "admission to be of Christ's Church." It is just possible; but I fear the joke is not to be taken so literally. However, it is enough for a digression if I have (as I

think I have) shown that there is a high probability of Burton's roman heart having tasted the sweetness of Shakespeare's comedy with Shakespe in it.

But to proceed. The *clou* of the repertory of the touring actors w indubitably, *Hamlet—Hamlet* of the second Quarto, the we all know. No doubt Armin was one of the grave-diggers. What certain, and natural, is that he was saturated in *Hamlet*. Little from *Hamlet* are continually popping up in his slender writings. Haml words stuck in his mind, as they do in the minds of actors to-day. "H the fat fools of this age (he writes in *The Nest of Ninnies*) will *gronte sweat* under this massy burden." In an obscure sentence he speaks "making some expert till they cry it up in the top of question": wh makes one doubtful whether Armin understood the phrase any better t we do. And suddenly in the same little book we come, with a slight sho upon this. "There are, as Hamlet says, whips in store." Hamlet, of cou does not say it; but he does say something like it with which we are familiar. But instead of the familiar lines, Armin obviously heard— since he must have heard the words many times, perhaps the actor spoke

> For who would bear the whips in store of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely . . .

And it makes quite excellent sense, better sense, we may suppose, than m of the actor's emendations which Shakespeare had to put up with, tho "the blank verse" halted for it. But whether the actor spoke, or Ar merely heard it so, may be left to our imagination. This sim mistake has the effect of bringing me within earshot—for a tiny moment time—of *Hamlet* when it was first played, with Shakespeare himself Ghost bearing the majesty of buried Denmark.

That little phrase is, to me, the most interesting thing in Robert Arm though his many reminiscences of Shakespeare would make a valua study for one of those merry gentlemen who seem to be at their wits' enc discover a subject for a doctor's thesis. I fancy it would not be difficul establish from them which of Shakespeare's most popular plays were in repertory of the company from 1601 to 1610 when, after a final entry i the actor-list of Jonson's *Alchemist*, Armin finally disappears. W plainly does emerge from a reading of his rather stupid works is that actor of ordinary intelligence in Shakespeare's company during those years remembered very little of any other plays save Shakespeare's. T and they alone, made the real impression, whether it was made on the m or the ear. I can detect in Armin's verse scarcely any definite reminiscer save of Shakespeare; and where there is no Shakespearean reminiscence phrase, or cadence, Armin's verses are almost invariably doggerel, and prose, if not fustian, thoroughly commonplace.

But every now and then comes a phrase of startling quality, so starti it is hard to believe that it was Armin's own, and tempting to believe it was Shakespeare's. So he describes Sommers, a famous clown of He VIII: "His melody was of a higher strain, *and he looked as the noon bi waking*." Again—this is printed as prose—

> As bare as January when the trees
> Look like a girl whose colour comes and goes
> As frost does in the milk . . .

Again, an elder son suspects his own legitimacy:

> It makes me desperate of priority
> Forethinking my beginning to be base.

Again,

> Yet honour makes them swell
> Like clustered grapes till mature sweetness brings
> Luscious conclusion.

Probably, all these are nothing more than cruder instances of that infection by Shakespeare to which Fletcher owes his most famous felicities.

Finally, for a favourable specimen of Armin's style, from which the reader can pick out the Shakespeare for himself, there is this passage. It is characteristic that the play (*The Maids of Moreclacke*, i.e. Mortlake) has for the basis a sort of parody of the Hamlet situation. The caricature of Hamlet speaks:

> The bird that greets the dawning of the day
> Signs with his wings the midnight's pasture,
> And the fleety dew moistening the cheeks
> Of morrow's welcome gives earnest of the morn.
> Yet all secure, adulterate lust does sleep,
> And I the hatcht young of this trodden hen,
> Stand sentinel to her idolatry.
> Blow, you swelled winds, and crack the battlements,
> Rouse their incestuous luxury with fear
> Of what's to come—yet that were my mishap.
> No!—Silent air fan on them bawdy breath
> That as they reek in their licentious love,
> Devil may seale sure, and Morpheus so pleased
> May to their pastime add affliction
> Delivered by the hand of him that's wronged
> And stands indebted to his destiny.
> Yet are they as the hour whose sandy minutes
> Run out at pleasure till the period comes.
> Fast sleeping, and enjoy their quiet . . .
> Rouse, the black mischief, from thy ebon cell,
> Land in the bosoms of this twin in lust
> Him whose heap'd wrong calls vengeance to be just.

J. M. M.

THE "PHILOSOPHY" OF SHAKESPEARE. In a very notable introduction to the reprint of Newton's *Seneca* (Tudor Translations: Constable: 2 vols., 42s. net) Mr. T. S. Eliot suggests that the influence of Seneca upon Elizabethan tragedy in general and Shakespeare in particular has been wrongly estimated. He says:

> What I chiefly wish to consider are, first, the responsibility for . . . the Tragedy of Blood—how far Seneca is the author of the horrors which disfigure Elizabethan drama; second, his responsibility for *bombast* in Elizabethan diction; and, third, his influence upon the *thought*, or what passes for thought, in the drama of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. It is the first which I think has been overestimated, the second misconstrued, the third undervalued.

I am quite willing to be persuaded by Mr. Eliot on the first two points. His presentation of the evidence seems convincing; anyhow I know too little of the facts to offer any useful disagreement. On the third point I disagree with Mr. Eliot, but I do not know whether he seriously holds his own views.

With this third point Mr. Eliot deals but briefly in his introduction to

Newton's *Seneca*; but he develops his position more fully in an address to the Shakespeare Association, *Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca* (Milford: 2s. net). In that address, after a gently humorous reference to various modern conceptions of Shakespeare—"the fatigued Shakespeare, a retired Anglo-Indian, presented by Mr. Lytton Strachey . . . the messianic Shakespeare, bringing a new philosophy and a new system of yoga, presented by Mr. Middleton Murry . . . the ferocious Shakespeare, a furious Samson, presented by Mr. Wyndham Lewis . . ." he continues:

> I propose a Shakespeare under the influence of the stoicism of Seneca. But I do not believe Shakespeare was under the influence of Seneca. . . . I wish merely to disinfect the Senecan Shakespeare before he is produced. My ambitions would be realized if I could prevent him, in so doing, from appearing at all.

It is baffling to compare with this the following passage from the introduction to Newton's *Seneca:*

> In a comparison of Shakespeare with Dante . . . it is assumed that Dante leant upon a philosophy which he accepted whole, whereas Shakespeare created his own; or that Shakespeare had acquired some extra- or ultra-intellectual knowledge superior to a philosophy. This occult kind of knowledge is sometimes called "spiritual knowledge" or "insight." Shakespeare and Dante were both merely poets (and Shakespeare a dramatist as well); our estimate of the intellectual material they absorbed does not affect our estimate of their poetry, either absolutely or relatively to each other. But it must affect our vision of them and the use we make of them, the fact that Dante, for instance, had behind him an Aquinas, and Shakespeare behind him a Seneca. Perhaps it was Shakespeare's special *rôle* in history to have effected this peculiar union—perhaps it is a part of his special eminence to have expressed an inferior philosophy in the greatest poetry. It is certainly one cause of the terror and awe with which he inspires us.

I do not think those two statements can be made consistent, except by some slightly disreputable verbal fence over the meaning of Seneca being "behind" Shakespeare. But I take it that Mr. Eliot wishes to suggest that the philosophy which Shakespeare expressed was an inferior philosophy, having much in common with the stoicism of Seneca, whether or not Shakespeare actually derived it (at first or second-hand) from Seneca. Moreover, even this statement of Mr. Eliot's position is subject to certain qualifications. We have to remember that "even if Shakespeare had expressed a better philosophy, he would not have been a better poet": and perhaps fully to safeguard myself against misrepresentation of an elusive thinker, I should quote the following from the Address:

> In truth neither Shakespeare nor Dante did any real thinking—that was not their job; and the relative value of the thought current at the time, the material enforced upon each to use as the vehicle of his feeling is of no importance. It does not make Dante a greater poet, or mean that we can learn more from Dante than Shakespeare. We can certainly learn more from Aquinas than Seneca, but that is quite a different matter. When Dante says
>
> *la sua voluntate e nostra pace*
>
> it is great poetry, and there is a great philosophy behind it. When Shakespeare says
>
> As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
> They kill us for their sport.
>
> It is *equally* great poetry, though the philosophy behind it is not great. But the essential is, that each expresses in perfect language some permanent human impulse. Emotionally, the latter is just as strong, just as true, and just as informative—just as useful and beneficial in the sense in which poetry is useful and beneficial, as the former.

I will take the liberty of substituting for the second term of the comparison the other lines from *King Lear*:

> We must endure
> Our going hence, even as our coming hither;
> Ripeness is all.

I do this for three reasons. First, because in the introduction to Seneca Mr. Eliot specifically adduces them as showing the influence of Seneca; second, because Gloucester's remark really has a tinge of pure fatalism which is dramatically entirely appropriate, whereas Edgar's rôle in the play more nearly approaches to that of a chorus. It is his words, if any, which we have some warrant for attributing to Shakespeare in person; and thirdly, because the emotional tone of the lines more precisely corresponds to Dante's line. A more useful comparison is therefore possible.

Now, according to Mr. Eliot, the lines are equally great poetry; but there is a difference: behind the line from Dante is a superior, behind the line from Shakespeare an inferior philosophy. But this difference is absolutely irrelevant to the quality of the lines as poetry—to their poetical strength and poetical truth. That derives from the fact that each expresses some permanent human impulse.

The question to decide is why Mr. Eliot should declare that the philosophy behind the line of Dante is great, while the philosophy behind the line of Shakespeare is not.

Now obviously so vague a use of the word "behind" invites confusions. Elsewhere Mr. Eliot says definitely that "Shakespeare expresses an inferior philosophy." Thus he uses the phrases "to express a philosophy" and "to have a philosophy behind one" interchangeably, and thereby obscures the question. For the philosophy which may be said to be "behind" Dante's poetry and the philosophy which is expressed in the line *La sua voluntate* . . . are two quite different things. We may say that behind all Dante's lines is the systematic philosophy of Aquinas, in the sense that Dante accepted his philosophy for true (which it was not) and made use of it. But *La sua voluntate* . . . does not express the systematic philosophy of Aquinas at all, any more than it expresses the systematic philosophy of Aristotle. It simply expresses the Christian attitude or belief. The systematic philosophy of Aquinas is not behind that at all, any more than it is behind "Thy will be done" in the Lord's Prayer. Philosophy, in the sense of systematic philosophy, is quite beside the question.

The only "philosophy" pertinent to it is philosophy in the familiar sense of an attitude to life. The question is simply this: Is the view of life expressed in the line of Shakespeare inferior to that expressed in the line of Dante? I do not think so. In immediate spiritual quality there is not much to choose between them—a resolution of inward conflict and an act of the soul is, to my sense, implied in both. But in my opinion the philosophy of the Shakespeare line is superior because it is purified of all theological illusion. The decision lies simply between Christianity and Reason.

But to suggest, as Mr. Eliot does, that Seneca stands in the same relation to Shakespeare as Aquinas does to Dante seems to me fantastical; to suggest further that Shakespeare derived the attitude to life expressed in "We must endure . . ." from Seneca seems to me a violation of all psychological probability. Moreover, there is no evidence for it. The quotation from Seneca which Mr. Eliot indicates as the source of the lines of Shakespeare

contains nothing whatever to correspond with "Ripeness is all." I am not surprised that Mr. Eliot, while he makes the suggestions seriously in one place, in another disclaims all desire to have them seriously taken: for they land him in a position which he himself regards dubiously.

> Perhaps it is a part of Shakespeare's special eminence to have expressed an inferior philosophy in the greatest poetry. It is certainly one cause of the terror and awe with which he inspires us.

Let me repeat, Shakespeare does not express any systematic philosophy at all; and no one before Mr. Eliot has ever suggested that he did. The view of life which he expresses is certainly not inferior to that which Dante expresses. The first sentence is surely nonsense. What meaning it has derives solely from the peculiar process which Shakespeare is compelled to undergo in Mr. Eliot's mind. He isolates certain lines that appear to him to have a philosophical content; he perverts this content; he then declares that the philosophy is stoicism; then that the stoicism comes from Seneca. Each of these steps is illegitimate; each takes him farther from the reality of Shakespeare. And so inevitably Shakespeare becomes the monstrous hybrid—the greatest of poets, the least of thinkers. This monster, born of his own abuses, inspires him with awe and terror. I am not surprised.

J. M. M.

CEZANNE

CEZANNE: A Study of his Development. By Roger Fry. (Hogarth Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

CEZANNE. By T. L. Klingsor. Translated by J. B. Manson. (John Lane.) 5s. 0d. net.

The importance of Mr. Fry's revisitation of Cezanne is not only due to the weight and interest of his subject, but also to a modification of Mr. Fry's critical attitude. For too long, it has seemed, Mr. Fry has kept separate in his mind the problems of the painters of to-day and the problems of the old masters, if he has not had two standards of judgment, the more charitable for recent art.

Was it about the time of the London exhibition of the "Post-impressionists" that Mr. Fry erected somewhere in his mind a screen dividing all art before the Salon des Refusées from all art after it? A screen erected ostensibly to guard the old masters from the draught, though the moderns got all the protection? However that may be, there was a time when it appeared to be only necessary to be "modern" and the breeze from Mr. Fry's direction was tempered, while to have had the good fortune to be both "modern" and French, was equivalent to having a season-ticket to a sort of critical Riviera, the warmest corner of the warm heart of England's most eminent art-critic.

After Mr. Fry's lecture on Rembrandt in his series of lectures given some two years ago on the old masters, however, it was felt that his generous attitude to modern art would be replaced by one more genuinely critical. For if Rembrandt is praised by Mr. Fry for his philosophical weight, then by inference he discredits Matisse for his lack of it, and when a power of psychological weight adds to Rembrandt's importance as a portrait painter, Cezanne's comparative indifference to psychology ceases to be a merit.

It could not be claimed for Mr. Fry's present book that it is entirely free from this prejudice: it is very tolerant to Cezanne's shortcomings; whenever there is a doubt Cezanne has the benefit of it; but, remembering that Cezanne is above all painters the hero of the generation which has Mr. Fry's support, Mr. Fry's exposition is comprehensive and convincing.

> Cezanne (says Mr. Fry) is not decorative like so many of our most gifted contemporaries; he is not what artists call "strong"—and goodness knows what strength some of us display; he has not the gift to seize hold directly of an idea and express it with an emphasis which renders it immediately apparent; he seems indeed hardly to arrive at the comprehension of the theme until the very end of the work; there is always something still lurking behind the expression, something he would grasp if he could. In short, he is not perfect, and of many modern works one might predicate perfection. Many modern painters have intense assurance; no one was less assured than Cezanne. He often feels his way so cautiously that we should call him timid were it not that his tentatives prove his desperate courage in face of the elusive theme.
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> . . . Cezanne is so discreet, so little inclined to risk a definite statement for fear of being arrogant; he is so immensely humble; he never dares trust his acquired knowledge: the conviction behind each brush-stroke has to be won from Nature at every step.

On reading that, the most illuminating statement on Cezanne by an English critic I have yet read (though Mr. Klingsor's *Cezanne* seems to me the best book in English on Cezanne's paintings and his technical methods) one can

catch a glimpse of an extraordinary painter to whom painting never became easy, whose despair at the disappointing results of his own labour was such that he felt it necessary to destroy or forget half his work. That is Cezanne the artist, or rather, that is Cezanne when, after a long and painful development, ably and sympathetically traced by Mr. Fry, he had become an articulate artist. But the works themselves cannot be described in such tentative terms, *they* are "strong," simple and clear, even if their simplicity reveals itself on examination as made of subtlety and complexity. Cezanne would not have been so difficult to swallow as he proved to be had there not been something elemental, "brutal" as it has been called, about the results of his patient research. His work is, in immediate effect, stark, ponderous, vital, and indifferent to human emotion.

The artists and the critics, because of the vitality of Cezanne's achievement, his able defenders, and his biographer, made him the god of a now flourishing artistic religion, and his influence on art has been tremendous. In every one of his manifestations Cezanne has been responsible for thousands of pictures. Cezanne the primitive, Cezanne the theorist ("All Nature is based on the cylinder or the cube"), Cezanne the naïf, Cezanne the flat pattern maker, is to be seen sometimes intelligently exploited, but usually diluted and discoloured in all our exhibitions. This far-reaching influence is a wonderful thing for an obscure and lonely painter, unpopular during the greater part of his lifetime, to have achieved posthumously; but whether its results are now a good thing for art is debatable. A perhaps inevitable result of the success and popularization of "Post-impressionism" (and "Post-impressionism" is the name for what we have made of Cezanne) is a new kind of academic art (now in course of formation in England) just as intolerant as its predecessors and just as devoid of vitality.

While it is disheartening to remember that Cezanne, whose influence is so necessary an ingredient of our "picture of the year," was a painter to whom admission to the salon of his day was almost an impossibility, it should also be remembered that Cezanne's after-success is not based so much on a real study of his paintings, as on their superficial appearance, almost, one might say, on the accidental by-products of his art, small consolation though that may be. When Gustave Geffroy said that "We must learn not to imitate Cezanne, but Cezanne's scrupulousness in the presence of Nature," it was the right advice to realistic painters, and because of its wisdom it seems right, too, that Cezanne's portrait of Geffroy is his greatest.

We cannot expect all painters to be as scrupulous as Cezanne in the presence of Nature. His conscience before Nature in certain ways now seems to us phenomenal. But if they are of the kind of painters to whom Geffroy's remark means something, they will find it necessary to be indifferent to success. For it seems that when scrupulousness before Nature has been at last achieved, then Nature, through the medium of the painter's personality, unceasingly finds a fresh form of expression for herself, and such a new form is usually assimilated into the public consciousness by very slow degrees. (It is not that the public will not wish the artist well, but simply that they will be blind to his message. Cezanne in the eyes of the majority of his contemporary painters was an honest incompetent.) When the new form has been so assimilated, it is generally agreed that it is very like the old forms, but durin the process of assimilation its place "dans le rang" is not obvious. Indeed, to some minds only its subversive character is apparent.

Painters to-day are intellectuals, but they are penny-wise. They seem to have arrived at the conclusion that the subversive qualities in a new form are those which make it new, whereas "subversiveness" is not an intrinsic quality of the form, but only a quality "read into" the form by its audience. Though year by year the audience capable of being shocked, but not of being bored, grows smaller, "subversiveness" is still the rule. The result is that the generality of modern art, like acrobatics on the music-hall stage, is applauded more out of consideration for the pains taken in learning the tricks, than out of amusement at them; and when Sir Frank Dicksee and Mr. de Laszlo (who are still "shockable") express their alarm, as they have recently done, at modern art's "disregard of truth," they should be reassured. Modern art is more like their own than they imagine. The modern artist is just as frightened of producing a "dull" work (or, may it be said, of being "a minor man") as they are. He takes more obvious precautions, perhaps, but that is about all.

This is perhaps too much an enlargement of Mr. Fry's discovery that the Cezanne boom is not Cezanne; and to him it would be an unimportant prelude to his enthusiastic exposition of Cezanne's development, of which our only criticism is that it is too much a sermon to the converted. For those who know and admire Cezanne's pictures, Cezanne's distortion of contour is not disturbing. "One soon gets used to it," as M. Klingsor says. But to anyone seeing Cezanne's work for the first time its apparent bareness and the drunken objects therein to be found are often troublesome, especially since Cezanne's colour values are so astonishingly correct. It was as though he, together with Velasquez in his last phase, could produce an illusion wherein the colour and the form are united as they are in Nature, but that he could not make the most of this painfully acquired and almost unique gift. "I'm like a man who has a piece of gold and can't make use of it," Vollard reports him as saying.

A Cezanne picture is a glimpse into a world where the colour is as vivid and clear as reality, where the colour *is* the form, but where the form, though solid, is often floating unplaced in space. When a more recent painter, say Modigliani, distorts, the reference to Nature in his pictures is so slight, that the spectator reads the picture as an harmonious pattern complete in itself. When an old master, El Greco (or in a minor way, Blake) distorts, it is usually to convey reminiscences of abnormal states of sensibility. Cezanne by his clear sanity and his energetic search for exact values in his colour, which gives us such wonderful harmonies somewhere between the "physical" colour of Monet and the "imaginative" colour of Delacroix, challenges us to decide whether his pictures would not be more coherent if some of his extraordinary will-to-achieve had been reserved for a study of draughtsmanship.

To suggest that Cezanne was not a good draughtsman is almost a heresy, his abnormal lack of "sense of direction*" being usually defended in this

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* A "sense of direction" may be roughly defined as a feeling for the angle of divergence from the vertical in the edges of objects as they appear to the eye, granted a fixed point of view. Imagine a photograph of a street-scene without any distortion caused by the camera lens, traced in outline. In this toneless and colourless tracing, an illusion of space would be caused solely by the relations between the lines in it. It would be "in perspective," and the marks denoting the feet of the pedestrians would be in such a relation one to another as to define the plane of the ground. An acute "sense of direction" is possessed

way: "Drawing is not a question of finding the right outline, it is a question of form, and who will deny that Cezanne was able to produce form?" But there is more in drawing than the ability to express a sense of form. A cuboid may have the same mass as a cube, but it cannot have the same "character," and a truncated cone is not the same as a cylinder. By the time Cezanne has finished with an object it is usually out of shape, reduced to its most elemental form, and singing with colour. The combination of his stark, clumsy arrangement and his glowing and subtle colour is so full of vitality that we readily sacrifice draughtsmanship; and there are good reasons why we make the sacrifice as easily as we do.

The first reason is that in place of the spatial control of a Chardin (to take an old master interested in the same problems as Cezanne) we are always supplied with a vigorous flat pattern, even when the pattern destroys all chance of Cezanne's obtaining an effect of complete solidity, however accurate in value the colour may be.

The second reason is that Cezanne's distortion is not entirely arbitrary. He attempts to paint scenes as we look at them, that is, object by object, with an ever-changing focus and from a moving point of view. Perspective, which gives a painter control of space by deciding the relative scale of his objects for him, depends upon a fixed point of view. Cezanne for some reason was not able to obey the rules, and against a considerable loss of clarity in his space relationships, he sets off a gain in visual illusion.

Cezanne did not consciously set himself out to paint from a moving point of view, as did the cubists in one phase, or we should surely have heard of this intention in his conversations (nor would he have found it necessary for his models to sit so still) but certainly the effect is there.

In Mr. Fry's view, which seems to be shared by M. Klingsor when he speaks of "the secret logic" of Cezanne's lines, Cezanne distorted for the sake of linear harmony.

> . . . the circles of [the mouths of] the *Compotier* and glass seen in perspective give us ovals, and the oval is a form that evokes a different kind of sentiment altogether, as we can see by its disturbing effect in Gothic architecture. It harmonises ill with the circle and the right line, so that one is not astonished to find that Cezanne has deformed them into oblongs with rounded ends. This deformation deprives the oval of its elegance and gives it the same character of gravity and amplitude that the spheres possess. One may note, by the by, that this deformation occurs constantly in early Chinese art, and doubtless at the dictates of the same instinctive feeling.

But Chardin made many beautiful linear harmonies out of these same elements, the ellipse, the right line, and the sphere. The linear harmony of "Les Attributs de la Musique," perhaps Chardin's finest still-life, is made out of these elements and little else. And might not the Chinese distortions and Cezanne's be due to the same lack of knowledge of perspective? (The same distortion occurs in early Italian art at the time of the discovery of perspective.

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by two modern artists. By the late Charles Keene as a figure draughtsman, and by our Mr. Muirhead Bone as a landscape draughtsman. Keene, among his many qualities, could by merely indicating the directions of the limbs, fit a group of people together with extraordinary ease; while Mr. Bone, as is well known, can place an object in its exact scale. On the other hand it is rare to find a Cezanne house upright.

It was as though the primitives knew that something happened to a circle when it was seen in perspective, but they could not go as far as representing it by an ellipse.) Indeed, it could be claimed that linear harmony was not Cezanne's strong point. Mr. Fry himself says, speaking of the series of drawings and paintings of Mt. St. Victoire, that :

> At times with a daring which no longer surprises us, he will allow the curves of a pine branch to follow almost exactly the contour of the hills seen beneath it.

Do we then "have to get used to" an harmonious linear composition so that it no longer "surprises us"? It may be so, though it seems more feasible to attribute our shock to Cezanne's mannerisms, to his disregard for the perspective we are so used to in pictures. (Those who are unused to looking at pictures do not see anything wrong about a Cezanne.) However, it must be admitted that Cezanne's designing is not as subtle as that of the old masters, even if he knew what their standards were. Whatever his faults, Cezanne knew what the problems of painting were, and he never made things easy for himself. Where he was gifted, and he was a gifted colourist, his determination carried him beyond the impressionists, beautiful colourists though they were, into a world where he is alone with the later Velasquez. Where he was not gifted, and he was not a gifted draughtsman, his sincerity enabled him to stumble on a new method of presenting his form, a method similar to that in use about the time of the discovery of perspective, perhaps, but a method new to us, all the same.

RICHARD MURRY.

RECENT POETRY

THE SISTERS AND OTHER TALES IN VERSE. By F. O. Mann. (The Hogarth Press.)
WILLIE LAMBERTON. By Elizabeth Manning. (Heinemann.)
THE CITY. By Ruth Manning Sanders. (Ernest Benn.)
AND OTHER POEMS. By John Mavrogordato. (Cobden-Sanderson.)
FESTIVAL IN TUSCANY. By William Force Stead. (Cobden-Sanderson.)
POMES PENYEACH. By James Joyce. (Paris : Shakespeare & Co.)
LIFE AND LOVE. By N. C. Raad. (Jonathan Cape.)
POETICAL SKETCHES. By William Blake. (The Scholartis Press.)

Three narrative poems, three volumes of lyrics, a sonnet sequence, and a reprint with an essay on metrics. Deep is our devotion to the art, but we rejoice that *The New Adelphi* is a quarterly and not a monthly, for no justice can be done without leisure when the contestants are so many. Our collection deserves careful reading, for the qualities are high. Yet we admit that no one book serves as a critical focus. The sounds are not forced nor the notes few, but rarely comes the spirit of delight attendant on perfection.

Of the three volumes of narrative poems, two of them, *The Sisters*, by Mr. F. O. Mann and *Willie Lamberton*, by Miss Elizabeth Manning, present the problem of realism in verse, the first in a series of short stories, the second in a rhymed novel. In such work we should not find any blurring of material;

no compromise should be made with actuality in order to "poeticize" it. But we should find a strict composition from which much detail has been eliminated. A good painter, for example, will portray even a sordid subject sparingly and lose nothing of his central effect. What he does include will be shown clearly, however. So it is that a fine painting is much truer than a photograph. The camera omits nothing, and the efforts of a sensitive photographer to make his work artistic by blurring everything with a thin screen gives us neither the fact nor the truth of the matter. In narrative poetry the methods and results are similar. Recently in America a sequence of imperfect sonnets called *Two Lives* had a tremendous success because it was supposed to reproduce accurately the sad experiences in the life of the author. Certainly it was photographic—with the thin screen blurring the innumerable details which the author saw fit to introduce. One incident, I remember, was concerned with the fact that the poet's father-in-law took in lodgers, and so elaborate was the screening that only a long logical process could deduce the necessary information. The matter should have been suggested simply or not at all. And this same fault, this too-inclusive yet too-nebulous dealing with actuality, is to be found in the narrative poems under discussion.

With both poems the fault lies in the medium. Mr. Mann shows powers of characterization and climax; indeed, he has the virtues of a good short-story writer. We are interested in the fate of his people, in his situations, in his settings. But his verse is an obstacle rather than a heightening. His tight heroic couplets, demanding as usual their toll of naturalness from the sentence-structure and of elision from the diction, retard the progress of his ideas and nullify his emotions. Since Chaucer's time this form has gone through too many vicissitudes to permit anything but an artificial return to his simplicity. No subject has a "Keep Off" sign for poetry, and our hero can with impunity take a bath, hear someone knocking at the door, slip on his trousers and open it, unless—as in Mr. Mann's poem—he has been described as "Vulcan naked in a cloud of steam" and all the *overs* have been turned into *o'ers*. The impact of preciosity and realism is too shocking. Let no one invoke the *Rape of the Lock* against me, for I am prepared to answer that satire has its own devices, one of the best being properly distributed incongruities. Mr. Mann's intention is not satiric.

Yet on the whole, Mr. Mann has done better than Miss Manning. *Willie Lamberton* has a few interesting passages, but the poem seems to derive from Wordsworth's narrative manner, the same that so irritated Byron—and justly, the same that was too patently humourless to tempt anyone to follow it as a tradition. I had never thought to see this sort of writing again:

> O Willie, stop your plumming
> For here's that Carrie coming,
> And she's a maiden seventeen
> And stepping like a buxom queen.

Or this:

> When the storm has rushed to the last drop
> Like (*sic*) God's great rage were worked to a stop—
> Says Will,
> "Yes, God, I know,
> But even if that be so—
> I want to marry
> Carrie."

Furthermore, Miss Manning at times blurs her realities so much that, for example, we do not know whether the hostile maid in the ruined house is a symbolic phantom or flesh and blood.

And so we come to Miss Sanders's *The City*, a narrative poem of much beauty and distinction. This is a miracle poem. Christ comes riding on a white ass into the twentieth century, eager to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. A ridiculous theme, one would say, and inevitably sentimental. Yet Miss Sanders realises her illusions ; he does marry Heaven and Hell ; her picture of the wondrous errantry is sharp and convincing, and her choice of realistic detail so nice as to convey the modern world without damaging her mood. A difficult task, surely, and never so well accomplished since Mr. Masefield's *King Cole*. A sense of humour, so lacking in the other two poems under discussion, restrains in unity the otherwise incongruous elements in *The City*. Just one passage makes me beg the author to recall Blake's

> If the sun and moon should doubt
> They'd immediately go out.

When Miss Sanders writes

> And lest it puzzle some why Jesus chose
> To leave his work to such a sorry power,
> When he by miracle we must suppose
> Could raise his holy city in an hour,
> This author here confesses not to know
> Wherefore it was, but only that 'twas so.

she makes an unnecessary concession to fact which sadly shakes the truth of her illusion. Why in a poem where saints and giants awake from death, and an artist from egotism, why in a poem where miracles like these are a commonplace, should the author explain so small a point ?

Of lyric poets in our collection we have but three : a commentary on the increasing interest in narrative. Mr. Stead's *Festival in Tuscany* provides no proper body for the intense poetic and even mythical spirit which is there, though "Pæstum" and "How Infinite are Thy Ways" completely show forth a lyric power which elsewhere appears but in fragments, His rhythms, in spite of influence from Bridges and Housman, are curiously stiff ; nowhere more so than when he attempts the rollicking mood, as in "Wreck of the Spanish Privateers." We have much of the grand manner in this volume, and a pleasant contemplative note, but we look for variety, both in subject matter and treatment, and find little.

Mr. John Mavrogordato's lyrics are much finer, though the sensibility behind them is not so delicate. Does this fact prove, perhaps, that a small mood perfectly expressed is more valuable, artistically, than a great mood fumbled ? At least there is this much truth in it : that lyric perfection, even with small material, may rouse in the hearer moods which far transcend the one expressed. The Elizabethan lyric stands as an example of such work. It may be that herein poetry so nearly approaches music as to shed its intellectual appeal and, through the senses merely, to arouse strong but differing emotions in the audience. Yet we deal now with perilous stuff and corrupting to the practice of any but the best. It is enough to say that Mr. Mavrogordato's shorter poems are often so deft that they move us without communicating definable matter. Doubtless the Poet Laureate is to thank for much of this virtue, but let there be no quarrelling over influences as long as

they are well chosen. The Greek Folk Songs included in this volume are excellent; they show refreshed idiom and yet fit themselves naturally to the language into which they have been translated.

As lyrics merely, some of Mr. Joyce's *Pomes Penyeach* are among the most memorable of our collection. For instance:

Bahnhofstrasse

The eyes that mock me sign the way
Whereto I pass at eve of day,

Grey way whose violet signals are
The trysting and the twining star.

Ah star of evil! star of pain!
Highhearted youth comes not again,

Nor old heart's wisdom yet to know
The signs that mock me as I go.

The exquisite vowel sounds, the half-heard echo from the carol, and the music of the whole poem show an unconscious power that artistry alone can never achieve. And we wonder at these qualities until we notice that the poems were written some years ago, before Mr. Joyce had embarked on his Odyssey, before pedantry had conquered his talents. One critic in America, slavishly devoted to the cult of the later Joyce, praised these lyrics extravagantly, far, far beyond their actual merits which are, indeed, high enough. This is a curious inconsistency explained only by the fact that anything signed by Mr. Joyce is sacrosanct to some. The truth is that one cannot sincerely admire both these simple lyrics and *Ulysses*: they were written by two opposed personalities, one the sensitive youth who composed the poems, the other, the weary man who bestowed on them the title *Pomes Penyeach.*

Another title that does small justice to the work is *Life and Love* by Mr. N. C. Raad. This is a sonnet sequence, and a good one, its only fault being the same that we note in the title—a drift toward large abstractions. Mr. Raad is at his best when he is simplest, for his Shakesperian technique is firm and musical. And, in spite of too many exceptions to the rule, we know that this form is most effective when it is most conversational, direct. One might recommend a rereading of Drayton's burly sequence to anyone engaged in composing a cycle of these poems. But when all is said, we must judge amoretti by their power to arouse in one not at present in love the delicacies of that passion, and perhaps its philosophy as well. They should move him as the wind-musick moved Mr. Pepys:

> But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-musick when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife.

By the intensity and sincerity of his mood, by the elegance of his composition, Mr. Raad does succeed in communicating his emotion in spite of the verbal fog which occasionally hangs over it.

As an aid to the cultivation of simplicity, one might also recommend a rereading of Blake's lyrics. The *Poetical Sketches* appear in a new and attractive edition, with an essay by Mr. Jack Lindsay on Blake's metric.

This essay is extremely interesting. The author, whose ear is well-tempered, shows how Blake plays off against the accentual rhythms of his verse another rhythm, and how this counterpoint brings back to English lyric poetry a

music unheard since the Elizabethans. But in explaining this secondary beat, he is wholly at a loss, frequently taking refuge in abstract musical terms and sometimes charting scansions which are not exact because they present only one of the rhythms. Yet the matter is so clear that I wonder anyone should go astray. Whenever music has been in the minds and hearts of our poets the time element has partly controlled the measure. Our finest lyrics, therefore, always present this duality of rhythm—even of metre. For example, here is a lyric scanned in conventional accents :

> Full *fa*thom *five* thy *fa*ther *lies*,
> *Of* his *bones* are *co*ral *made* ;
> *Those* are *pearls* that *were* his *eyes*,
> *No*thing *of* him *that* doth *fade*,
>   *But* doth *suf*fer *a* sea-*change*
>   *In*to *some*thing *rich* and *strange*.

But below is the way it was sung, the way it must be scanned quantitatively :

> Full fathom *five* thy father *lies*,
> Of his *bones* are coral *made* ;
> Those are *pearls* that were his *eyes*,
> *No*thing *of* him *that* doth *fade*,
>   But doth *suf*fer a *sea-change*
>   *In*to *some*thing *rich* and *strange*.

It will be noted that in lines four and six the two scansions coincide ; thus the two rhythms come together to add even more variety to their lovely play around and within each other. As a matter of fact, we read the poem (if we read it well) according to neither of these methods, but with a subtle mingling of them both. Try the same experiment with the incomparable lyric beginning " Weep you no more sad fountains." It will be noted that the accentual scansion demands iambs up to the single-line refrain, at which point it yields to the quantative measure (which all through the poem has been dactylic) and becomes dactylic itself, again bringing about the charming coincidence of beat as a climax. Mr. Lindsay notes rightly the gradual diminution of this double music as the echoes of the Elizabethan Age became fainter and fainter, until it disappeared entirely in the rigid syllabic verse of the Augustans ; but he is under no obligation to explain the phenomenon subjectively when to his hand lies the theory of quantitative elements in our verse, a subject still calling for investigation. Blake was so immersed in the Elizabethan poets that he naturally reintroduced into our verse the time-element which played so important a part in their composition.

ROBERT HILLYER.

FICTION

SEX AND SANITY

Mr. Weston's Good Wine. By T. F. Powys. (Chatto & Windus.) 15s.
Helen and Felicia. By E. B. C. Jones. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.
The Wild Body. By Wyndham Lewis. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.
Song of Life. By Fannie Hurst. (Jonathan Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.
Select Tales of Tchehov. Translated by Constance Garnett. (Chatto and Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.

It is something of a relief, after one has burrowed the weary way through Mr. Powys's book and Miss Jones's, to find on page 6 of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's the bald announcement: "'Sex' makes me yawn my head off." For "sex" occupies these two writers to a disproportionate degree; and unless the reader has a similar preoccupation, the effect is to make him "yawn his head off." There is a very good reason why a novel written about "sex" is likely to be dull, while one in which sex plays a vital part is not. It is the novelist's business to present people in true perspective; the moment he emphasizes one factor overmuch, his picture is distorted, and becomes a caricature. It is the discovery of this fact, made suddenly with the force of a revelation, which has given rise to that whole school of modern writers who make it their business to try to include *everything*. They fail, because it is not humanly possible to include everything; it is the artist's business to select; to offer us just those facts which are necessary to call up in our minds the picture he would have us see. He must make his effect not by exact reproduction, but by suggestion. The greatest artist is he who, with perfect economy, can make us see the most; who lets us ourselves deduce the whole by filling in from those essentials which he gives us, and without conscious effort, the rest of the picture. This is Tchehov's amazing achievement. Who else could produce the living effect of a cherry orchard in a play—a medium in which lengthy natural descriptions are of necessity barred? When one picks out the few direct statements made about the orchard, one hardly knows where the atmosphere has come from, the sense of actuality, the scent, the delicate whiteness of the blossom, the breath of spring in the air. We have produced it ourselves, because Tchehov knew exactly which master-words to utter in order to conjure up a living reality.

The novelist, therefore, in presenting his characters must show them in the round, so that we see them as complex human beings, and not as personified attributes, like characters in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. And, whatever his real designs on us may be, and however much he may be writing a "novel with a purpose," he must contrive to persuade us that he is writing in order to give us a true picture of life. Otherwise we feel suspicious and irritated. Miss Jones irritates us in this way; we do not feel that she is writing in order to present life to us; we feel that she is writing in order to show us how much she knows about life, which, incidentally, would not appear to be a great deal. She shows off; her book is full of the kind of jargon which is perfectly in place in a psycho-

analytic text-book, but is quite out of place in a novel. For one thing, gives the book a flavour of the day before yesterday, when all this kind of thing was very new and fashionable; it dates both Miss Jones and her book. But great writers and books are not dated; in presenting to us the particular they reveal to us the general in human character and affairs; in the temporal they show us that eternal which is the enduring stuff of life. Miss Jones in this story of the relation between two sisters, presents to us superficiality as if she thought it was depth, "sex" as if she thought it was passion; her values are trivial, her contact with life conventional and limited; and this is a pity, because she has a real sense of beauty, and if she could free herself from herself, she might be something of an artist.

Mr. Powys's book is of a different type. If Miss Jones seems to explain too much by "sex," Mr. Powys is obsessed by it. And with him, as so often is the case with this curious obsession, one feels that it is the outcome of asceticism rather than licence. It has for him the inevitable fascination of the unknown and forbidden; one is reminded of those dreams which are said to be the overflow of our suppressed selves, satisfying demands which cannot be fulfilled in natural ways. And the book has many of the qualities of a dream; it is, indeed, a fantasy, as we realize at the end, when we discover who "Mr. Weston" is; but at the same time it does not satisfy the legitimate demand made even on a fantasy for some semblance of reality. Nobody could deny that all the characters described in the book are possible in village life; but nobody in his senses would suppose that all of them could be found at one time in one village. That there are aspects of village life dark and sinister enough anybody who has lived long in one with his eyes open must know; but that is only one side of the picture. When Mr. Alexander Macmillan refused Thomas Hardy's early novel *The Poor Man and the Lady*, he remarked in the course of his criticism: "It is inconceivable to me that any considerable number of human beings should be so bad without going to utter wreck in a week," and that is precisely the feeling induced by this book. Any village in which every youth was either a pious half-wit or a wanton seducer, who seduced more from delight in destruction than from natural desire; in which every girl was either too weak or too unpardonably simple to be able to put up the shadow of resistance to such casual seduction, would be depopulated in the course of a generation. And Mr. Powys goes wrong in his psychology:

> As soon as ever they arrived at Folly Down, Mrs. Vosper chose the Kiddles as her prey. Ada was chosen first, for she was the eldest, and the event of her end certainly proved that Mrs. Vosper was a clever woman who knew a girl who could not bear to face her shame.

So Ada, who was "extremely interested" in lambs and ducks and little boys, and fell the easiest of victims to Martin Mumby, drowned herself. But girls of Ada's type do not drown themselves under such circumstances; why should they? So overpowering a sense of "shame" as that belongs to more intricate natures, living in communities where moral codes are strict, and lapses are not condoned; in Folly Down lapses were the general and accepted rule. Mr. Powys can write, and he is serious; but he does not appear to have anything solid to write about. Like Miss Jones he seems unable to distinguish between what is permanent and what

is passing. The manners of one age may be freer than those of another; abstract moral standards remain the same. Custom may make a virtue for one race or generation out of what for another is the most shocking of vices; but honesty, loyalty, generosity and courage remain unalterable. Perhaps Mr. Powys's hypersensitiveness to the degeneration of the people amongst whom he lives is due to his application of a legal code rather than a moral one. In that case we are involved in the old battle between the classicist and the romantic. He requires people to conform to fixed rules rather than to those natural laws which adapt themselves to changing conditions, and regards the romantic who refuses to conform to them as a libertine. Pseudo-romanticism may be, and often is, sheer licence; but your true romantic is bound much more straitly than any classicist. Defined and rigid rules may break under pressure, and then they are no longer a restraint; but the resilient natural law can never be evaded; it can bend, but it will never break, though it will crush inevitably the man who defies it.

And so we come to Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who is made to yawn by "sex," but who finds sex inevitable and natural, humanity laughable, and life a joyous exuberant business, eminently worth living for itself; and has a robust, Elizabethan disregard for man-made morals in general. Thirty years ago his book would have been unprintable; perhaps we are less nice to-day; but his directness seems less offensive to good taste than furtive circumlocutions. Being a naturalist, Mr. Lewis does not make the mistake of ascribing to primitive people living primitive lives the complex, introversive sensitiveness of more sophisticated natures. Consequently, though his Breton peasants do and are even worse things than Mr. Powys's villagers, they do not horrify us. When Brotcotnaz beats his wife and all but kills her, it is not unbearable, because Mr. Lewis sees it from the point of view of both Brotcotnaz and the wife, who takes a certain pride in the affair. But the most important part of the book is Mr. Lewis's note, explaining his intention and philosophy. He does not explain himself very clearly, but that is rather for want of a necessary vocabulary than because he does not know what he means. As Mr. Sainsbury pointed out in the last number of *The New Adelphi*, Mr. Lewis, who ranges himself against the time spirit, really embodies in himself its necessary complement. Perhaps the most significant thing about our age is the way in which we have suddenly become aware, however dimly, of that something pervading and sustaining all things, which, for want of the exact term, to be invented some day when we see it clearly, instead of in passing flashes, we call balance, rhythm, time: Goethe's "*Takt in dem die Sterne gehen.*" Mr. Lewis denies that he has anything to do with Time because he is at right angles to Spengler and the time philosophy; but to the onlooker he remains Spengler's complement, and not his antagonist. "We have in most lives the spectacle of a pattern as circumscribed and complete as a theorem of Euclid," he says. True; and such a pattern may seem a static thing; but it is as much a manifestation of *Takt* as any piece of music; just as a piece of music is a manifestation of pattern, in spite of being consecutive. Out of time—in time: in negating it he acknowledges it, just as his opponents in postulating it set a period to it.

Miss Fannie Hurst is in quite a different category from these others. She is the instinctive writer without an axe to grind other than the

endeavour to write what the public wants and will buy. She is an interesting phenomenon, because she is a best-seller with a genuine creative gift. Her taste is barbarous, her style irritating—the sentences (if one can call them sentences) flick by like pictures moving on a screen:

> There entered then into the Hepplewhite, into the pleasant lavender of a dusk which flowed into the bow-window, Miss Birdie Goldfish. Better say ripped. Ripped into the Hepplewhite. Ripped into the lavender. Ripped into the dusk. Tearing the mood, the environment asunder as if it had all been so much paper stretched across a hoop.

As a matter of fact that is an unfair quotation; it is Miss Hurst's worst. The remarkable thing is that in spite of deliberately doing almost everything likely to alienate her more critical readers; in spite of this impressionist style, of a complete lack of musical ear, and of an occasional choice of subject and turn of sentiment which plays frankly to the gallery and sets one's teeth on edge, she does achieve an effect of reality. She is at her best when portraying her families of Americanized Jews; she shows them in all their crudity, and yet holds our sympathy so that we dare not smile at that crudity, since there is so much with it that we must admire—and reverence. She is vivid; if music means nothing to her, colour means a great deal; and she is, for the most part, sincere.

And then, picking up this volume of stories from Tchehov, one comes to rest, finding at last the writer of fiction who *can* be. A master psychologist, who knows too much to care to impress us with the extent of his knowledge; a man who lived at once in and out of time, and so did not need to be "modern," since the only "now" that mattered to him was the living present; who understood himself as well as others; who knew that of fundamental problems there is no solution, that they are at once and in themselves question and answer; who knew that life is neither good nor bad, but simply fulfils itself; who saw that honesty in writing is the one essential and so did not flinch from facing life, but faced it to an end that was after all not a bitter one.

The selection is representative, though of course everyone will find omissions that he regrets. That masterpiece of landscape and atmosphere *The Steppe* is not here, nor the strangely moving and unforgettable *Trousseau.* But it is a thick book, and excellent value.

> I walked by the terrace, sat on the seat by the tennis ground, in the dark under the old elm-tree, and looked from there at the house. In the windows of the top storey where Misuce slept there appeared a bright light, which turned to a soft green—they had covered the lamp with the shade. Shadows began to move. . . .

How every word tells! We feel suddenly how crude and half-baked and superficial we are, the rest of us; whence came that instinctive wisdom and discipline which set Tchehov apart, quiet and serene, half mocking, half tender, wholly comprehending? Mr. Santayana gives us the answer:

> As the spirit is no respecter of persons, so it is no respecter of worlds; it is willing to put up with any of them, to be feasted in one or to be martyred in another. And while it is allowed to live—a point that concerns the world it lives in rather than the spirit itself—it looks with a clear and untroubled sympathy on such manifestations of being as happen to be unrolled before it.

M. Robinson.

PORTRAIT OF AN EVANGELIST

ALL OR NOTHING. By J. D. Beresford. (Collins.) 7s. 6d. net.

Well-planned story, incidental characters introduced with a deft flick of the pen to the gladly collaborating reader thus invited to fill them out from his experience, groupings of people on their backgrounds evoking the worlds from which they are selected, quiet scenes that open and glow and vanish to the movement of the tale—all these things, fresh gifts to his public from Mr. Beresford at his best, have the clarity, under the tall shadow of the hero, of a garden in bloom beneath a curtained sky. But in the person of this tall hero lit from behind, we are confronted with a figure in whose presentation Mr. Beresford has set himself, and incidentally his readers, a difficult task; one much more difficult than was his in drawing, as on many occasions he so successfully has done, the figure of a man beset by circumstance and yet sufficiently detached from life to interrogate its mystery. The enormously difficult task he here undertakes is the imaginative portrait of one who penetrates this mystery, a man "called," who achieves the journey along the mystic way and returns to face the world as a prophet and teacher.

In attempting this mighty task, Mr. Beresford has confined himself to selecting the figure, constructing his message and assembling the body of beliefs upon which it rests. Thus asked to take the transcendental experiences for granted, we are left to consider the man, as he is before and after these crucial experiences, and the message he brings to the world; though Mr. Beresford, it is true, apparently regretting on behalf of the known records that each one is coloured by the imagery of a creed, gives us a considerable hint in assuring us that the account of James Bledloe's experiences, if he had chosen to record them, would have been free from any reference to the traditions of the Churches. His message, a prophecy of "a new spirit and a new mode of consciousness" coming to a mankind that has "reached the climax of its intellectual and social evolution" and is "at the beginning of the production of a new race and development that will differ from the old more than modern man differs from the savage," most certainly has this freedom, though it may not unreasonably be urged that in so far as he here accepts a biological hypothesis, James Bledloe does but exchange one bondage for another. His detailed teaching is substantially that of Christ, with the addition of a disciplinary bodily and mental technique drawn from the more recent findings of psychology and psycho-physiology, and is in its totality a reconciliation between "religion" and "science" revealing Bledloe as a man who has considered both more deeply than most and has suffered in the contemplation of their opposition.

Thus far, many readers will find him a helpful fellow-pilgrim, though they may perhaps now and again find themselves a little puzzled and, once at least, neatly pinned upon the horns of a dilemma. Bledloe, like a good Churchman, speaks on the one hand, of Heaven and Hell and the Saints; and, on the other hand, of the era of the spirit coming to earth at some future date. The two accounts, of a humanity able in its present state to achieve salvation, and of salvation for humanity from its present near-savage state to be achieved only in the era of the spirit whose prophet he is, and for which the practice of his technique is a necessary preparation, appear irreconcilable. But perhaps reincarnation is here the missing link.

The man himself, whose early life and character are presented in some detail, is a consistent and recognizable type. From the first he is a negative creature averse to any form of activity or responsibility, and this not because he is sunk in any stupor of wonder or of speculation. He is clever and talented and the ease with which he gets the hang of anything he attempts brings at once mild boredom and cessation. His faint sense of being is compensated by an equally faint sense of becoming, a vague apprehension of magnificence waiting for him in to-morrow. His inherited millions mean nothing to him, a peculiarity that in face of his lack of imagination and feebleness of will is no more surprising than are his instinctive avoidance of moral suffering and the rather complacently overbearing manner that remains with him throughout. He is attracted to strong-willed women of a mildly adventurous sensuousness. One of these he marries, ignoring her extra-matrimonial honeymoons until at last, goaded into resentment, he achieves a sort of hatred. The suffering thus forced upon him precipitates what character he has. Fearing his wife's strength he goes away to find himself. And although it may possibly be maintained that so long as a man sets out upon the great adventure, his motive for so doing is immaterial, the emotion of love turned to hate has the appearance of a motive passing strange. We are not told that James ever learned to hate himself, but may presume, since it is clear he never adored himself, that this particular agony was not his. The whole of his going is to the tune of his conflict with his wife, and it is quite consistent that his immediate response to her "conversion," her longed-for return to him on her own initiative, far from being an expression of joy in their meeting at last in the light of a common belief, is an announcement of the extreme smallness within her of the divine spark.

He has become a vegetarian, learned conscious control, is about to abandon his millions and earn his living by the manipulation of hides from slaughter-houses. He has confessed his faith and made converts, amongst them the editor of a flourishing daily. These conversions, demonstrating his ability to "speak to the condition" of each of the so widely differing people, reveal him as a penetrating psychologist. The final conversion, that of his peccant wife, admits of other interpretations than that attributed to it. Her future will be a battle with overwhelming circumstance. Behind his small workshop she will handle a world in miniature. It is agreed, though with her last child her life was in danger, that she shall regardlessly bear children. This second retirement of Bledloe is for the purpose of preparing for his mission to the world at large, and what, when he is ready, is to happen to wife and babes we are not told.

One is left with a vision of the waiting world and of Bledloe presently to confront it, and inevitably one's thoughts turn to other evangelists, men of imaginative genius, to Buddha; to the great lover he predicted, Jesus with his patient, sly parables; to his followers, the buoyant Francis soaring through and beyond Church and creed by living out their central doctrine, and our own Bunyan of the fiery pen, and George Fox, returning from his long agonized search full of abounding joy—

> all things were new and all the creation gave another smell unto me beyond what words could utter

—beginning out of the abundance of his joy the two-fold work that still goes on; and coming back to Bledloe one finds him more than a little out of scale.

DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON.

APPROACH TO PHILOSOPHY

An Outline of Philosophy. By Bertrand Russell. (Allen & Unwin.) 12s. 6d. net.

This book consists of 164 pages devoted to psychology, 81 to physics, and 68 to miscellaneous matters including philosophy. Is it therefore merely misnamed? Should it be rather called "An Approach to Philosophy," or some such title? I am afraid Mr. Russell would not think so, for his book is really the latest and most extreme example of a tendency which has been going on for some three centuries—I mean the tendency to treat philosophy as generalized science. Such a statement as the following which Mr. Russell makes I believe to be utterly false:

> Philosophical knowledge, if what we have been saying is correct, does not differ essentially from scientific knowledge; there is no special source of wisdom which is open to philosophy but not to science, and the results obtained by philosophy are not radically different from those reached in science. Philosophy is distinguished from science only by being more critical and more general.

Philosophy has been given many definitions—in fact every philosopher has redefined it to suit his own needs. Mr. Russell's definition seems singularly inapt because it is quite evident that the survival-value of any particular philosophy has always been in complete independence of its supposed basis in the science of the time. We continue to read Aristotle, not because his scientific knowledge approaches modern standards, but because *in spite of* his obsolete science, and having no relation to it, there is a body of *wisdom* which entitles him still to be regarded as one of the world's greatest philosophers. The same is true of Plato, of St. Thomas Aquinas, and indeed of any philosopher born before Descartes (with whom, in Mr. Russell's opinion, true philosophy begins). Descartes, of course, was not a pure philosopher, in Mr. Russell's sense of the word; he left too much to the Deity. Without suggesting that that is why he survives, it is surely significant that philosophies which, in the more immediate past, have attempted to base themselves entirely on scientific methods (such as those of Comte and Spencer) have worn very badly. Even in practical matters, such as politics, the world continues to find more satisfaction in purely speculative creations like the *Republic* of Plato than in such a product of the scientific mind as *The Principles of Social Reconstruction*.

Wisdom is one thing and scientific knowledge is another, and Dr. Johnson was quite right when he kicked the stone. Wisdom is a vague word, and Mr. Russell probably despises it, but a positive synthesis of the kind implied in the word is the true objective of philosophy. I doubt the legitimacy of any inductive methods in philosophy. Philosophy is rather a statement of values, and the values that matter are never shown pragmatically, but depend on insight. Insight is another vague word, to which, however, it is not necessary to give any wider interpretation than did Aristotle. We find that Mr. Russell himself is prepared to consider the possibility, suggested by Dr. Broad in *The Mind and its Place in Nature*, that mind has "emergent properties" independent of physics and chemistry. This is really the cardinal point. Mr. Russell must make up his mind instead of sitting on the fence. Once admit the existence of qualities (and if qualities, then functions) of the mind independent of its physical relations, then one has to admit the irrele-

vance of physics (and most of Mr. Russell's psychology is also physics) to philosophy.

Irrelevance is perhaps too strong a word; subordination is better. Nothing is irrelevant to the philosopher. That is why, from another point of view, all this insistence on physics and psychology seems so priggish. I know that Mr. Russell's aim is to show that these sciences affect the basis of all knowledge, but by all knowledge he merely means scientific knowledge. He ignores, for example, the kind of knowledge we derive from art and religion: these two spheres of human activity have no existence in Mr. Russell's philosophy. Yet it is not idle to affirm that they have taught man more essential truths about himself and the universe than all the laws discovered (and discarded) by science.

A true philosopher, meditating on the history of science, can only be profoundly sceptical of its methods. Philosophy might as well build its house on a quicksand. But a philosophy is not a scientific account of the world: to attempt to generalize our scientific knowledge of the world is a foolish and arrogant ambition. The more strictly you play the game, the more narrowly you reduce the region of certainty. The end is complete scepticism, or solipism.

A philosophy is better regarded as a work of art: it is an individual creation, a thing of unity, consistency, harmony and formal beauty. All knowledge is its province, but the facts of knowledge are so various and so piecemeal that the philosopher can only take those which are agreeable to his insight into essence and being.

The physics and psychology in this book are very ably expounded. One reads on with a pleasant sense of enlightenment, and but for the book's title (and my knowledge of the author's work in general) I should not have suspected it of so much obtuseness.

HERBERT READ.

TOWARDS A SIGNIFICANT PSYCHOLOGY

PRIMITIVE MAN: HIS ESSENTIAL QUEST. By John Murphy. (Oxford University Press.) 15s.

THE SOCIAL BASIS OF CONSCIOUSNESS. By Trigant Burrow. (Kegan Paul.) 12s. 6d.

Yesterday man had no place in the scientific picture of the world; to-morrow the science of man will be supreme among the sciences, for only within the human organism can *all* the laws of nature be studied. Evolution means the continual appearance of new and subtler processes, and the laws of nature which describe what is actually happening are themselves evolving. The furthest stages known to us have been through primitive intelligent man, to civilised intellectual man, and, finally, in isolated prophetic sports, not yet socially established as a new type, to integrated and fully conscious creative manhood. It is almost certain that at each step there appears a new brain structure, a new type of behaviour or function, and a new mode of experiencing. Structure, function, and consciousness are aspects of a fundamental everchanging process, and only in man can the laws of matter, life and mind, and their relationships be studied in the furthest subtlety of operation yet displayed.

The psychology to which we look forward can, therefore, and must draw its inspiration from every source. Above all it must take from biology some fundamental principle regarding the relation of consciousness to organic functioning, and from physics a similar principle concerning the relation of consciousness to the electrical processes of the central nervous system.* A blend thus obtained of the psychology, biology, and physics of man could be given a dynamic and significant interpretation by evolutionary studies of the development of human consciousness from anthropoid to modern man, and of individual men of genius from earliest childhood to full creative maturity.

Two books published in 1927 give hints of the possibilities of such a programme. The first deals with the dawn of human mentality, attempting to bring it into relation with man's developing brain structure; the second prophesies the possibility of a new mode of human consciousness and functioning not yet socially or scientifically recognised.

Dr. Murphy seeks to reveal a principle underlying the development of primitive thought and its transformation into the modern consciousness. He finds it in the tendency towards the formation of broader integrations, whether in the growth of the human cortex to more complex but unified forms, in the development of the power of forming concepts, in the establishment of stable human societies, or, finally, in man's conscious search for unity. The book is a promise of what may some day be achieved by correlating the data of anatomical and social anthropology and using these as an introduction to the psychology of man as he is to-day. Dr. Murphy views the whole of human history as a rhythm between the achievement of new mental and social syntheses, and their collapse as they prove inadequate in the face of man's growing experience. This broad and perhaps over-simple interpretation is used as the basis for a detailed study of modern theories of primitive mentality, especially as regards Taboo, Animism, Magic, and the formation of concepts. It is all interesting and suggestive, but unfortunately spolit as a scientific contribution by a Christian complacency which shuts its eyes to all the struggles, failures, perversions and disintegrations of nature, and assumes that God's in his heaven, adjusting nature to conform nicely to whatever human beings at any particular stage of evolution may regard as seemly. Nature lacks the easy simplicity Dr. Murphy would discern, and yet his essay is important: it suggests what others must do better.

In reading Dr. Burrow's book one begins to realise the transformation that could be produced in human society during the next half century if men who have been matured by rich and profound personal experience bring the authority of a genuine psychology to bear on what is now accepted as

* During the last ten years much information has been collected by neurologists on the processes of the central nervous system, and particularly of the brain, and their relation to conscious experience. This material has not yet been adequately interpreted for the layman, but it may be useful to mention the following books, though none of them meet this real need: *L. T. Troland. The Mystery of Mind.* 1926— The middle chapters give a fairly good popular description of the main facts known on the relation of consciousness to electrical nervous processes. *H. T. Herrick. The Neurological Foundations of Animal Behaviour*, 1924. (*New York, Holt & Co.*).— This book gives a suggestive description of the evolution of the central nervous system, well suited as an introduction to the study of psycho-physics. Herrick's views on physiology are debated by many.

normal human behaviour. As the result of a chance personal experience Dr. Burrow became dissatisfied with his professional outlook as a Freudian analyst and began a very painful and courageous examination of his own habitual processes of thought. This led him to the revolutionary view that not only the "neurotic" but also the "normal" civilised man is in the grip of a mental dissociation, his behaviour being governed by motives or tendencies of whose true nature he is unconscious, which he therefore misinterprets. To Dr. Burrow, Freud, Jung, Adler and the whole school of modern analysts are themselves unconscious of the significant organic and social tendencies which lie at the root of human personality, and whose repression leads to their symbolic substitution or inversion as sexuality, desire for power, etc. In his view the current standards of normality are neurotic expressions, resulting from a lack of deeper spontaneous fulfilment. When free fulfilment through functional relationships in human society is thwarted the individual seeks to satisfy the repressed need by setting up an image of himself as separate from his neighbours, and the self-conscious establishment of this image hinders true organic fulfilment and results in the egotistic search for sensation and power.

The matter is put very clearly by Dr. Burrow as a contrast between sexuality, the Freudian principle underlying the tendencies of the unconscious and manifest in the lives and experience of the vast majority of "normal" people, and sex, the deeper organic flow from whose repression alone sexuality arises.

> Sexuality is . . . intrinsically exclusive of sex. Sex is life in its deepest significance. By sexuality . . . I mean the restless, obsessive, over-stimulated quest for temporary self-gratification that everywhere masquerades as sex, and is everywhere substituted for the strong, simple, quiet flow of feeling that unites the organic and the conscious in a single stream and is the expression of personality in its native inherency.

Dr. Burrow views consciousness as originally an aspect of social functioning, while the separateness of self-consciousness is a later development leading to unhealthy conditions when for any reason it becomes exaggerated. The neurosis is a social phenomenon, and both neurotic and normal man are unhealthy, though of the two the former is the more hopeful, for he is at least in active rebellion, and knows that something is wrong. Other points on which fresh light is thrown are the futility of moral teaching based on the conception of right and wrong, the special place of self-conscious man in an otherwise unself-conscious nature, the difference between commentative and functioning states of mind, the need for honestly subjective standards and interpretations, the illusion of personal determinism and sponsorship, and warfare and industrial greed as matters for the psychiatrist. Dr. Burrow asks if each of us will choose between sticking to a theory of life with vicarious standards of morality and "a mode of consciousness that flings away every habitual protection and accepts only the conditions of life as they unfold themselves in the development of his own personality as well as that of others."

A very valuable book, full of suggestions regarding a possible future of human relationships and consciousness. The reader who is sympathetically patient with a rather difficult style will perceive genuinely new and significant conceptions coming to birth. The reviewer closed the book wishing that Dr. Burrow could have been Nietzsche's friend.

L. L. WHYTE.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME

AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME. By J. W. Dunne. (Black.) 8s. 6d. net.

The starting point of this very original inquiry into the nature of Time is some striking dream-experiences of the author. He satisfied himself that he did genuinely dream of future events; he then set himself to examine methodically the content of his dream-consciousness, and again satisfied himself that images of the future were roughly as frequent as images of the past in his normal dream-consciousness; he then induced others to conduct the same examination, and found his experience corroborated.

On this cardinal question of the data to be interpreted, we can only wait for independent corroboration of Mr. Dunne's remarkable results. He is obviously an acute and level-headed man, with an unusual gift for lucidly presenting evidence; and he has certainly made out an overwhelming case for the systematic investigation of dreams from a new angle. One can only say that if his facts are proved correct it is quite extraordinary that they should not have been discovered before.

The second half of the book is an exposition of a theory of Time which Mr. Dunne believes will explain this phenomenon (and a good many other things besides). The explanation is, in one sense, mathematical. Time and consciousness are "serial," *i.e.*, they have the nature of an infinite series. Beyond the three-dimensional "observer" of a three-dimensional universe—normal waking consciousness—lies a four-dimensional "observer" of a four-dimensional universe extended in time: this is the normal dream-consciousness. But if a four-dimensional "observer" and universe are demanded by the facts, a five-dimensional "observer" and universe follow. (The four-dimensional universe has to be observed, and observation takes time). And so on *ad infinitum*. Ultimate or absolute time is therefore at mathematical infinity. Pursuit of it is an analogue of the familiar chase of the Ultimate Ego. "I am aware of myself—I am aware that I am aware of myself—I am aware that I am aware that I am aware . . ." So that the Ultimate Ego is to be found hob-nobbing with Mr. Dunne's Absolute Time at mathematical infinity. Mr. Dunne has thus discovered the secret of the universe.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, mathematics is not metaphysics. Ontological ultimates do not reside at mathematical infinity. The endeavour to make psychological data amenable to mathematical reasoning involves an initial falsification of the data, and a final false apprehension of the mathematical conclusion. The dream world *may* be multi-dimensional, but it is susceptible of only three-dimensional interpretation; it has to submit to the three-dimensional conditions to be a subject for our attention at all. A four-dimensional event would yield *no image* to a four-dimensional observer; to a three-dimensional observer it would be a three-dimensional event. Mr. Dunne's explanation does not explain the particular phenomenon alleged. In any case the nature of the phenomenon needs to be clearly established by many qualified observers before theorising is profitable. That this may be done is Mr. Dunne's avowed purpose in publishing his suggestive book, which we heartily commend to all those who enjoy curious experiences or subtle arguments.

PROBLEMS AND PROPHECIES

POSSIBLE WORLDS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By J. B. S. Haldane. (Chatto and Windus.)

There are thirty-six essays in this admirable book. The range of subjects treated is astonishing, even for a scientist of Mr. Haldane's eminence. From "Blood Transfusion" to "Kant and Scientific Thought," from "Man as a Sea Beast" to "The Last Judgment"—a daring speculation about a future migration of humanity to another planet—there is practically no department of science into which he does not give us an illuminating glimpse. If the "average man," whose interest Mr. Haldane particularly solicits in his preface, does not rub his eyes and "attempt to realize what is happening to-day in the laboratories," it will certainly not be for lack of the stimulus of brilliant exposition.

The feature which perhaps most appeals to the present writer is Mr. Haldane's uncompromising attitude towards effete religious tradition and prejudice, those unlovely incrustations upon the body social. The essay, "Some Dates," comes near the beginning of the book as if to give a right perspective for the subject matter of those that follow, in virtue of which we may appreciate the sane and dignified *Weltanschauung* of a modern scientist. The great merit of this book as a whole is that it *does* embody a world-outlook of generous scope, free from the narrow specialism and threadbare materialism which is often associated with the "scientific" outlook. The closing words of "Some Dates" are as follows:

> And religion will inevitably alter its standpoint. . . . On a planet more than a thousand million years old it is hard to believe—as do Christians, Jews, Mohammedans and Buddhists—that the most important event has occurred within the last few thousand years, when it is clear that there were great civilizations before that event. It is equally difficult to doubt that many events as significant for humanity will occur in the future. In that immeasurable future the destiny of humanity dwarfs that of the individual. If our planet was created a few thousand years ago to end a few years or a few thousand years hence, it is conceivable that the main purpose to be worked out on it is the salvation and perfection of individual human beings. No religion which accepts geology can regard such a purpose as anything but subsidiary. If we define religion as our attitude to the universe as a whole, the new time scale will make us humbler as individuals, but prouder as a race. Our individual lives are the merest spangles of existence. The life of our ancestors goes back for a thousand million years. That of our descendants may last very much longer. And we cannot say with any certainty that it will not endure for ever.

Those who still cling to the outworn beliefs of narrow "orthodoxies" might do worse than ponder over this passage. Their attention might also be drawn to the restrained but thorough-going realism of the essay entitled "Meroz," in which Mr. Haldane gives an account of the uninspiring part played by the "orthodoxies" during the war. "Priests have always used their power to evade the moral obligations of the ordinary man; and threatened him with fire here or hereafter, or with social or economic penalties if he referred to the fact," says Mr. Haldane roundly, in a manner reminiscent of Nietzsche. He concludes as follows:—

> If Protestant Christianity is to be saved, it will not be by its clergy but by men who, like St. Paul, will preach the Gospel in the intervals of earning their

living and risking their lives like ordinary mortals. They would not be compelled by economic considerations to profess dogmas which daily become less credible. And they might salve what is valuable in Christianity from the present wreckage. But the longer the fortunes of that religion are entrusted to the clergy, the more remote does that contingency become.

Those who may find an effect of "Put that in your pipe and smoke it," and who perhaps may be repelled by a certain "robustiousness" in the last passage, should remember that it is the challenge of a scientist and of a man who has not hesitated to subject his own body to drastic experiments in the interests of science and of humanity (see the essay "Every man his own rabbit"). Such a challenge can have no painful sting for the man who is aware of the increasing complexity and depth of modern consciousness—for the man who is religious in the sense of Mr. Murry, that he tries to render himself an account of and remain true to his own experience. It *will* have a sting for "serious" but comfortable people whose "seriousness," compared with the high seriousness of the true scientist in any domain of human knowledge, too frequently takes the form of some kind of obscurantism.

There is hardly a problem concerning the survival and elevation of the type man for which Mr. Haldane does not forecast a possible solution. For example, the end of the article on enzymes (enzymes are ferments of which the chemical composition is largely unknown but whose functional importance throughout Nature is incalculable) is as follows: "When—not if—we can separate the cellulose-splitting enzymes from those which break up sugar further, we shall be able to convert wood-pulp or hay quantitatively into human food. This is one of the facts which render dubious all prophecies as to over-population. The upper limit to human members is not set by any facts of nature, but by human ignorance and inadaptability." It is obvious that the realization of such a possibility would have far-reaching consequences for mankind. If, as we are told, the "necessity" for wars *does* depend on economic factors—in the last resort, on food supplies—then it is to be hoped that we are within measurable distance of a day when there will be no excuse for Jingo and other imperialisms—nor for feverish discussions on birth-control! Thanks to the kind of eugenics adumbrated in the "Future of Biology," the shadow of the awful name of Malthus will cease to cloud the lives of confidently philoprogenitive peoples, and humanity will combine to bring about the end towards which "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth"—the emergence of a new kind of being who shall bear the same relation to mind as mind does to life and life to matter. It is the urge towards this which finds expression in the higher forms of religion, says Mr. Haldane, avowing once again that in the last resort Religion and Science are one.

MOTHERHOOD AND ITS ENEMIES. By Charlotte Haldane. (Chatto and Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a discursive book. It is obviously the fruit of wide reading, as is shown in the first half, which is devoted to a historical account of sex-relations from early Jewish up till modern times. The second half deals with the multifarious and conflicting data steadily accumulating around the inchoate modern "problem of woman." Owing to the number of authorities quoted it tends rather to have the character of a compilation. On that account

it may be a little overwhelming to the general reader, who nevertheless will appreciate the wealth of pertinent information it contains. The main thesis will be as acceptable as it is unimpeachable. It is that the function of motherhood should emerge from the dark dominion of dubious empirical and religious beliefs into the purer air of the positive findings of biological, psychological and sociological research. An organized training for motherhood and care of offspring—a kind of training which is wanting in average Girls' High Schools—is advocated. Mrs. Haldane tilts against the common practice of entrusting the education of future mothers to spinsters with pseudo-masculine tendencies. She traces in the chapter on "The Governess as Heroine" the evolution of the teacher, governess and nurse from the mediæval nun.

In fact, according to Mrs. Haldane's showing, the function of motherhood has been maintained under less propitious auspices by the Christian régime than by the Jewish or ancient Greek cultures. In the chapter "Mother of God and Mothers of Men" the Madonna cult is regarded as a compensation for the unhappy lot of women doomed to spinsterhood by economic disabilities. It is not legitimate to regard it *quite* so simply as this, as Mrs. Haldane doubtless knows, but it is good that a connection between economic necessity and "religious" prejudice should be established. Further, it may help to dispel any lingering illusions about the value of virginity as a virtue *per se* among those of the "two or three million surplus women" who still find "solace" in factitious transports of adoration before the dreary or gaudy shrines of an outworn cult. The idea of Madonna worship as a mediæval *pis aller* has the effect of an imperative call for a more conscious attitude amidst the medley of largely otiose speculations about its mythological and syncretistic origins and its mystical and doctrinal significance.

Mrs. Haldane concludes her comprehensive review of the conditions affecting women and especially motherhood with a vigorous demand for "subsidized motherhood." How that is to be brought about she leaves an open question, but has hopes, like most of us, of a future enlightened statecraft. Open questions are never decided until after due ventilation, and one can feel nothing but admiration for the frank and capable manner in which Mrs. Haldane ventilates delicate and complicated questions arising out of the differentiation of woman, whether through economic or educational influences, or in virtue of a new phase of emergent evolution—no matter which for the moment—into well-marked types. Her rough classification of women into six types is substantially true, and worthy of attention. The first type, "the sexually normal, whose career leads in due course to mating and motherhood," is her chief concern, but she shrewdly puts her finger on most of the weak spots and anomalies inherent in our civilization, in so far as they concern women in general. In short, she stands for a more enlightened attitude towards sex and sex-relations, and by her capacity she is likely to prove a force among many others who are trying to bring about a real sexual morality to replace the existing inadequate legal—and often barbarous—attitude towards sex.

James Young.

COLONEL LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE AND THE ARABS. By Robert Graves. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

It is easy to feel strongly about Col. Lawrence's adventures in Arabia: to see them as a betrayal of the civilizing influences that we believe it should be the privilege of so-called Christian nations to extend among less favoured people: to wonder what good has come out of this stirring up of revolt among Desert tribes, and to feel that the exploitation of them in a quarrel between Western Powers was a base business, too lightheartedly undertaken by an Oxford scholar not long out of his teens.

That is a negative attitude, easy to adopt and fruitful of much humanitarian spluttering. But it leads to nothing except anger and resentment, because those who take it have not done so imaginatively, but have only posed themselves in an ideal attitude. More profitably we may ask ourselves what we should have done had Fate put us in Lawrence's position. There he was, the right man on the spot at the right time. According to all the ethical considerations which govern the policy of nations, he manifestly did the right thing in a manner that commands intense admiration; and with such success that his story has passed into the cloudy realm of historical romance. He has become the envy of youth. For what is it to command legions at the bidding of politicians, compared with conducting the smallest campaign according to your own will, in your own way, to ends which you may largely determine? The war that spelt individual slavery to millions was for Lawrence the triumph of individualism. The man who says he does not envy such an experience, at such a time, most probably deceives himself. Which of us would not have jumped at the chance Lawrence took, had circumstance offered it to us and had we had wit enough to perceive it, ability and courage enough to carry it out?

And there the matter might stand, but for the fact that every sane person knows that mankind betrays its best interests when it hangs the glamour of romance over war. War is what consciousness makes it: it is horror only according to the depth of consciousness. All the trappings of adventure serve to lull that consciousness which man needs to deepen and intensify daily, unless he wants to condemn his children to something like race-suicide.

Therefore we can no longer tolerate the sight of war decked out with the trimmings of romance. We know too well that the emotions of the arm-chair enjoyers of Col. Lawrence's adventures are of a kind that prepare the mental ground for war as surely as a warm bed prepares the body for sleep. Even atrocities are not very terrible if they are confined to the desert some thousands of miles away, and are, of course, practised by brown-skinned people. Excitement prevents imagination from morbidly realizing the feelings of the poor devils who were killed in heaps when the railway bridges were blown up. War is war, and romance redeems it when you look through the wrong end of Time's telescope, and by turning a page you can assure yourself of the ultimate glory of your heroes.

Hence, for the preservation of our sanity, we are compelled not merely to question the advisability of this popular rehandling of Lawrence's story, but to probe our own civilization in the hope of finding the perversion of

function within society which can turn the humane and artistic energy of a young archæologist to the slaughter of Turks. In short, Lawrence's individualism gives us the chance of asking ourselves the individual question about war. What is its effect upon one who chose it? Was he the sort to whom war comes as second nature? Is war redeemed by romantic circumstance and personal volition?

On the contrary, it seems to us that the perversion which organized war demands only displays its full horror when seen through the conflicting emotions of a highly sensitive free man who has set himself war as a task. And that perceived (as it appears that Lawrence himself perceived it, when, for instance, he wonders "why I am always trying to blow up railway trains and bridges instead of looking for the well at the world's end") may we not question the basis of any education that fails to put the ideal attitude of war as *non possumus* before every fully grown man? Surely our education is lacking in some essential element if the knowledge it imparts is so superficial as to be unrelated to the ethics of living. Somebody has got to do some hard thinking and true feeling about this plague of war. Are not the homes of wisdom and learning the places where this thinking should begin? Or are they still as hobbled by tradition as when Shelley was sent down?

Mr. Robert Graves has written this book to take the place of *Revolt in the Desert* which Col. Lawrence decided to withdraw from publication. Granted that Lawrence has the right to dole out history in this cat-and-mouse fashion, we must be grateful to Mr. Graves. He gives us a résumé of the earlier book, together with many interesting, and some rather puerile, biographical details. He has found it more than a little difficult to write the biography of a living friend, especially one so sensitive and idiosyncratic as Col. Lawrence. He is usually content to regard his subject through a magnifying glass of admiration, and to take pride in leaving the reader (bored with the intelligence that Col. Lawrence called his racing motor-bike "Boanerges") to use his own insight. Many interesting details about Lawrence's childhood and doings subsequent to the war are given here; but there is too callow an air about such comments as these:

> He was brought up to do without female society and the habit has remained with him. That he has a fear or hatred of women is untrue. He tries to talk to a woman as he would to another man, or to himself. If she does not return the compliment by talking to him as she would to another woman, he leaves her. . . .
>
> He has no stronger objection to war, as war, than to the human race as the human race. . . .
>
> He has, it seems, no use for the human race as such, or interest in its continuance. He has no sentimentality about universal brotherhood, like Swift; he has no use for the works of man. And has come to this view, I think, by the same road as Swift, by an overwhelming sense of personal liberty, a largeness of heart, and an intense desire for perfection so obviously unattainable as hardly to be worth starting for.

These are fatuous remarks, unworthy of their subject and of Mr. Graves, who may be reminded concerning Swift that mankind has at least the benefit of this sentence of his: "A soldier is a Yahoo hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own species, who had never offended him, as possibly he can." The book is to be commended most of all to those who have a faculty for reading between the lines.

MAX PLOWMAN.

THE PRIVATE CONRAD

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOSEPH CONRAD. Edited by G. Jean Aubry. (Heinemann.) Two vols. 42s.

With all respect for M. G. Jean Aubry who, as editor, has done his work with painstaking care, and who, as biographer and friend of Conrad, has effaced himself completely behind a mountain of documents, one cannot help saying that these two large volumes make dull reading. They lie heavily in the hands and heavily on the mind. Those who have read and re-read *The Shadow Line*, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *The Secret Sharer*, and *Heart of Darkness*, will find nothing in Conrad's correspondence to remind them of the unique imagination which created those tales; and the peculiar charm of his narrative prose is as absent from these letters as from his essays and reviews. Why this should be so need not be discussed. Briefly, one accounts for the flat style of his journalistic work by the fact that he did it for profit or to oblige a friend but never of his own accord; also, as he himself said, he felt cramped in the short space of an article, for once he had centred his thoughts upon a subject he always required more room than an editor could spare to develop his argument. (What was planned as a short story, it will be remembered, more than once grew into a novel.) And to account for the absence of charm in his letters is it not enough to say that some people, like Pliny, can write letters that please not only the recipients but the whole world, but that other people, most people, cannot do so? After all, who are they whose correspondence has made them famous? To confine the question to English writers, the names that immediately occur to us are Horace Walpole, Dorothy Osborne, Charles Lamb, Mary Montague and Lord Chesterfield. That is to say, the great letter writers, Lamb excepted, are famous only for their correspondence. Not one of them was an artist. On the contrary, few of the artists could be placed in the first class as letter writers.

The fact, then, that Conrad's correspondence is not, in the mass, very interesting even to one who admires him very much as a novelist, is neither unusual nor important. His books he wrote to please the public; but his letters were intended only for private reading. Most of the letters in these volumes were addressed to other writers who were also intimate friends. He discusses with them technical difficulties of expression; he sends them his manuscripts and asks for criticism; he receives and reads their work and in general praises it with the enthusiasm of a friend who prefers to flatter rather than to judge. He tells them also a good deal about his domestic worries, his financial troubles, and his own ill-health. He writes to his literary agent for money, or discusses with him business details of copyrights and royalties. All these things were of great interest at the time to himself and to his correspondents. But Conrad would be the first to affirm that such letters are not necessarily of public or literary importance. In his case I am of the opinion that they are not important. Certain other people, including the editor and publisher, do not agree with me, for of these two well-bound, well-printed, well-indexed books, a large part of the first and the whole of the second volume are devoted to Conrad's letters.

As for the biography, the facts are evidently authentic. The editor is careful to make no statement that he cannot prove. We knew that Conrad was

born, went to school, became a sailor, became a writer, and died; M. Aubry has hunted for the details with commendable industry. "It would have been easy for me," he says, "who have lived in some intimacy with Conrad and his books, to introduce my own sentiments and opinions, but I have carefully, even regretfully, abstained." The reasons for this impersonality are doubtless good and sufficient, but the result is a recital of facts and figures which are about as interesting as a time-table. The truth of the matter is this: Only a Conrad could bring to life the facts of his existence as a sailor; and Conrad did so very successfully in some of his tales and in that fine piece of autobiography *The Mirror of the Sea*. The remainder of his life he dedicated to literature, and it is in what he wrote for us during that period that we must look for him and not in any record of his daily life. The fact that he wrote with difficulty is no news to one who has read him. The fact that certain characters in his fiction were taken from life neither adds to nor lessens our admiration for the artist. The fact that he liked Mr. Galsworthy, and even Mr. Galsworthy's fiction, is neither here nor there. The fact that he suffered from gout, disliked going into society, loved his wife, and adored his children tells us only that he was married, was a father, and a human being like the rest of us.

JOHN SHAND.

ALAIN FOURNIER AND JACQUES RIVIÈRE

CORRESPONDANCES ENTRE ALAIN FOURNIER ET JACQUES RIVIÈRE. (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.) 2 vols. 24 francs.

"*Il est plus difficile, et plus gai, d'être sincere, que d'être juste. Plus dangereux aussi.* (JACQUES RIVIÈRE).

These letters by their content and the age of their writers are, happily, exempt from ordinary literary criticism of style and form. Their interest is less strictly literary, more clearly psychological. All who attempt to keep in touch with youth and its enthusiasms will do well to read them. They give a picture of youth, ardent and creative, and throw brilliant light upon the later work of both Alain Fournier and Jacques Rivière. It is difficult to assess the loss to France of these two young men, one killed in the early days of the war, the other struck down a few years later by disease, while still in the prime of life. Two temperaments so alike and yet so different. Alain Fournier, externally strong, robust, almost breezy in manner, but leading inwardly the life of a dreamer, a network of the most ravelled and complicated nuances. Jacques Rivière, shy and delicate in health, but bearing a soul whose fierce sincerity knew no compromise, and which, like a tropical landscape, showed only in contrasts of vivid light and dense shade; an unalterable sense of the nearness of life and death to one another.

Both died young; but not, happily, before both were able to create something new in French literature. *Le Grand Meaulnes*, by Alain Fournier, was a new departure in the French novel; it was inspired by a tenuous magic, bathed in an almost moonlight beauty. In these whole-hearted and spontaneous letters one sees the germ of the novel in the temperament and personality of Fournier himself—an intense attachment to the soil (there are passages in the letters describing La Chapelle d'Angillon which run parallel

with many in *Le Grand Meaulnes*) the exaltation of purity in act and intention, an unfaltering mysticism.

It would be rare in England to find two boys of eighteen who showed an enthusiasm, knowledge and critical faculty such as these two possessed. It is true that they were rare spirits, but rare in France rather in quality than in quantity. Nor would many young Englishmen be found with a knowledge of French literature remotely corresponding to the knowledge of English literature which these letters reveal. It is amusing and not a little instructive to read criticisms of Hardy, Kipling, and others, including John Stuart Mill. (Who reads him in England?) Concerning Mill, Rivière remarks:

> J'ai bien lu ces jours-ci, les memoires de Stuart Mill, qui sont l'archétype de toutes ces stupidités. Cet homme ne parle que des devoirs civiques, et du bien à faire à l'humanité. A douze ans il ecrit un Traité d'Economie politique. Et c'est à vingt-cinq ans qu'il apprend le nom de Shelley et celiu de Byron.

One is struck by the note of passion which runs through these letters—a passion which covers knowledge, extends to the value and symbolism of words, and ends frequently in a most unexpected sense of humour and self-criticism. There is also a joy in life, and a youthful belief in the reality of duration.

> D'autre part j'ai écrit hier une longue lettre à M. (a favourite professor) pour lui exposer mes projets. Cela m'émouvait un peu, car c'était la première fois que j'exprimais avec précision ce que je voudrais faire. *Ma lettre a douze pages et j'attends la reponse.* (J.R.)

Buoyant youth! "Ma lettre a douze pages, et j'attends la reponse."—Alain Fournier, writing of his hopes in literature:

> Le triste dans tout cela c'est que vingt ans sonneront, sans que j'aie rien dit, et que cela, par moment me fuit tres mal, rien que d'y penser.

It is horrible to be twenty and to have done nothing, nothing. It is worse to be forty.

The procession of their literary loves may make rather painful reading to the single-minded. Rimbaud, Laforgue, Barrès, Maeterlinck, each is solemnly canonised, each in turn is buried tenderly, as only youth can bury, but with determination. The formula of Barrès had been accepted, and it was their will to remain "ardents et désabusés."

The last of the letters is dated December, 1906, while the title page gives the dates as 1905-1914. There must, therefore, be much more to come. None the less the two present volumes show clearly the main tendencies of both these young men, especially Rivière. For Rivière had already discovered Claudel, who was to exercise an immense influence upon him, both literary and personal. Just as Fournier brought a liberating spirit into the somewhat *encadré* world of the novel, so Rivière attempted to bring the French clarity of exposition into criticism, and yet avoid its tendency to become rigid or academic. In general, his influence on the younger generation in his native country has yet to be computed. It has been great and is still vital. "Je crois" (he wrote) "que la sagesse suprême c'est de tout comprendre et après, de tout aimer." Not a new idea, or originally expressed, but yet distinctive; and he adds: "Pour d'autres ce sera de tout comprendre, puis de comparer ensuite." And there he expresses implicitly the real demand underlying the restlessness of youth, to-day and in any age, for

a new synthesis. A synthesis, not merely a description, an organic whole, not merely a critical analysis: not necessarily even a new content, but a new form. The struggle of mankind lies no longer between the human and the divine, or between man and external nature. The divine we are willing to forego, for the sake of a loftier humanity, and nature is already subjugated. We have enough scientific knowledge to serve us in practical applications for centuries ahead. Nor is the struggle between man and his neighbour, or man and society, for the general principles underlying these relations are known and recognised. No, the region of combat is transferred to the interior life and lies between man and himself. Rivière knows and feels the problem, and wholeheartedly accepts battle. "A free spirit," he says, "is one that can state the problem in a form that contains no solution in advance. To have a free spirit is to see every question in its sheer nakedness, stripped of all the replies and interpretations of previous men." In a word, it is a question of personal experience; intellectual honesty becomes a religious duty. And again: "There are three kinds of sins, by action, by word and by thought. The first do not count, for an action cannot touch the soul. . . . The second are more grave, for the sound of the voice soils the soul . . . the third are real crimes, being attacks on our interior beauty." In searching for a synthesis he notes a curious thing. "It is just in taking up this attitude of the free spirit to the problems of life, that one finds one no longer thinks of resolving them, or of setting up some petty solution." And further: "To learn to accept all things does not mean we are no longer to suffer by them. No, it is the wish to love them, even when they rend you, because they have the sacred privilege of existing. Therein is the admirable lesson Claudel gives us. In adoring life itself we learn to recompense ourselves for the wounds life has inflicted upon us." The personal life of Rivière is profoundly interesting, especially in the light of his later development. He feels himself composed of two beings radically inimical (alas! who has not so felt?) one rationalist and idealist, the other mystic and passionate, continually in conflict. Claudel makes, to an Englishman at least, the astonishing remark that Rivière was not a mystic but a scientist, because of the fundamental honesty of his nature, and his care for objectivity. The English mind, I imagine, can see no such insuperable division between mysticism and objectivity.

It is not possible to deal within these limits with the number of psychological problems which arise; one leaves them with regret, with the words of Fournier himself in his *Madeleine:*

> Le pays que vous avez découvert dans le secret de votre coeur, je l'ai cherché longtemps et vainement sur la terre.
>
> Et nous, repondent-ils, chaque soir nous restons longuement, les yeux ouverts dans les ténèbres, imaginant: demain peut-être, nous nous eveillerons dans la contrée étrange; demain l'aurore me veilleuse. . . .
>
> Et soudain tous se sont tus, s'apercevant qu'au dehors, à cette heure de minuit, le jour avait éclaté partout. . . .

A. A. FITCH.

SHORTER NOTICES

ARCHIMEDES, OR THE FUTURE OF PHYSICS. By L. L. Whyte. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

This is yet another fine contribution to the brilliant *To-day and To-morrow* series. As usual in this series, the writer sets out on a seemingly impossible task (in this case it is to indicate, in a short essay of 94 pages, the possibility of a synthesis of physics, biology and psychology), and as usual the attempt is so nearly successful that the reader is positively startled. Mr. Whyte discusses the essential cleavage between the basic assumptions of the two outstanding schools of thought of the present day. Einstein, the mathematical physicist, we learn, accepts the Newtonian conception of the *reversibility* of all natural laws, whereas Bergson and Whitehead require the conception of *irreversible process* as the basis of their philosophy. However, it would be futile to attempt to convey the gist of an essay which is itself a miracle of compressed lucidity. Needless to say, there are weak points and the treatment is inevitably sketchy in places, but two quotations will suffice to convey the temper of Mr. Whyte's mind : the first to show his power of profound yet illuminating definition—"Organisms might be defined as systems whose future behaviour is more easily estimated from their past history than from what can be known about their immediate internal structure" ; the second to give an idea of his general attitude—"The indifference to the destruction of life which has marked recent years is no cause either for surprise or for despair after an epoch of orthodox and insincere religion coupled with an abstract science of matter. One thing only can guide humanity to a saner and richer life : the recognition and valuation of life." The possibility of that "saner and richer life" will undoubtedly be brought nearer by the efforts of comprehensive and well-balanced thinkers like Mr. J. B. S. Haldane and Mr. Whyte. R. R.

BREAKING PRISCIAN'S HEAD ; Or English as she will be Wrote and Spoke. By J. Y. T. Greig. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

This is the second essay in the *To-day and To-morrow* series to deal with the English language, and it is written with an attractive freshness and vigour. Mr. Greig is distressed at the anæmic condition of the language as spoken and written by so-called educated people, and he is anxious that the "Public School Standard" should be replaced by some more virile standard of pronunciation. He favours Dublin Irish. With much that he says about grammar one can agree, but it is a shock to realize that he would like us to say "I beginned to count my sheeps" instead of "I began to count my sheep." Perhaps the best part of the book is the protest against the snobbishness and insularity of those who would boycott American slang and English, Scots and Irish dialect words in order to preserve the purity of the "King's English." It is obvious that no language deserves to live that refuses to incorporate new and slang words, but it is just as "precious" and insincere to drag in strange words with the conscious intention of strengthening one's language as it is to keep them out on grounds of pedantry. The truth is that to worry about words is like worrying about the currency and forgetting the real wealth of a nation. If the nation is prosperous the currency will be sound. Let us be concerned about life, and language will take care of itself. R. R.

INTO THE ABYSS. By John Knittel. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d.

This book is an honest and able piece of work, if not a production of genius. The Swiss author has a remarkable command of English, though his work, like that of Maarten Maartens, reads like a good translation of a difficult foreign book. Probably this is because the English idiom, however familiar to him, is not a perfect vehicle for the exact expression of the writer's national mind. The story is that of a young stepmother who falls in love with her stepson; and the author brings out very convincingly the cold calculation and almost unnatural control with which each of the lovers, under the influence of passion, tries to exculpate the other when they are accused jointly of the murder of the husband and father. Neither forgets for an instant the necessity for concealing the paternity of their child, and so preserving for it its legal inheritance. It would take a really great genius to give its full significance to such a plot; but within the limitations of his talent the author is very successful; there is no false sentiment, and the interest is maintained throughout.

M. R.

THE MIDNIGHT FOLK. By John Masefield. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Masefield, in his new book, has tried to produce a hybrid by crossing the *genres* of *Treasure Island* and *The Wind in the Willows*. Unfortunately the test of these things is not one that can be applied in so many words; it remains the fact that they are only justifiable if the author succeeds in bringing them off. Nonsense, like treason, is such only when it is unsuccessful. Stevenson and Mr. Kenneth Grahame both succeed in their respective manners; Mr. Masefield does not succeed in either. Whether he would have done so if he had confined himself to one or the other it is difficult to say. Probably the fantastic buccaneering vein would suit him best; for the other a seat at once light and secure is essential. When Mr. Masefield is light he is very far from secure; one expects to see him lose his stirrups at every jump, and he very often does so.

M. R.

REDEEMED. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

Only a few of the pieces in this book are fiction; a good many are descriptive essays; but all have Mr. Cunninghame Graham's peculiar quality of writing. He writes with difficulty, which is itself a distinction in a facile age; he writes not for the sake of writing, but for the sake of expressing something. He sometimes fails to convey his effect, and then his writing is a little thin; but for the most part he succeeds. Of the actual stories, *Promoted*, *La Virgen de la Cabeza* and *El Alcalde de Móstoles* catch the attention most vividly. There is an aristocratic quality in Mr. Cunninghame Graham's writing which accords well with these stories of Spain, of the olden courtly days; it is due to the sureness of his purpose. In that he must satisfy himself, and the less exacting approval of the world outside is nothing to him. The result is an unusual purity and exactness of colour and atmosphere. The two memorial pieces on Wilfred Scawen Blunt and Joseph Conrad are perfectly in tune with their subjects, and adequate in their kind; they haunt the memory.

M. R.

THE FINANCIER. By Theodore Dreiser. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

The dust-cover of this book is symbolic of its contents; it is black with a border of golden dollar signs. The dollar signs stand for the subject, which is an account of American financial methods; the blackness accords well with Mr. Dreiser's grim attitude towards them. This grimness is in some ways detrimental; it detracts a little from the reality of the book. The characters live, it is true; and Mr. Dreiser's method of writing as though he were recalling events and people rather than inventing them helps to give an atmosphere of actuality; but the discrepancy between an author who is the most rigid of moralists and his creatures who appear one and all to be without any principles whatever is too great. It gives an impression of something suppressed and distorted. But the book is both powerful and genuinely serious, and a certain Victorianism about the style is refreshing.

M. R.

THE SHADOW EROS. By Henry Chester Tracy. (E. P. Dutton.)

Mr. Tracy lives in a world of his own; so do many of us; but he has managed to make his private world a self-existent one. It is real to us, as well as to himself, although we cannot enter it; but we can look into it and see it real, in the round, with depth and perspective. It is as if he had been caught up into a soap-bubble; he can see us through his transparent rainbow walls, and we him; but the walls are there, and there can be no actual contact. This quality, which exists in all his writing, in *The Shadow Eros* emerges into the region of consciously apprehended fact. The book is called a fairy tale, but it is more truly an allegory; how far autobiographical one can only guess. The soap-bubble film about it makes it oddly elusive even though the story is quite straightforward and easy to follow. But it does not live, in the usual sense; it is to stories of the accepted kind as a mirage flung on the sky, or a reflection in a deep pool is to enduring man-made pictures. While it is there, it is more alive and real than are these; but for all its apparent permanence a little ruffling breeze will scatter it into disjointed fragments. And this story, too, gives the feeling that it might be shattered by a sudden wind into iridescent shivers. But while the wind is still, its lucent beauty holds us.

> One came new—and I do not know his name. He tethered beauty to the bareness of winter twigs, and out of mould made the aromas of spring; bred small inebriating things called flowers; duped the soul with daffodils, softened the voices of birds.

M. R.

THE DEATH OF A POOR MAN. By Franz Werfel. (Ernest Benn.) 6s. net.

This is a grim little story of the hardships of life in post-war Vienna. Herr Fiala is a worn-out old man of 64, struggling to keep a home and family together on the pay of a warehouse watchman. His life is insured, but the bonus is not payable if he dies before his 65th birthday. He falls ill and lies week after week in the hospital fighting with superhuman heroism to keep Death at bay, a calendar under his pillow. Not even Mr. Arnold Bennett has described a death-bed struggle more movingly. It is a fine story, and it has been well translated.

R. R.

THE NEW ADELPHI

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

MR. BALDWIN AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.—The text of Mr. Baldwin's Presidential address, delivered to the English Association on October 28, 1927, has just been published (Milford, 1s. net). It is wholly excellent. Dr. Mackail, who in all things retains a sense of critical moderation, said of it: "I do not think it is going too far to say that there is not another man in England who could have given it." This "condign praise" is justified, as such impromptu compliments seldom are, by the printed text. It may be a sentimental aberration—we prefer to think that it is a true instinct—by which we take some comfort in the thought that the man who made this speech is Prime Minister of England. Mr. Wells would be impatient of such a comfort; it would seem to him a finicking and irrelevant aestheticism. Nevertheless, we believe that only an Englishman of the finest strain, and of the most liberal culture, could have made this speech.

Mr. Baldwin spoke of the value of literature for life. He spoke not in generalities, but in terms of his own experience. He simply uttered aloud his memories of his childhood reading. A simple thing to do, it may be thought. On the contrary, nothing is easier than to strike a false note in such a speech—to exaggerate, to sentimentalize. Mr. Baldwin did neither. Further, he spoke as one for whom his early reading had remained precious and alive. And what good reading it was, ferreted out from a library by a small boy! "You may leave," he said, "a child with perfect safety in any library you like, and if that child has a natural turn for books he will take the right sustenance and thrive upon it." Mr. Baldwin had the natural turn. Here was the sustenance: Scott, the novels read aloud to an aunt, the poetry spouted to the country solitude; *Pilgrim's Progress*; *Morte d'Arthur*; Hone's *Every Day Book*; Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*; Kingsley's *Heroes* ("I remember someone lending me a book called *Tanglewood Tales*. I don't know how or why, but I felt Kingsley had the stuff in him and Hawthorne hadn't." Young Baldwin was wrong; but what boy of nine would not go wrong there?); *Sintram*; *Peter Simple* and *Midshipman Easy*; *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*; "two admirable volumes

by Miss Byrne and Miss Jackson on Shropshire folklore and Shropshire words"; and, at about thirteen, *John Inglesant*.

> I think that whatever fault you may find in that book—and I admit critics may find many faults—yet there are two passages in it that will live. There is about half a page describing the appearance of the ghost of Strafford to King Charles, which, I think, is about as fine as anything in our language, and the whole passage of the ride down to Minton of John and his brother Eustace, when Eustace is murdered by an Italian in the end. There is an atmosphere there which is unmistakable, and you have that kind of atmosphere in *The Beleaguered City* ["Shut up, Stalky" . . . Mr. Kipling and Mr. Baldwin are cousins], in Jonas Chuzzlewit's drive to Salisbury, in—to take a very different type of book—*Uncle Silas*, and in many other books. In *John Inglesant* you have it in concentrated essence, and I seldom go to bed in my room at Chequers, where there is a Tudor fireplace with the fire flickering on the ceiling, without seeing Eustace Inglesant's body lying on the hearthrug with the knife of the Italian in him. Now all these things are woven into one's very being.
>
> There are yet two more things I want to put before you which, I think, must have played their part in the lives of many children who were brought up at that time and who have preserved into their mature years a great love of their own tongue and a desire, so far as they can, to use that tongue in a worthy manner. Fifty years ago all children went to church, and they often went reluctantly, but I am convinced, looking back, that the hearing—sometimes almost unconsciously—of the superb rhythm of the English Prayer Book Sunday after Sunday, and the language of the English Bible leaves its mark on you for life. Though you may be unable to speak with these tongues, yet they do make you immune from rubbish in a way that nothing else does, and they enable you naturally and automatically to sort out the best from the second best and third best. And the other great advantage to us who lived in the country in those days was that we were brought up among the country people and we moved in and out on terms of perfect equality among the old country people of England. No one who has not done that can realize what the power of expression and speech is among these people, whom—and now I am going to use a beastly word—the *intelligentsia* would call illiterate. If we in our part of the world, the lineal descendants of Shakespeare, could have spoken our tongue to him, he would have understood it, and he would have heard more power of concentrated discussion among our folk than, I think, is represented in ninety-five per cent. of the books written by educated and intellectual people. I do not think that anything in my education, using the word in its widest sense, has stood me in better stead in after life than the close heart-to-heart knowledge that I had of our own common people.

That is a long quotation. It will have been worth making if it brings to others some of the intangible assurance it has given to ourselves. No matter who had spoken them, the words are worthy; sanity and sensitiveness are seldom found together. As the words of the Prime Minister of England they are important. It is something, and not a small thing, to know that the man who spoke them, and not one of the facile rhetoricians who sometimes speak for the Government, is at the head of our affairs.

POETRY AND PARAFFIN.—Hardly had we written the above when Mr. Churchill introduced his new Budget, with a tax of 4d. a gallon on petrol (which is reasonable) and on household paraffin (which is iniquitous). It may seem curious that *The New Adelphi* should concern itself with a matter which more obviously comes within the scope of our admirable contemporary, Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott's *The Countryman*. But this proposed tax, which we hope and believe will be in limbo by

the time these words appear, is an ironical commentary upon our previous note. For if, indeed, Mr. Baldwin has that close heart-to-heart knowledge of the people of the countryside which he claimed and we were eager to allow him, how could he have permitted his spectacular Chancellor of the Exchequer to impose a heavy tax on a prime necessity of rural life? Anyone who really knows life in a country village to-day knows that 4d. a gallon on paraffin is the virtual equivalent of a 33⅓ per cent. tax on gas and electricity in the towns. At the same moment to propose such a tax and to propose that all agricultural land should be relieved of rates is one of the most extraordinary confessions of ignorance of rural conditions and rural psychology ever made by an English government. "The farm-labourer's oil is to pay the farmer's rates!" The cry is inevitable, and it is just. As we write, there is a report that the mass of Conservative back-benchers have rebelled against this preposterous imposition on country life. They know that at the next election nothing could, and nothing should, save them, if they voted for it. To impose such a tax is deliberate suicide for the Conservative party; it is to make a present of the rural vote to Labour and Liberal. Even if the tax is withdrawn, as we believe it must be, the Conservative Party will be hard put to it to disentangle itself from the odium of having once proposed it.

The log-fire flickers in Mr. Baldwin's Tudor bedroom at Chequers; but the electric light burns steady. His memory of rural conditions is, we fear, after all only a romantic vision from the curtained windows of the big country house. But he might have remembered the song in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Country life is not all spring and daisies. There is winter.

> When icicles hang by the wall
> And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
> And Tom bears logs into the hall
> And milk comes frozen home in pail,
> When blood is nipped and ways be foul
> Then nightly sings the staring owl.
> Tu-whit;
> Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note
> While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

She keels it nowadays not by candle, nor alas by electric light, but by a paraffin lamp. Mr. Baldwin should have known it.

Education and the Church.—We have been told that our recent notes on the situation in the Church of England deal with matters which have ceased to have any vital interest. We are wasting space upon an anachronism. And perhaps, if the Church of England is to remain what it is, whether it has the New Prayer Book or the old, there would not be much excuse for our writing pages of print about it. We had better concern ourselves with the real and immediate questions that are raised in such abundance by Mr. Wells' latest collection of articles: "The Way the World is Going." A United States of Europe is better

worth worrying about than a United Church. And yet—let us confess it openly—we have a stubborn affection for the Church of England. It may be no more than a childish sentiment; but probably there are many of us who, having been brought up as members of the Church, find it hard to leave go the dream that the Church might yet become for them what they imagine (perhaps falsely) it was for their forefathers—the home of knowledge, and mysteries, and worship. That is our excuse for dealing with the situation in the Church of England.

We have already been warned by a *noli me tangere* note in *The Guardian* that our notion that the Church might take a step forward by surrendering the dogma of the bodily Resurrection is fantastic. But *The Guardian* gives no hint of how it proposes to deal with the diminution in quality and quantity of the candidates for ordination. The latest scheme is that the education of poor men should be subsidised. Sponsors will pay for their education. His Majesty the King has headed the list with £100. *The Times* has written a leader on the scheme, and all will be well. It is perhaps a thankless business to criticise a scheme so generous and beautiful; but a little realism may have its uses. How comes it, we would ask, that special subsidies are needed to educate men for the Church? The education, for which money is asked, is not specifically theological education—but simply education—higher education, as it is called. But poor men have no great difficulty in obtaining higher education nowadays. There are scholarships innumerable; thousands of poor men are educated by their means. Why is it that the would-be candidates for education—"of the highest quality" we are assured—cannot get scholarships like other poor men? Is it that the religious touch in their answers to the questions make them distasteful to the examiners—or is it simply that they are too ignorant? If not, why is there no need of a universal appeal to pay for the education of doctors, or barristers, or research scientists, or novelists, or civil servants? The answer is that less than average ability is a positive bar to entry into those professions; and it is no use subsidising it. Not so with the Church. For the Church to-day anything will do. That is what the appeal really means. So far from a remedy of weakness, it is a public confession of it.

It is a thousand pities. Some radical change is needed if the Church is still to remain the outpost of learning and culture through the countryside; and even though our dreams may be pronounced fantastic, we will confess them here. Let the Church make a real move to the liberal side: let its ideal be what the Catholic Church might have become had the influence of Erasmus prevailed. Let it conceive its function in worship as the commemoration of Jesus Christ; in teaching, as the exposition and propagation of His wisdom. *That* is inclusive enough. There is no truth to be discovered in heaven or earth that will not accord with that, without forcing or casuistry. It does not need much imagination to picture a Church which should be a true "university"; where

the life and death of Jesus would be the corporate symbol of the tragic contemplation of life, and all the spiritual wisdom of the ages would be gathered together; where men and women could be taught that the words of Jesus are not easy, but that they mean something that countless other heroes of science and art and life have also meant; where they would be made to feel, if they could not wholly understand, that *Othello* and the Crucifixion are not things apart, and that the wisdom of Nietzsche and the wisdom of Jesus have a likeness more intimate and important than their differences: a place where men and women, in perplexity and pain, could go not for an anodyne, but for some real understanding of their condition. In the Church as it is to-day, men and women can no longer look to the parson for help. He may be well-meaning, kind and charitable, but he lacks understanding: on the whole—the bright exceptions are, of course, not few—parsons have ceased to be on a level with the best knowledge of their time. The Church will never be actively important until they come abreast again. This end will not be achieved by subsidising men of less than average ability into the semblance of an education, and putting them in orders.

MR. H. G. WELLS AND RELIGION.—The opening chapters of Mr. H. G. Wells' new book, *The Open Conspiracy,** have been appearing lately in *T.P.'s Weekly*. They move swiftly, as Mr. Wells' mind also moves. In a half-dozen brief and brilliant chapters, religion is welcomed, declared indispensable, turned into something else, and given marching orders towards the goal of a unitary and better world. The steps in the evolution are plain enough, though the transitions between them are, as often in evolution, rather obscure. We start with religion, a two-fold movement towards inward perfection and outward service; next we reach modernized religion, which has indeed a certain inwardness, but Mr. Wells' book is not concerned with it.

> The modern religious life like all forms of religious life must needs have its own subtle and deep inner activities, its meditations, it self-confrontations, its phases of stress and search and appeal, its serene and prayerful moods, but these inward aspects do not come into the scope of this present inquiry, which is concerned entirely with the outward shape, the direction and the organization of modern religious effort, with the question of what, given religious devotion, we have to do and how that has to be done.

So we reach the third stage, "modern religion," *tout court*. "Religion modern and disillusioned, has for its outward task to set itself to the control and direction of political, social and economic life, or admit itself a mere drug for easing discomfort."

We have no impulse to criticise Mr. Wells' ideal. He has not yet expounded it in detail, nor the methods by which it is to be reached.

* Now published as a volume, "The Open Conspiracy: Blue Prints for a World Revolution." (Gollancz). 5s. net.

in so far as we are entitled to deduce them from his previous book, reviewed elsewhere in this issue, we are in hearty sympathy with his political aims. In this matter, we simply wish more power to Mr. Wells' elbow.

Nevertheless, we must point out that he is playing a vanishing trick with religion. His motives are clear and laudable. He has an immense desire to tap the religious energy of mankind for the service of his ideal; and because he feels that his own devotion to the ideal is religious in its intensity, he believes that the conversion of religious stock into Utopian bonds to bearer is a feasible operation for mankind in general.

We also believe that a conversion of the religious sentiment is desirable. But before we can discover on what terms it is possible, we need to have made up our minds what the religious sentiment is. We believe that M. Jules de Gaultier is right in holding that religion is essentially mystical: for Mr. Wells, on the contrary, mysticism is a deplorable aberration of religion. That is a natural and necessary attitude for Mr. Wells, whose bias is wholly towards action. The quietism and political indifference of mystical religion are abhorrent to him. But that cannot alter the fact that the mystical element in religion is the inward strength of religion: and in order that religion may be changed into something more obviously beneficial to the community, it has to be changed at the source. Mysticism itself needs to be made positive. That it can be so made the lives of the greatest religious leaders are evidence. But it cannot be done by Mr. Wells' methods.

Mr. Wells is impatient—good man that he is—for a better life for humanity; he is also sick to loathing of politicians. Can he not somehow appeal to the men of religion? Whether he can, or cannot, we shall not presume to say. But we are certain that his present appeal will not be heard. To use a fearful word, it lacks unction. It cannot appeal to the religious sentiment but only to the common-sense of men. Mr. Wells' phrasing betrays him. From some previous wise words of his we had imagined that he was aware of the danger. He had written: "Great intellectual tolerance is necessary—a cultivated disposition to translate and retranslate from one metaphysical or emotional idiom to another—if there is not to be a deplorable wastage of moral force in our world."

That is excellent.

But shortly afterwards, being eager to emphasise (what is surely true) that modern psychological knowledge has revolutionized the old Christian conception of sin, he gives us this disturbing example of translation: "We are no longer moved to be less wicked; we are moved to organize our conditioned reflexes and lead a life less fragmentary and silly."

That comes near to turning truth into falsehood by the manner of stating it. It is evident that intellectual tolerance is not enough; emotional sympathy and kindred experience are required.

These, we think, are lacking in Mr. Wells. He seems to miss the essential quality of religion. Perhaps, as we sometimes suspect, it is really alien to him: remote from his experience. Perhaps the likeness between religion and poetry escapes him altogether: certainly he seems to respond neither to the one nor the other. In the last resort he is always for doing, never for being; and because he is impatient of being, he is scarcely even aware that fine doing is the flower of fine being. In the old idiom, works without faith is as barren as faith without works. This is the open secret that keeps religion alive. Religion should by now be dead, and it would be dead, if only the alliance between fine being and fine doing could be as well maintained by other means. It is this means that the world-reformer should be at work to discover. To present only an ideal of fine doing, as Mr. Wells does, and to neglect the inseparable ideal of fine being, will not really carry us forward. There is nothing in this to fire men's souls, only something to arouse their minds. They will say, "Yes, that would be a good thing to do": they will not say, "Here am I, send me." For the truth is that the ideal of fine doing, without an ideal of fine being, is a great deal less fine (as doing) than man can imagine from past heroic example.

MR. CHESTERTON AND DEAN INGE.—A little sixpenny book by Dean Inge on "Protestantism" (Benn) has lately appeared. It is, of course, an interesting book, and, we think, a good one. Our intention here is neither to praise nor to criticise it, for the good reason that while with Protestantism as a creed we have little sympathy, with Protestantism as a spirit and impulse we have much. But in a recent issue of the Catholic newspaper, *The Universe*, Mr. G. K. Chesterton published a criticism of Dean Inge's book. That also we have no desire to criticise. But we do wish to record the utter weariness of spirit which came over us as we read Mr. Chesterton's vulgar polemic. For *vulgar* is the only word for it. To us, as we read, it seemed impossible that Mr. Chesterton can be defending a religion, and above all, impossible that he could be defending a religion which he holds dear. He begins by being simply rude to a book which he must know is at least able and dignified. "It may be well to jot down a few notes on it *before it is entirely forgotten.*" Throughout his argument he behaves in like manner. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*

Had Dean Inge's defence of Protestantism been crude and unmannerly as some Protestant polemic in past centuries has been, there might have been an excuse for Mr. Chesterton's reversion to barbarism. It was not. It was a serious and scholarly attempt to give within the scope of a sixpenny pamphlet some coherent account of the Protestant impulse. It was open to Mr. Chesterton to outdo Dean Inge in courtesy—to behave as a great Catholic like Bossuet knew how to behave to a schismatic—to demonstrate to the world that there is

(as indeed there is) a dignity and serenity in Catholicism. Instead of this, or an attempt at this, Mr. Chesterton is cheap and nasty. "Dean Inge," he cries, "toils through all these pages of doubts and distinctions only for the moment when he can liberate his soul in one wild roar of monomaniac absurdity." "Protestantism," he shouts again, "has done nothing for Dean Inge except give him a Deanery, which rather hampers his mental activity." What, we must ask, has Catholicism done for Mr. Chesterton, except to make him rancorous as well as noisy? Noisy the author of *Orthodoxy* always was; but once upon a time he was genial. Now he has become a vulgar mud-slinger. But we will not say, because we do not believe, that Catholicism has done this to Mr. Chesterton: he has done it to himself. He is as poor a recommendation of his religion as any drum-beating Orangeman is of his, and with far less excuse for his vulgarity.

To Help "The New Adelphi."—This number concludes the first volume of *The New Adelphi*. During the year we have made slow, but steady progress. The number of our direct annual subscribers, who are the mainstay of such a magazine as this, has been almost doubled. But we are still far from the security at which we aim. That will not be achieved until the present number of subscribers is doubled again.

This end cannot be attained without the active co-operation of our readers. It is, we know, an uncomfortable business to press the claims of a magazine like this upon one's friends: and we would prefer not to ask it of our readers. But there is no other way of increasing the circulation of a magazine which has no funds to spare for advertisement; and since we believe that in general our readers have the prosperity of *The New Adelphi* as much at heart as we ourselves, we appeal to them with confidence to help during the coming year.

There are various simple ways of giving help. The first is that those who are already subscribers should renew their subscriptions *promptly*, and save us the expense of reminding them. The second is that every reader should send us a list of names and addresses of those whom he knows or believes to be potential readers of *The New Adelphi*. A third is to arrange with one's bookseller or newsagent that he should stock the magazine; and (this also if he stocks it already) that he should keep it prominent upon his counter. A fourth—but there is no end to these things. If any reader who wishes to make some special effort for *The New Adelphi* will communicate with us, we shall be glad to suggest what would be most helpful to us in his or her particular circumstances.

The Editor.

MONEY

AGAIN, again it had come over him; he had scarcely swallowed a few mouthfuls of food when a painful heaviness seized him; a perspiration of faintness broke out on his forehead. He left his dinner untouched and leaned his head on his hand, sullenly indifferent to the landlady's officious solicitude. At length she went out sighing, and he lay down on the sofa meaning to rest, but in reality to listen with alarm and attention to torturing sounds within him. The faintness did not pass off; his stomach seemed to have become a heavy stone, and his heart throbbed with rapid, irregular beats: from sheer exhaustion he perspired as he lay. Ah, if he could only sleep!

After an hour the landlady knocked: she handed him a telegram. He opened it in alarm and read "19.10. 7.84. Coming to-night. Rose." What this might mean he simply could not grasp; bewildered, he stood up and read through the numbers and words, and at length understood: his married sister Rosa would arrive this evening and, of course, he must go and meet her. Probably she was coming to do some shopping, and he felt annoyed at the hasty, feminine thoughtlessness and disregard for others, which disturbed him for no reason at all. He paced up and down the room, irritated because his evening was spoiled. He was thinking how comfortably he would have rested on his old sofa, soothed by the humming of his faithful lamp, with a book in his hand; he had passed weary and tedious hours there, but now for some unknown reason, they seemed to him especially attractive, full of wise musings and very peaceful. A wasted evening, an end to rest. Full of childish and resentful bitterness, he tore the luckless telegram to fragments.

But that evening, when he was waiting in the lofty, cold, damp station for the belated train, a wider feeling of distress took possession of him: distress at the squalor and poverty around him, the weary folk who arrived, the disappointment of those who had been waiting in vain. With difficulty he found his fragile little slip of a sister in the thick of the hurrying crowd. Her eyes were frightened and she was dragging a heavy trunk along; and at once he saw that something serious had happened. He put her into a cab and took her straight home. During the journey it occurred to him that he had neglected to find a room for her; he asked her if she would like to go to an hotel, but this only evoked an outburst of tears. He really could do nothing with her in that state, so he gave it up, took her thin, nervous hand in his, and was immensely cheered when she at length looked up at him with a smile.

Once at home he looked closely at her and was alarmed. Distressed, trembling, strangely excited, with flaming eyes and parched lips, she sat there on his sofa, supported by the cushions which he heaped round

her, and talked. . . . He asked her to speak softly, for it was already night. "I have run away from my husband," she burst out, talking quickly. "Ah, if you knew, George, if you knew what I have had to bear! If you knew how hateful he is to me! I have come to you to advise me," and then she burst into a flood of tears.

Gloomily George paced the room. One word after another called up before him a picture of her life with an overfed, money-grubbing, and vulgar husband, who insulted her before the servant, was ill-timed and immoderate in his affection, plagued her with endless scenes about nothing, foolishly squandered her dowry, was self-indulgent at home, and at the same time spent extravagantly on the silly whims of a hypochondriac. He heard the story of food doled out bite by bite, of reproaches, humiliations and cruelty, shabby generosity, frenzied and brutal quarrels, exacted love, stupid and overbearing taunts. . . . George paced the room choking with disgust and sympathy: it was intolerable, he could not endure this endless torrent of shame and pain. And there sat the small, fragile, capricious girl whom he had never thoroughly known, his proud and violent little sister; she had always been combative, and refused to listen to reason, her eyes used to flash wickedly when she was a small girl. There she sat, her chin quivering with sobs and with the ceaseless torrent of words, exhausted and feverish. George wanted to soothe her, but was half afraid. "Stop," he said roughly, "that will do, I know all about it." But he was powerless to restrain her.

"Don't," wept Rosa, "I have no one but you." Then the stream of complaints began again, more broken, at greater length, in calmer tones: details were repeated and incidents enlarged upon. Suddenly Rosa stopped and asked:

"And you, George, how are you getting on?"

"As for me," grumbled George, "I can't complain. But tell me, won't you go back to him?"

"Never," declared Rosa excitedly. "That is impossible. I'd rather die than . . . If you only knew what it was like!"

"Yes, but wait," observed George. "In that case, what do you think of doing?"

Rosa expected that question. "I made up my mind about that a long time ago," she said warmly. "I will give lessons or go somewhere as a governess, to an office or anywhere. . . . You will see how I can work. I will get my living all by myself, and be so happy, so happy doing anything. You must advise me. . . . I will find a room somewhere, just a little one. . . . Tell me, something will turn up, won't it?" She could not sit still for excitement, but jumped up and paced the room beside her brother with an eager face: "I have thought it all out. I will take the furniture, the old furniture you know, which belonged to our parents; wait till you see. I really want nothing, but to be left in peace. I don't mind if I am poor, if only I don't have

to . . . I want nothing else, nothing more in life than that, so little will suffice! I shall be satisfied with anything only if I am right away from—from all that. I am looking forward to working, I will do all my own sewing and sing over it—I have not sung for years. Ah, Georgie, if you only knew!"

"Work," reflected George doubtfully. "I don't know if any can be found—and anyway you are not accustomed to that, Rosy, it will be hard for you, very hard."

"No," retorted Rosa with flashing eyes. "You don't know what it has been to be reproached for every mouthful, every rag, for everything. . . . All the time to be told that you don't work but only spend. . . . I should like to tear off all these things, it's all become so hateful to me. No, Georgie, you will see how glad I shall be to work, how happily I shall live. I shall enjoy every mouthful, even if it is only dry bread: I shall be proud of it. With pride I shall sleep, dress in calico, cook for myself. . . . Tell me, I can be a working woman, can't I? If nothing else turns up I will go into a factory . . . I am looking forward to it all so much!"

George gazed at her with delighted astonishment. Heavens, what radiance, what courage in such a downtrodden life! He was ashamed of his own effeminacy and weariness; he thought of his own work with sudden warmth and happiness, infected by the ardent vitality of this strange, feverish girl. She had really become a young girl again, blushing, animated, childishly naïve. Oh, it will turn out all right, how can it fail to?

"I shall manage, you'll see," said Rosa, "I want nothing from anyone, I will support myself, and I will really earn, at least enough to provide for myself, and have a few flowers on the table. And if I had no flowers there I would go into the street and just look at them. . . . You cannot imagine how each thing has filled me with happiness since—I decided to run away. How beautifully, delightfully different everything looks! A new life has begun for me. . . Till now I never understood how beautiful everything is. Ah, Georgie," she exclaimed with tears running down her face, "I am so happy."

"Little silly," Georgie smiled at her, delighted. "It will not be so easy. Well, we will try it. But now lie down, you mustn't make yourself ill. Don't talk to me any more now, please. I have something to think over, and in the morning I will let you know. Go to sleep now and let me think."

Nothing that he could say would induce her to take his bed; she lay down fully dressed on the sofa, he covered her with everything warm he had and turned down the lamp. It was quiet; only her rapid, childish breathing seemed to appeal to heaven for sympathy. George gently opened the window to the cool October night. The peaceful, lofty sky was bright with stars. Once in their father's house they had stood by the open window, he and little Rosa; she, shivering with cold,

pressed close to him, as they waited for falling stars. "When a s
falls," whispered Rosa, "I shall ask to be changed into a boy, and
something glorious." Ah, father was asleep as soundly as a log: t
bed could be heard creaking under his ponderous fatigue. And Geor
filled with a feeling of importance, meditated on something grand
with masculine gravity protected little Rosa, who was trembling w
cold and excitement.

Over the garden a star shot across the sky.

"George," Rosa's voice called him softly from the room.

"All right, directly," answered George shivering with excitement
cold.

Yes, to do something great: there was no other way out. Po
foolish creature, what great deed did you want to do? You have y
burden to bear; if you want to do something fine carry a greater or
the greater your burden, the greater are you. Are you a weakli
sinking under your own burden? Rise and help to support one who
fainting: you cannot do otherwise unless you would fall yourself.

"George," called Rosa in a hushed voice.

George turned where he stood at the window. "Listen," he be
hesitatingly. "I have thought it out. . . I think that—you will n
find work to suit you. . . . There is work enough, but you will
earn enough to—oh, it's nonsense."

"I shall be satisfied with anything," said Rosa quietly.

"No, wait a moment. You really don't know what it means.
see, I have quite a fair salary now, I am glad to say, and I could
afternoon work, too. Sometimes I really do not know what to do.
It is quite enough for me. And I could let you have money—"

"What money?" murmured Rosa.

"My share from our parents and the interest which has accumulate
that makes about five thousand a year. No, not five thousand, or
four. . . It is only the interest, you understand? It has occurred
me that I could let you have that interest, so that you might ha
something."

Rosa bounded off the sofa. "That is not possible," she cr
excitedly.

"Don't scream," growled George. "It's only the interest, I tell y
Whenever you don't want it you need not draw it out. But now, j
for the beginning . . ."

Rosa stood like an amazed little girl. "But that will not do, w
would you have?"

"Oh, don't trouble about that," he protested, "I have thought
a long time that I should like to get afternoon work, but—I was asham
to take work away from my colleagues. However, you see how I liv
I shall be glad to have something to do. That's how it is; you und
stand, don't you? That money only hindered me. So now, do y
want it or not?"

"I do," sighed Rosa, approaching him on tiptoe, flinging her arms round his neck and pressing her moist little face to his. "George," she whispered, "I never dreamed of this; I swear to you that I wanted nothing from you, but since you are so good—"

"Never mind," he said, deeply stirred. "That's beside the point. That money really does not matter to me, Rosa; when a man is fed up with life, he must do something. . . . But what can one do all alone? In spite of all efforts one can only come face to face with oneself again in the end; you know, it is like living surrounded by nothing but mirrors, and whenever one looks in them there is only one's own face, one's own boredom, one's own loneliness. . . . If you knew what that means! No, Rosa, I do not want to tell you about myself, but I am so glad that you are here, so glad that this has happened. Look how many stars there are: do you remember how once at home we watched for falling stars?"

"No, I don't remember," said Rosa, turning a pale face to his; in the dim frosty light he saw her eyes shining like stars. "Why are you like this?"

He thrilled with pleasant excitement and stroked her hair. "Don't talk about the money. It is so dear of you to come to me. Heavens, how glad I am, as if a window had opened—among the mirrors. Can you imagine it? I really only cared for myself. I was sick of myself, tired of myself, but I had nothing else. . . . Oh, there was no sense in it at all. Do you remember, when the stars fell, what you asked for then? What would you ask for to-night if a star fell?"

"What should I ask?" Rosa smiled sweetly. "Something for myself. . . No, something for you, for something to happen for you."

"I have nothing to wish for, Rosa, I am so glad to have got rid. . . Now, how will you arrange? Wait, to-morrow I will find you a nice room with a pleasant outlook. From here, you only look on to the yard; in the daytime, when there are no stars shining, it is a trifle depressing. But we must find something better for you, something more open." Quite excited and enthusiastic, he strode about the room planning out the future, eagerly picturing each new detail, laughing, talking, promising all sorts of things. . . Of course, lodging, work, money, would all be forthcoming; the main thing was that this would be a new life. He felt how her eyes shone in the darkness, smiling, following him with their ardent brightness; his heart was so full that he could have laughed for joy; he did not think of resting till exhausted, worn out by sheer happiness and too much talking, they fell into long pauses of weariness, in utter harmony.

At last he made her lie down; she did not resist his quaint, motherly solicitude, and could not even thank him; but when he looked up from the piles of newspapers in which he was glancing through advertisements of lodgings and agencies, he found her eyes fixed on him with

an ardent and strange brilliancy, and his heart was wrung w happiness. Thus morning found him.

Yes, it was a new life. His wretched lassitude was gone now as swallowed a hasty dinner, then strode through countless houses in sear of a room, coming home perspiring like a hunting dog and happy a bridegroom, and settling down in the evening to plough through pie of extra work, until he finally fell asleep worn out and enthusias over a profitable day. But he had, alas! to put up with a room with a pleasant outlook, a detestable room, upholstered in plush and o rageously dear, where he placed Rosa, for the present. Sometim indeed, in the course of his work he was attacked by faintness a weakness, his eyelids would tremble, a sweat from giddiness breaki out on his suddenly livid brow; but he succeeded in mastering this, his teeth and laid his hand on the cold slab of the table, saying re lutely: Bear it—you must bear it—indeed, you are not living for yo self alone. In this way he did feel better and better as day follow day. This was a new life.

Suddenly one day he had an unexpected visit. It was his ot sister Tylda; she was married to a manufacturer in a small way who w not doing well and lived some little distance out of town. She alw called on him when she came ... e for anything—on business tri for she looked after every... She used regularly to sit w eyes cast down and talk in ... rases of her three children a her many worries as if there ... else in the world. To-da however, she alarmed him; s... ... ing heavily, struggling her cobweb of ceaseless cares, an... disfigured by writing a sewing, touched his heart and made it ache with sympathy. Tha heaven, she got out brokenly, the children were well and good, but t workshop was not going well, machines were worn out; she was ju looking for a purchaser.

"And so Rosa is here?" she suddenly said in a half-questioning to vainly trying to raise her eyes. Strange to say, wherever her ey rested there was a hole in the carpet, frayed furniture covers, somethi old, shabby, and neglected. Somehow or other neither he nor R had paid any attention to such things. This vexed him, and he look away; he was ashamed to meet her eyes, keen as needles and relentl as unceasing care.

"She has run away from her husband," she began indifferent "Says that he plagued her. Perhaps he did, but everything has cause."

"He had cause, too," she went on, failing to provoke questio "You see, Rosa is—I don't know how to put it . . ." She was sile stitching with heavy eyes at a large hole in the carpet. "Rosa isn' housewife," she began after a time. "And, of course, she has children, need not work, has no cares, but—"

George looked gloomily out of the window.

"Rosa is a spendthrift," Tylda *forced out of herself*. "She has run him into debt, you see. . . . Have you noticed what her linen is like?"

"No."

Tylda sighed and made as if wiping something from her forehead. "You've no idea what it costs. . . . She buys, say, furs, for thousands, and then sells them for a few hundred to pay for boots. She used to hide the bills from him: then there came summonses. . . . Do you know about this?"

"No. He and I are not on speaking terms."

Tylda nodded. "He is queer, of course, I don't dispute it. . . . But when she does not mend a scrap of linen for him, and when she herself goes about like a duchess—tells him lies—and carries on with other men—"

"Stop," begged George in anguish.

Tylda's sad eyes mended a torn bed cover. "Perhaps she has offered you," she asked uncertainly, "to housekeep for you? Suggested your taking larger lodgings—and that she should cook for you?"

George's heart contracted painfully. This had never occurred to him. Nor had it to Rosa. Heavens, how happy he would be! "I should not want her to," he said sharply, controlling himself by main force.

Tylda succeeded in raising her eyes. "Perhaps she would not want it either. She has got him here—her officer. They transferred him to Prague. That's why she ran away— and has taken up with him—a married man. Of course, she has said nothing about it to you."

"Tylda," he said, hoarsely, withering her with his glance, "you lie."

Her hands and face quivered, but she would not give in yet. "See for yourself," she stammered. "You are too kind-hearted. I would not have said this if—if I were not sorry for you. Rosa never cared for you. She said you were—"

"Go!" he cried, beside himself with rage. "For God's sake leave me in peace!"

Tylda rose slowly. "You should—you should get better lodgings, George," she said with dignified calm. "Look how dirty this place is. Would you like me to send you a little box of pears?"

"I don't want anything."

"I must be off. . . . How dark it is here. . . . Dear, dear, George; well, good-bye, then."

The blood throbbed in his temples, his throat contracted; he tried to work, but he had only just sat down when he broke his pen in a rage, sprang to his feet and hurried round to see Rosa. He ran to her place in a sweat and rang: the landlady opened the door, and said that the young lady had been out since the morning: was there any message?

"It doesn't matter," growled George, and shuffled home as though

carrying an immense load. There he sat down to his papers, leaned his head on his hand and began to study; but an hour went by and he had not turned over a page; dusk was followed by darkness, and he did not light up. Then the bell rang in a breezy, cheery way, there was a rustle of skirts in the passage and Rosa flew into the room. "You are asleep, Georgie?" She smiled tenderly. "Why, how dark it is here; where are you?"

"Eh? I have been busy," he remarked drily. There was an air of chilliness in the room and an exceedingly pleasant scent.

"Listen," she began cheerfully.

"I wanted to go round to you," he interrupted, "but I thought perhaps you would not be at home."

"Why, where should I have been?" she asked in genuine wonder. "Oh, how nice it is here. Georgie, I am so glad to be with you." Joy and youth breathed from her and she was radiant with happiness. "Come and sit by me," she said, and when he was seated beside her on the sofa she slipped her arm round his neck and repeated, "I am so happy, Georgie." He rested his face against her cold fur, bedewed with autumn mist, let himself be rocked gently, and thought: Suppose she has been somewhere, what is that to me after all? At any rate, she has come back to me at once. But his heart grew faint and oppressed with a strange mixture of keen pain and a sweet odour.

"What is the matter, Georgie?" she cried in shrill alarm.

"Nothing," he said as though lulled. "Tylda has been here."

"Tylda," she repeated, dismayed. "Let go of me," she said, after a while. "What did she say?"

"Nothing."

"Come now, she spoke of me, didn't she? Did she say anything horrid?"

"Well, yes—a few things."

Rosa burst into wrathful tears. "The nasty creature. She is always jealous of everything I have. How can I help it if things go badly with them. She must have come because—because she found out what you had been doing for me. If things went better with them, she would forget all about you. It is so disgusting. She wants everything for herself—for her children—those horrid children."

"Don't talk about it," entreated George.

But Rosa went on crying. "She wants to spoil everything for me. I have scarcely begun to have a happier life when she comes along, slandering me and wanting to take things from me. Tell me, do you believe what she has been saying?"

"No."

"I really want nothing more than to be free. Haven't I a right then to be a little more happy? I want so little, and was so happy here, George, and then she comes along—"

"Don't worry about that," he said, and went to light the lamp.

stopped crying at once. He looked at her closely, as though for first time. She was looking at the floor, her lips were trembling. how pretty and youthful! She had on new clothes, small gloves, close-fitting that they seemed ready to burst; and silk stockings oed from under her skirt. Her little nervous hands played with threads of the worn sofa-covering.

Excuse me," he said sighing. "I have some work to do just now." ie obeyed and rose. "Ah, Georgie," she began, and did not know r to go on. With hands clasped against her breast, she gave him a ., agonized glance and stood there, white-lipped, like an image of :. "Don't be anxious," he said briefly, and turned to his work.

Next day he was sitting over his papers until twilight. He comed himself to work mechanically, smoothly and unheedingly, and ed himself to go quicker and quicker; but all the time he was king there grew and deepened within him a keen sense of pain. sently Rosa came in. "Go on writing," she whispered. "I shall disturb you." She sat down quietly on the sofa, but he felt that passionate, sleep-robbed, vigilant eyes never left him.

"Why didn't you come to me?" she burst out suddenly. "I was home to-day." He felt in this a confession which touched him. laid down his pen and turned to her; she was dressed in black like enitent, paler than usual, folded in her lap were her appealing little ıds, which even from where he sat he felt must be cold.

"It is rather chilly there," he observed apologetically, and tried to k as usual without making reference to the happenings of the previous '. She replied humbly and gently like a grateful child.

"About Tylda, you know," the words came all at once, "the reason ıgs go so badly with them is that her husband is a duffer. He stood ety for someone and then had to pay . . . It is his own fault, and ought to have thought of his children; but then, he doesn't underad anything. He had an agent who robbed him, and yet goes on sting everyone. You know they are suing him for fraudulent ıkruptcy?"

"I know nothing about it," George turned it off: he saw that she had n brooding over it all night, and felt somehow ashamed. Rosa was aware of his quiet rebuff: she lost her temper, got excited, and nediately played her highest card: "They wanted my husband to them, but he obtained information and simply laughed at them right. To give them money, he said, would be to throw it away; y have three hundred thousand of liabilities. . . . A man would be ol to put a single heller into that: he would lose it all."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"So that you might know," she forced herself to a gentle tone. You know you are so kind-hearted, you would very likely let yourself deprived of everything."

"You are very kind," he said without taking his eyes from her.

She was highly strung, burning with desire to say something more, but his scrutiny made her uneasy; she began to be afraid that she had gone too far. She asked him to find her some work so that she might be a burden to no one, no one at all; she could live with strictly limited expenditure; she felt she ought not to have such expensive lodgings. . . . Now at last perhaps she would offer to housekeep for him. He waited with beating heart, but she looked away towards the window and began on something else.

The next day he received the following letter from Tylda:

> DEAR GEORGE,
>
> I am sorry we parted under such a misunderstanding. If you knew all I am sure you would read this letter differently. We are in a desperate position. If we succeeded in paying off that fifty thousand we should be saved, for our business has a future, and in two years it would begin to pay. We would give you every guarantee for the future if you would let us have the money now. You would be part proprietor of the works and take a share of the proceeds as soon as the business began to pay. If you will come and look at our establishment you will see for yourself that it has a future. You will also get to know our children better, and see how nice and good they are and so diligent, and you will not have the heart to ruin their whole future. Do it, at least, for the children, for they are of our blood, and Charles is already big and intelligent and gives promise of a great future. Forgive me for writing this, we are in a fine flutter and are quite sure that you will come to our rescue and become fond of our children, for you have a kind heart. Be sure and come. When little Tylda is grown up she will be glad to be housekeeper to her uncle, you will see what a darling she is. If you don't help us my husband will never get over it and these children will be beggars.
>
> Kind love, dear George, from your unhappy sister,
>
> TYLDA.
>
> P.S.—With regard to Rosa, you said that I told lies. When my husband comes to Prague he will bring you proofs. Rosa does not deserve your support and generosity, for she has brought shame on us. She had better go back to her husband, he will forgive her, and she ought not to rob innocent children of their bread.

George flung the letter aside. He felt bitter and disgusted, the unfinished work on his table presented an air of hopeless triviality. Disgust rose in a painful lump in his throat; he left everything and went round to Rosa. He was already on the steps before her door when he changed his mind with a sudden jerk of his hand, came down again, and strolled aimlessly about the street. He saw in the distance a young woman in furs on an officer's arm; he started running after them like a jealous lover, but it was not Rosa. He saw a pair of bright eyes in a woman's face, heard a laugh on rosy lips, saw the woman radiating and exhaling happiness, full of trust and joy and beauty. Wearily he returned home at last. On his sofa lay Rosa in tears. Tylda's open letter fell to the floor.

"Miserly creature," she sobbed passionately, "and not ashamed of herself. She wants to rob you of everything, Georgie; don't give her anything, don't believe a word of it. You can't understand what a crafty, avaricious woman she is. Why does she pursue me like that? What have I done to her? For the sake of your money—to slander

me in that way! It is only—only because of your money. It is really monstrous!"

"She has children, Rosa," George observed gently.

"That is her own look-out," she cried fiercely, choking with sobs. "She has always robbed us and only cares for money. She married for money, even when she was little she boasted that she would be rich. She is absolutely disgusting, vulgar, stupid—tell me, Georgie, what is there in her? You know what she was like when things went better with them—fat, insolent, unfriendly. And now she wants—to rob me. . . . George, would you let her? Would you get rid of me? I would rather drown myself than go back."

George listened with bowed head. Yes, this girl was fighting for everything, for her love and happiness; she wept with rage, she cried out in passionate hatred against everyone, against Tylda, and even against himself who could take everything from her. Money—the word stung George like a whip whenever she said it; it struck him as shameless, disgusting, offensive.

"It was like a miracle to me when you offered me money," wept Rosa. "It meant for me freedom—everything. You offered it yourself, Georgie, and you should not have offered it at all if you meant to take it away again. Now, when I am counting on it—"

George was no longer listening. Remotely he heard reproaches, lamentations, sobs. He felt humiliated beyond measure. Money, money, but was it only a question of money? O God, how had it come about? What had coarsened the careworn, motherly Tylda. Why was the other sister wailing? Why had his own heart grown hard and indifferent? What had money to do with it at all? In a strange way he was aware of his power to hurt Rosa, and of an inexplicable desire to wound her by saying something cruel, humiliating, and masterful.

He rose with a certain lightness. "Wait," he said coldly. "It is my own money. And I," he concluded with a magnificent gesture of dismissal, "shall think it over."

Rosa sprang up with eyes full of alarm. "You—you—" she stammered. "But at all events—that's understood. Please, Georgie—perhaps you did not understand me—I didn't mean that—"

"All right," he broke in drily. "I say I shall think it over."

A gleam of hatred blazed in Rosa's eyes; but she bit her lip, and went out with bowed head.

Next day there was a new visitor waiting in his room: Tylda's husband, an awkward, blushing man, full of embarrassment and dog-like submissiveness. George, choking with shame and fury, refrained from sitting down, so as to compel his visitor to stand.

"What is your business?" he said, in the impersonal tone of an official.

The awkward man shivered and forced out of himself: "I—I—that is,

a—has sent some documents—which you asked for—" and began
unt feverishly in his pockets.

: certainly did not ask for any papers," said George with a negative
, of his hand. There was a painful pause.

'ylda wrote to you, brother-in-law," began the unfortunate
esman, blushing more than ever, "that our business, to put it
:ly, if you would like to be a partner—"

eorge purposely let him flounder.

.he fact is—things are not so bad, and if you were a partner, to
it shortly, our undertaking has a future, and as one who . . .
ed—"

ie door opened softly and there stood Rosa. She became petrified
ie sight of Tylda's husband.

What is the matter?" said George sharply.

Georgie," gasped Rosa.

am engaged," George rebuffed her, and turned to his guest. "I
your pardon."

osa did not stir.

'lda's husband perspired with shame and terror. "Here are—please
ese proofs, letters which her husband wrote us and other papers
cepted—"

osa clutched at the door for support. "Show me them," said
e. He took the letters and feigned to read the first, but then
ied them all in his hand and gave them to Rosa. "There you are,"
niled malevolently. "And now excuse me. And don't go to the
to draw anything out: you would go for nothing."

osa retreated without a word, her face ashen.

Well now, your business," continued George hoarsely, closing the

'es, the prospects are—of the very best, and if there were capital
at is, of course, without interest—"

Listen," George interrupted unceremoniously. "I know that you
o blame; I am informed that you are not provident or—business-
—"

: would do my best," stammered Tylda's husband, gazing at him
pleading, dog-like eyes, from which George turned away.

How can I put any confidence in you?" he asked, shrugging
ioulders.

: assure you—that I would value your confidence—and all that is
ible—we have children, brother-in-law."

terrible, intense, embarrassing feeling of sympathy wrung George's
.. "Come in a year's time," he finished, holding on to the last
nent of his shattered will.

in a year's time . . . Oh God . . ." groaned Tylda's husband,
his pale eyes filled with tears.

Good-bye," said George, extending his hand.

Tylda's husband did not see the proffered hand. He made for the door and stumbled over a chair, groping vainly for the door-knob. "Good-bye," he said in a broken voice at the door, "and—thank you."

George was alone. A sweat of intense weakness burst out on his forehead. He arranged the papers on his table once more and called the landlady; when she arrived he was pacing the room with both hands pressed to his heart; he forgot what he wanted her for.

"Stop," he cried, as she was going out, "if to-day, to-morrow, or any time my sister Rosa comes, tell her that I am not well and that . . I would rather not see anyone."

Then he stretched himself on his old sofa, fixing his eyes on a new spider's web freshly spun in the corner above his head.

KAREL ČAPEK.

(*Translated by Francis P. Marchant.*)

REMARKS ON ACTION

When we have written something for our own instruction or for the appeasement of the heart, there is great likelihood that our reflections will be useful still to many others; for no one is alone of his kind; and we are never so true, nor so vivid, nor so touching as when we deal with things for ourselves.—Vauvenargues.

FOR most men action is only a means; for some it is a spiritual need.

The man of action is only interested in that which is capable of being changed.

The taste for action arises from the need to modify the order of things, and from the feeling that one has the power to do so.

In action everything hinges on the knowledge and leading of men.

We should perhaps reserve the title *man of action* to him who loves action for its own sake, not for its gains. Do we call lovers those who make money of love?

Naturally no man is insensible to the advantages which he derives from his action, and it is thus very difficult to say in what measure action is loved for itself and in what measure for its gains. But is it easier to separate love from its advantages?

A true man of action will have no dread of even the greatest social upheavals, knowing that there will always be men to understand and lead.

"Life is no more than pursuit," said a Greek philosopher. Can one imagine any better justification for action which derives its values and its joys only from its own exercise?

Action is perhaps the least pretentious usage of life.

The man of action is immune from metaphysical anxieties. For him the mystery of man suffices.

Like absorption in ideas, the craving for action is generally the indication of a certain abdication of the heart.

§

TO act is to disengage from the tangle of facts and circumstances the simple question which may at that moment be resolved.

The man of action loves his age.

He is not born for greatness who can only feel at ease in the discarded robes of former times.

If the weak deny their age it is because they turn their impotence into a grudge.

When a man of action writes his memoirs he has ceased to understand his time.

For a man who has mastered it an age never loses the flavour of its first impression.

Activity is born of feeling; great action rises in the heart.

To act, it is not necessary to believe in anything but in one's action. Thus, contrary to what one might suppose, the way of affairs is the only one in which those can persevere who feel too deeply the vanity of all effort.

Nature can do no greater service to a man of action than in depriving him of all curiosity about himself.

Desire for action and for an interior life cannot share a heart without rending it.

It seems that Nature cannot kindle a spark within man's heart without inflaming the whole retinue of his desires. Thus, she only knows how to be generous in overwhelming him with her gifts.

What tragic impotence is that of the man who is at the call of too many loves!

Posterity allows only one title to glory—she needs to classify her heroes. She rounds off the unity of their lives until she has incased them in a formula, as though she judged unworthy of her all those who have dispersed their hearts.

A man of action should not yield to the luxury of writing. Action is a jealous mistress; she will not hesitate to banish from her joys whoso should neglect her for the Muses.

The vain accumulation of knowledge renders unfit for deeds, depriving the spirit of that divine simplicity which is all the art of action.

We have only one heart to offer; all that is given to action is taken from love.

Those whom the tyranny of action has robbed of the joys of love are sometimes apt to indulge in regrets, as though they found in them a recompense for their own renouncements.

To love—that is to compare no longer.

§

THE taste for politics and for business are only two forms of the desire to convince.

There are men, born to convince, who seem only to become conscious of their own ideas when they come to defend them.

Whether in politics, in finance, diplomacy, or business, there is no problem of action, however complex it be, to which one should not first of all apply simple common sense.

The common sense solution is the last to be thought of by the specialist.

It is often on the borderline of absurdity that the most happy solution is to be found.

The man of action knows how to discover beneath the question which is asked him the question which is there.

It is an error to think that a decision results from an examination of the facts and circumstances in the same way as the conclusion of a syllogism follows from the premisses. A decision transcends any such determinism ; it is the voice of instinct. It can no more prove its case than can an axiom.

As in love, so in business, there comes the moment to let oneself go.

§

IF every word corresponded to a thing there would not be so many declining businesses.

In politics it is more important to justify oneself than to act, so that words take on more importance than things.

Crowds are not convinced by reasons but by words.

The moment control is divided in any enterprise, words enter with all their train of errors.

The man of action cannot long be satisfied with plans. What in him is taken for impatience is often only the need to come more quickly to realities.

It is very rare that a man of action believes in the value of one of his ideas before all contact with reality.

There is no undertaking, however vast, of which one cannot lay the first foundation even in the moment that it is conceived.

A man of action does not stop to deplore that which runs contrary to his plans. He accepts it as new data for the problem he has to solve.

If you wish to please a man of action, do not talk to him of what he has done but of what he can do.

§

AUTHORITY is, above all, penetration.

Authority is a taste. One does not excel in the government of men unless one derives from it one's greatest joy.

Authority is perhaps no more than this—to make one's own aims the ideals of others.

All those who have exercised great authority were themselves the servants of a high ideal. No one could elicit real devotion from others for ends that were strictly personal to himself.

The benevolence of men of action bears always the mark of their despotism.

§

THE true chief reserves himself for that which he alone can do.

No more energy is needed to control a vast organisation than to lead a quartette. The gift suffices.

In leading men the chief remains almost completely untouched by the various emotions which arise in daily life from the relations between human beings. In fact, for him the men he governs are no more than abstractions. Why should we be surprised, then, that he who gives proof of so much energy in act should be so weak in matters of the heart?

Psychological penetration is not another faculty added to those of our senses. It is an employment of the senses which to some extent replaces their more immediate use, which is the exterior perception of things. The psychologist perceives, of course, these appearances; but he does not retain them, not having delivered them to his memory as acquisitions worthy of retention. Rather has he used them, or, shall we say, converted them into cash wherewith to purchase a knowledge of beings in themselves and of their true relations.

The chief's character is hardly known in its complexity except by some few men in constant contact with him and in some sort associated with his *rôle*. It is under their eyes that those decisions become incarnate which will be transmitted to the whole organism. They see them ripen and receive them still imbued with the feelings which gave them birth, before they have taken upon themselves the impersonality and rigidity of laws, thus to impose not only upon us but upon him also who decreed them.

There is an anger which belongs to those alone who have power, be it derived from fortune or capacity. Attributing to themselves the right to coerce others or the power to convince them, such men become in the end incapable of conceiving that there may be obstacles to their plans. In that they resemble very young children whose exactions know no restraint. Thus the rage of a despot is not so far removed as one might suppose from the caprice of a child.

To measure one's words is not necessarily to soften their expression; it is to have foreseen and accepted their extreme consequences.

§

FOR him who is dominated by the passion for action money has only a representative value.

Private enterprise demands the same unselfishness as public affairs. Even though it be in the hands of a man a business has none the less its own existence and its own ends. We should serve it as we should the State.

It is the manifold results achieved daily which give a man of action the patience necessary for great undertakings.

Whilst his intelligence is focussed on the daily task, the man of action leaves his distant aims to the keeping of his heart.

In the last resort all great enterprises are reducible to the same thing. Their infinite diversity resolves itself into this abstract quest, the poetry or, if you will, the mathematics of action.

The man of action rarely expatiates on his great ambitions.

The contempt in which action is held by those whom we are accustomed to call intellectuals arises from the fact that they are generally ignorant of its true springs.

There is perhaps something naïve at the root of all enterprise.

BERNARD GRASSET.

(*Authorized translation by Geoffrey Sainsbury.*)

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: MISS SINCLAIR AND VICTORIAN PARENTS

IT must be nearly thirty years ago that I paid my first and only visit to Haworth. Certain aspects of it I recall vividly; the extraordinary steepness of the bleak, uphill street, the dark, forbidding shoulder of the moor, the unpretentious, two-storied parsonage with its path of well-washed flags and tiny, grassy court. It must have been, I think, either autumn or a wet summer; for the long, rank grass in the churchyard was beaded with moisture; and when, at last, we entered the little museum to inspect its touching relics, I know we did so in a dim and fading light. Both twilight and gathering mist now seem to me symbolical. Through how much of the literature that has gathered about Haworth Parsonage and that wonderful, pathetic family do the passionate yet so quiet figures of Charlotte and her sisters loom for all the world either wraithlike or distorted in a fog?

Thus it was not without misgiving that I took from our local library Miss May Sinclair's thin green volume upon the Brontë sisters. I knew I should find alert cleverness, happy phrasing, a vivid style. I guessed, too, that with so up-to-date a writer, the biggest plum of literary discernment would go to Emily and her *Wuthering Heights* rather than to Charlotte and her *Shirley*. I was not surprised at Miss Sinclair's poking a little fun at Charlotte's foibles or expressing mild astonishment at the sensation she made, a sensation impossible in these days when almost as many women are busy with their pens as there are blackberries on autumn hedges. They said "Charlotte interfered in the parish"—she certainly did upset the curates, when she took them off in *Shirley*, but they quickly drowned their rancour in the Parsonage cups of tea; they said "Charlotte was not as kind to Bramwell as she might have been"—it is good to remember that one, who knew her well, spoke of her unvarying kindness from the time when she was a little child; they said—on the occasion of that famous dinner-party at Thackeray's—all that they did say, including the last damning fact of the host (poor Charlotte's "lion out of Judah"), bored to death, stealing away on tiptoe to his club, leaving his guest to her conversation with the governess.

Trifling things, but all a part of that dreadful process of disintegration that awaits genius as surely as the worms feed piecemeal upon what once was living flesh.

Nor was I altogether surprised to find Mr. Carus Wilson, the clerical founder of the school at Cowan Bridge, disinterred from his respectable grave and called to judgment. "Mr. Carus Wilson," we read, "was

inspired by a sublime antagonism to the perishable body; but he seems to have pushed his campaign against the flesh a bit too far, and was surprised at his own success when, one after another, the perishable bodies of the children were laid low by typhus." Two or three aunts of mine were at Cowan Bridge with Charlotte and Emily Brontë. They used to speak of both the sisters as being very shy, very reserved; Emily so to the point of hostility. But as to the school, they were happy enough there and well. It was not burnt porridge every day; nor the wholesale decimation (the word is Charlotte's) of the parsonical broods there assembled (and here it may be said that the boon Mr. Carus Wilson conferred in Cowan Bridge upon the daughters of the poor clergy is finely exemplified to-day by the modern Casterton). Not that I would belittle Charlotte's *Lowood* upon my aunts' account. No children as delicate, as individualistic and as precocious as were the little Brontës, could have been happy under the sort of régime that Charlotte satirizes so bitterly in *Jane Eyre*. Charlotte suffered at Cowan Bridge; a helpless child, she saw her beloved elder sister, Maria, suffer too. And she never forgot it. Years later we have much the same sort of experience at Stonegappe. Doubly Celt as Charlotte was, her mind so teeming with imagination as to be strung sometimes to snapping-point, exaggeration there must be. Exaggeration is, indeed, inseparable from the almost abnormal reaction to external circumstance of beings so highly sensitised as were Charlotte and her sisters. "You have an impression of *years* of suffering endured at Stonegappe," writes Miss Sinclair. "As a matter of fact, Charlotte was there only three months."

But if one must allow for Celtic fervour in Charlotte and her sisters, one must not forget the Yorkshire granite, of which there was such abundance in the bare hills, that made the background to their lives. Thus when Charlotte and Anne decided upon that famous expedition to London, so that by visiting the office of Messrs. Smith and Elder in person they might convince Charlotte's kind publisher, Mr. Smith, that Currer and Acton Bell were indeed two and not one, I cannot help thinking that Miss Sinclair overleaps the mark when she writes, with a flimsy, romantical air as alien to those bleak moors as the tinkle of some brown beck would be in a London street, "they tried with delicious solemnity to give the whole thing the air of business, but it was really a breathless, infantile escapade!" How angry, Charlotte —infantile escapade indeed! How mildly indignant, poor, timorous Anne, bracing herself to the arduous pilgrimage for her sister's sake! Even had the atmosphere of Haworth Parsonage been more conducive to that sort of irresponsibility, a night journey from Yorkshire to London in those days was not lightly to be undertaken even in summer. To Charlotte it seemed that her integrity as a business woman hung upon that visit, that her reputation was at stake, the honesty of her dealings with her publisher likely to be called in question. Anne

was her witness. The wetting they got on their way to Keighley station, the inevitableness of the sick headaches that ensued on their arrival in town, prove it no escapade.

But what I was not prepared for was to find the Héger affair made the text for an impassioned feminist sermon. Though Miss Sinclair writes of the "feline hints" supplied by Madame Héger and her friends as to the relations between her husband and the little English governess; though she tells us: "M. Héger was a Frenchman (*sic*) and had his vanity, and, no doubt, the frank admiration of his brilliant pupil appealed to it vividly in moments of conjugal depression," Miss Sinclair will not admit of any affair. That M. Héger, as a sensible man and practising Catholic and a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, a charitable church organization which leaves very little inclination for philandering, was in love with Charlotte, whether conjugally depressed or otherwise, is, I think, hardly likely. But that Charlotte fell in love with him; that, after leaving Brussels, she looked forward to his letters with trembling anticipation, that she answered them with a romantic but embarrassing unrestraint; and that to no one, not even that confidante of curling-paper time, Miss Ellen Nussey, did she confide her secret, are facts beyond argument.

After all, it is by no means uncommon for young women to indulge—temporarily, at least—in seemingly hopeless attachments for married men; nor was it uncommon even in those days of much whalebone and bell-sleeves. Charlotte was young; Charlotte was lonely; Charlotte was—what Miss Sinclair is loth to admit—tingling with susceptible femininity to her finger-tips. Even if one disallowed the evidence of her letters on the plea that all Charlotte's letters, even those to G. H. Lewes and W. S. Williams, erred on the side of over-expansiveness (as if self-expression pent in so narrow a channel as was hers must always run to spate), one must admit the evidence of her books. And all Charlotte's stories might be described as the apotheosis of the schoolmaster from the point of view of the maiden pupil. Even Jane, the demure and passionate, hails Mr. Rochester as "master"; and, both literally and metaphorically, sits at his feet—or was it on his knee? Yet never was there a more blameless love affair than this of Charlotte. From first to last it was a dear illusion, that the first touch of grossness must have withered as surely as a spring frost blackens too precocious blossom. That it never received that touch explains much of that exuberant yet innocent passion which poured itself, hot and molten, into the pages of *Jane Eyre*; and, years afterwards, when the sobering touch of reality had dispelled the dream, crystallized itself into that most pure, most perfect, yet always a little shadowy love-story of Lucy Snowe and her Emanuel.

And yet Miss Sinclair not only affirms that there was no affair, but that such an affair could not possibly have happened. The truth is the story admits of a male influence in Charlotte's life; and for male

influences, "as sich," Miss Sinclair has no sympathy. Emily, that fierce vestal, has all her respect. If she could have her way, Miss Sinclair would have Charlotte vestal too. One feels she loathes the weakness that culminated in a Mr. Nicholls. But as Mr. Nicholls is not to be eliminated, there is satisfaction in trying to prove that, had Charlotte lived, this husband of hers, with his blundering male encroachment upon her time, her energies, her emotions, must have proved in the end destructive to his wife's genius.

Miss Sinclair, indeed, will not allow that men, real or imaginary, played much part in Charlotte's life; though she enumerates the offers of marriage she had refused (if only she had refused Mr. Nicholls!) with whole-hearted commendation. But she welcomes—it sounds almost shocking—the baby. Charlotte did not want to get married; but she wanted a child. "We are face to face," writes Miss Sinclair in her vivid way, "with an abyss, depth beyond depth of tenderness and longing and frustration of a passion that found no clear voice in her books because it was one with the elemental nature in her . . . . such love demands before all things possession. It cried out for children of its own flesh and blood. I believe there were moments when it was pain to Charlotte to see the children born and possessed by other women."

Thus Miss Sinclair expounds, and seeks to tack it on to Charlotte Brontë, a favourite doctrine of modern feminism—the right of every woman, irrespective of man, marriage or passion, to a child. Charles Kingsley, that muscular Christian, who could enjoy a good run after hounds and write so appreciatively of a woman's thighs, called Charlotte Brontë "coarse"; less, I think, on Jane Eyre's account than because of that sudden shower of hail she mingled with the "gentle rain of curates," which, as she tells in *Shirley*, had descended upon her Yorkshire land. But a woman who can call a spade a spade, or write so robustly as Charlotte could, is no fool; and one can imagine how she, whose every book is a love-story, would have denounced such piffle. How unerringly that fine judgment of hers would have lit upon its absurdity, its contradiction, its futility; as if a tree should fruit without blossoming, or a flower bear seed that had never felt in some warm, luscious hour of a summer's day the amorous caress of wind or bee?

Personally, I believe that had Charlotte Nicholls lived, that deep new content in her life, which spoke with such pathetic voice upon her death-bed, must have found—as all Charlotte's experiences sooner or later did find—expression in a book. She, whose last words to her husband were: "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy," would have written as nobly and finely of married life as she had written frankly and finely of human passion. And Heaven knows how much the fiction that has poured out since her day has missed some such purifying breath.

But it is the Victorian parent, in the person of Charlotte's father, who suffers most from Miss Sinclair's nimble but ruthless pen. "Mr. Brontë," writes Miss Sinclair with her most judicial air, "had his good points, as fathers go. Think," and she uplifts a warning forefinger, "of what the fathers of the Victorian era could be!" And again: "In reality his only error, a most remarkable one in an early Victorian father, was that he believed in his son's genius"; and yet again: "If he thought himself more important than his children, many fathers of the Victorian era did so." Miss Sinclair herself only considers Mr. Brontë important because he happened to be "the temporary vehicle of the wandering creative impulse"; or, in other words, the unconscious progenitor of female genius in the persons of Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and that highly gifted Maria, who died young. But for me—and, I think, for others—that old, stoical man, bearing successive bereavements and on-coming blindness with the same dignified reserve, not shrinking, when his son's frenzy was at its worst, to take him for the night into his own chamber and lock the door, is not only immensely impressive in himself, but explains that masculine fibre in Charlotte's writings which so disconcerted her critics, as well as the out-and-out virility of Emily's *Wuthering Heights*. Even timid, gentle Anne, for all her piety, was no namby-pamby, thanks to old Patrick Brontë.

As I read, I had a picture in my mind of a typical pair of Victorian parents. They married young, after—as I sometimes think—the saner, healthier fashion of their day. He was twenty; sne eighteen; and, looking back over that long viste of close upon sixty years, I seem to see them, not as I knew them, but as they must have been in all the glow and beauty of youth and hope and that love which, though it may be as transient as the rainbow, can span whilst it lasts the most commonplace existence with all that is brightest amid the gross elements of our common life.

There was no railway in those days to the little town at the foot of Wensleydale, whither they went straight from their modest wedding-trip to pass, as it proved, the remainder of their lives. The day of their home-coming fell in June; and in the still, sunny hours of the long light evening, they set out from the minster city, where his parents lived, upon their drive across the moor. I know that moor well, the turf rolling to the road that, all white and dusty, must have wound that day like a ribbon through the green; and the exact spot where, reining in his horse, they both stood up to look for the first time together upon the valley whose boundaries of moor and river and high chalk ridge were to be—how little they suspected it—the boundaries of their lives. It is a beautiful view nearly always; the brown gleam of the river between its wooded banks, the soft shades of fallow and pasture upon the far hillside, the glistening cluster of slate roofs in the hollow, with

chimneys emitting lazily a thin, blue haze of smoke; and, a little apart, detached yet protective, the tall and slender spire of the old grey Norman church. They stood and looked, she with her rose-trimmed cottage bonnet close to his shoulder, he with an arm about her waist, beneath the cream-coloured Cashmere shawl that was to serve later on as a christening robe on no less than fifteen successive occasions.

Over and over again in her book does Miss Sinclair insist that Charlotte Brontë would have nothing to do with the sentimentality which she considers the peculiar pitfall of the Victorian novelist. Personally, I doubt the soundness of this particular tenet; but I am certain of this, though Miss Sinclair might dismiss my seemingly sentimental pair upon the moor with scornful impatience, Charlotte would have detected that something, infinitely deeper than mere sentiment, which for a moment lay about them, as elusive and as brief as the evening glow which filled the vale. A moment more and they had exchanged the moor, with its open spaces, its sunlight and its dancing harebells, its fluttering moths and quiet, grazing sheep for a narrow road between high hedges, a fitting symbol of the future that lay ahead.

For forty years they were to know life as one incessant struggle; for forty years their whole existence was to be confined to this sleepy hamlet upon the rim of Wensleydale. Their rare holidays you could count upon the fingers of one hand, and then be ample in the calculation. Nor would their married life attract the lady novelist. The sex problems of to-day, I am certain, never touched it; its beginning was notably unshadowed (the birth of their first child proves it) by that long-drawn connubial contest which is the theme of so much feminine fiction; nor does its simple record yield a single hint of that persistent *drame-à-trois* about which writers of both sexes buzz like summer flies about a dung-heap. Theirs was rather the tragedy of little things, of sordid monetary anxieties, of racked nerves and strained tempers, with more than room for the exercise of—what Miss Sinclair calls—"those mid-Victorian virtues of repression, humility and patience under affliction." Their marriage had in short, as all marriages must out of a fairy-tale, its difficult adventures; so difficult that only those of their children who had watched the growing interdependence of the years and were privileged to see the end, knew how, before night fell, this much-tried pair had walked for a little while at least hand in hand, beneath the pleached alleys of the Garden of Contentment.

Miss Sinclair implies that Victorian parents thought more of themselves than of their children. This Victorian pair—and they were not alone—thought more of their children than of themselves. To feed, clothe and educate them, no sacrifice was too great. Their lives, indeed, were one long self-giving. And it is, perhaps, not the least pitiful feature of their unwritten story that it was concerning these same children they made their most calamitous mistakes. Miss Sinclair would doubtless brand such errors as Victorian. But misunder-

standings between parents and children cannot fairly be relegated to any particular era. Its failure to impress youth with its own hard-won experience seems indeed a part of the general impotency of age; whilst the commonest tragedy of youth—is it not its inability to follow any but its own fantastic lights?

The other day two of their daughters, middle-aged women, were looking through an old-fashioned tallboy that had belonged to their father. In one of its drawers they found a pair of white buckskin breeches, a scarlet vest and grey hunting-coat, as precisely folded as the hands that had laid them by had done so only yesterday. It was a small thing; yet neither could look without tears at that dandyish array, with its swagger of youth and high spirits so long ago extinguished. To them, amid the younger of the brood, the tale of their father's hunting days was mostly legendary; rare hints of breathless runs should he and the child, who shared his daily round, chance to come across the hounds. He had been passionately fond of it and a great beau, delighting to turn out well mounted and immaculately groomed; and yet, uncomplainingly, with never an after-grudge, he had given it all up, as he gave up so many of a man's legitimate pleasures, for the sake of his children.

It was the same with her. Looking back over the years, in which so many fashions had come in and gone out even in that remote district, I can only remember her wearing one type of dress, that seemed to have acquired the dignity, the simplicity, almost the fittingness of a nun's habit. Black always, gathered at the waist so that it should hang full without the aid of crinoline or bustle, the bodice devoid of trimming, her only ornament the large cameo that fastened a collar and ends of lace. When I think to-day of all that made that dress of hers symbolical I am amazed at the sacrifice involved, the endless repression of little womanly vanities, of that love of change and craving for pretty things which is inherent even in the most masculine of her sex, and was so subdued in her to that one monotony of black. She was one, too, who loved beautiful things, delicate linen, old lace, exquisite scents; and yet, beneath that habit-like gown of hers, how contentedly she wore her coarse shift, the cheap petticoat, the handknit stockings that she refooted more than once.

The full significance of what it had meant to her was only revealed when, at her death, her daughters read the little note that told them where to find the nightgown of fine cambric, all yellow with disuse and ruffled at the throat and wrists with some soft texture they had loved as children, when she had unpicked it from the old garments of her wedding outfit to embellish theirs. And with the nightgown there was a pair of white silk stockings. I am told the decent poor make a similar provision. And she, like her husband, had embraced poverty for the sake of her children.

G. H. Stevenson.

SAMUEL BUTLER AND THE ODYSSEY (II)

THERE can be no doubt that if the name of Sappho had perished the vast majority of scholars would fasten her poems on Alcæus with as little sense of unfitness as they fasten Nausicaa's poem on Homer, and they would raise exactly the same incredulous nose and shoulders at the suggestion that a woman wrote the Sapphic fragments as they do at the suggestion that a woman wrote the Odyssey. For such men Sappho lived in vain, and so did the woman who taught Pindar and the woman who competed with him; and the fact that Telesilla of Argos was the leading figure in her community in her day does nothing to make it seem possible to them that the daughter of Alcinous might have been the accepted poet of Trapani in the eleventh century before Christ. Nothing can possibly shake them out of their baseless preconceptions, and the appeal to read the Odyssey with unprejudiced eyes must be addressed to a younger generation. One is, however, surely entitled in making that appeal to beg the younger generation to observe the respective figures cut by Butler and his boycotters on any common ground on which they may have displayed themselves. In the case of Butler and Dr. Mackail this common ground is the character of Penelope.

Butler maintained that the correct reading of the character of Penelope, as she appears in the Odyssey, can only be arrived at if we accept the evidence both of tradition and of the Odyssey itself that there was an older version of the story which presented her in a less favourable light, a version in which her long courtship by the suitors was at least partly to be accounted for by her appetite for such attentions; that the author of our Odyssey is doing the best that can be done to whitewash her character, but that even in the poem as it stands abundant traces of a less impeccable heroine survive, in the unanswered charge of the suitors that she was a heartless flirt, in the fact that Laertes never comes near the house, in Telemachus' complete mistrust of his mother, in the fact that Athene accepts that mistrust as perfectly natural under the circumstances, and in several other particulars which those who are interested will have no difficulty in finding either in Butler or in the poem itself.

Dr. Mackail's treatment of the character is far otherwise, and since we are unable to offer it anything but a wholeheartedly hostile reception, it may be well before the ring is cleared to acknowledge with gratitude in a preliminary handshake some few things finely said, as, for instance, his words in praise of Penelope's nightingale speech and her prayer to Artemis.

Dr. Mackail begins by telling us that " Penelope is one of the great

women of history," and proceeds to explain, in a paragraph of really remarkable obscurantism, that he does not necessarily imply that she ever existed. Those who know anything at all of Butler must know that such self-mystification as to what precisely one does believe was of all things the state of mind most abhorrent to him; and they will therefore not be surprised to find him and Dr. Mackail driving to precisely opposite conclusions on the matter of Penelope.

Of the women in the Odyssey Dr. Mackail tells us that this "marvellous picture-gallery includes half-a-dozen figures of the first rank, fully and finely drawn; Circe and Calypso, Arete and Nausicaa, Helen, Eurycleia (several of these, Helen and Arete especially, have outstanding gifts of capacity and intellect), but, above all, Penelope herself." There is a fine careless generosity about this; but it will hardly pass muster as serious criticism. Circe and Calypso can hardly be called figures of the first rank, fully and finely drawn; and "outstanding gifts of capacity and intellect," although it is high-sounding and vague enough to impress a superficial student, is still in the wrong key. Colonel Mure's phrase about the women monopolizing the small stock of common-sense allotted to the community is more what the facts require.

Exaggeration, however, is one thing, misrepresentation another. Having built up a very ideal Penelope from various stray hints in the poem, Dr. Mackail goes on to say: "The whole matter is summed up, early in the poem, in the magnificent praise of Antinous:

> Athena has bestowed on her
> Wisdom of mind and excellence of skill
> *In beautiful devices manifold*
> Beyond all others, such as is not told
> Even of those renowned in former time,
> Achæan women lovely-tressed of old."

Would anybody gather from the way this passage is introduced, and from the style of the translation quoted, that the words of Antinous are part of a long and angry tirade in which he blames Penelope for keeping over a hundred young men dangling about the house without either saying that she will or that she won't marry one of them, and in the course of which he breaks into a bitter and sarcastic denunciation of Penelope and all her works, especially the famous web, which it is not likely that he had ever seen except on the one occasion, in the fourth year, when the angry suitors, informed by one of the serving maids of the trick Penelope was playing on them, burst in on her and compelled *her to finish the work? Is it likely, supposing that the* suitors were at that moment in a fit mood for æsthetic appreciation, that a piece of work which had been alternately done and undone day and night for over three years would be a masterpiece of art? Is it not perfectly plain from the Greek that Antinous cares not a rap whether Penelope's claim to be the greatest needlewoman that ever existed is true or false, and that all that he is concerned to say about

her at the moment is that her duplicity has passed the limit of toleration? Is it not a fact that Telemachus perfectly agrees with him? When Butler says that the only evidence that Penelope has ever tried to discourage the suitors even by boring them is the fact that they "say that they cannot stand her high art nonsense and æsthetic rodomontade any longer," he produces an intentionally humorous effect by the modernity of his phraseology, but he is speaking by the book, his comment is based upon the text. Dr. Mackail's comment flies in the face of the text. It is based upon his own imagination. To praise his essay is to join in the conspiracy by which art is made tongue-tied by authority, and folly set up, doctorlike, in control of skill. He is entitled to his own Penelope (although as we shall see in the sequel he does not like her very much after all), but to call her the Penelope of the Odyssey is an intolerable pretence.

Butcher and Lang, by the way, support Butler in the general interpretation of the passage so misrepresented by Dr. Mackail. But the defect of their version is that though it translates all the words of the poem, it often produces the impression that the translators were either oblivious to the necessity of interpreting also the tone and temper of the original or incapable of doing so. Those who can read the Greek ought to turn to it and decide whether Butler has not made an honest and successful attempt to render both the letter and the spirit of his original in giving as his version of the passage quoted by Dr. Mackail the following: "I do not know what will happen to us if she goes on plaguing us much longer with the airs she gives herself on the score of the accomplishments Minerva has taught her, and because she is so clever. We never yet heard of such a woman; we know all about Tyro, Alcmena, Mycene, and the famous women of old, but they were nothing to your mother, any one of them. It was not fair of her to treat us in that way. . . ."

But let us now leave particular points and see what sort of a figure in general Dr. Mackail makes of "one of the greatest women in history." Having made her faithful, chaste and beautiful, and having added that her beauty was "almost eclipsed by a sort of impressiveness, mingled of skill, wisdom, and character," he tells us that "Telemachus while a child engrossed her, with that jealous mother's love which often makes such difficulties when the boy grows up and begins to assert his own personality." This is a sufficiently ugly trait in a woman of such skill, wisdom and character, and is more usually taken to be a sign of a foolish and selfish woman. He tells us that "the suitors began to pour in, treated the house as their own, and became more and more intolerable, taxing her wit and her self-control to the utmost." What in the name of decency and common-sense does Dr. Mackail here mean by self-control? If he means that she was tempted to lose her patience and turn them all out of the house, that is just what she ought to have done. But he has spoken of her being at "the dangerous age." Can

it be that he is praising her for having done no more than send encouraging messages to her wooers? I confess I find Dr. Mackail's view of her character incomprehensible. It appears, however, that he does not object to allowing her to possess a measure of coquetry. But his evidence of this I am literally afraid to quote. It occurs in the scene between Penelope and Odysseus disguised as a beggar. Another amiable trait in her character which Dr. Mackail brings into relief is the ripe development of that narrow and jealous affection for Telemachus of which we have already heard. When Telemachus returned from his visit to the home of Menelaus, he brought with him a present from Helen which, with a charm characteristic of her, consisted of an embroidered gown for his future bride to wear, and which Helen told him to give to his mother to keep till he should want it. "Penelope," says her panegyrist, "would hardly have welcomed this trust."

Dr. Mackail, characteristically, does not make it quite clear what Penelope's motive for the refusal would have been; but he gives us to understand that the one quality she perhaps lacked was magnanimity, and that therefore she could not reasonably be expected to soil her lips with the mention of Helen's name. I am glad that he feels this one flaw in his heroine; it makes me begin to feel again that Dr. Mackail and I are both denizens of the one world. And I feel positively companionable when he goes on to say: "Readers of the Odyssey who are *perfectly frank with themselves* would not have a moment's hesitation in choosing whether they would rather have known Helen in Lacedæmon or Penelope in Ithaca." Truth, after all, will out.

It might, perhaps, be profitable to enter upon other comparisons between Butler and those who despise his opinions too much to take them into serious consideration; but it is more important to endeavour to define that quality in his translations of both the Iliad and the Odyssey which put them apart from and above the rest. It is now, I think, generally admitted that a full-dress translation is an essential element in the complete exegesis of an ancient author. Certainly it cannot be gainsaid that until the spirit of an author is understood the author is not understood, however ingenious and accurate may be the grammatical, prosodical, archæological and other engines with which it is attempted to storm his citadel. These devices may put attackers in possession of the outworks, but so long as experts are involved in such a maze of doubt and disagreement as to the tone and temper of their author as their famous controversy reveals great scholars like Arnold and Newman to have been, so long must it be admitted that the arx is still inexpugnable with the resources at hand and that the real struggle is yet to begin. Polymathia has levelled the approaches; it is Nous who must enter in.

But that Nous should have come along in the guise of Samuel Butler is what the world of scholarship finds it so impossible to believe. The

world of scholarship, having fallen into the habit of mistaking the discussion of the opinions of all the commentators on the Iliad and the Odyssey from Aristarchus to Jebb for genuine criticism of the poems, was incapable of believing that one who only read the poems without any of the commentaries had the best chance of understanding them.

Butler, however, was not without his forerunners. Forty years before he wrote, Colonel Mure had already entered a *caveat* against the complete misconception of the Odyssey implied and multiplied by the current translations and commentaries. He had inveighed against the "pompous solemnity by which the whole humour of the dialogue is supplanted in the popular versions." He had contended that "the misapprehension of this spirit (*i.e.*, facetiousness) has throughout proved a stumbling-block in the path of many a profound commentator." And with reference to the Phæacian episode he had written: "This episode is, perhaps, the most brilliant specimen of the poet's combined talent for the delineation of character and for satirical humour. While there is no portion of his works a right understanding of which is so indispensable to a full estimate of his genius, there is none perhaps which has been so little understood. Appeal may be made to the tenor of the most esteemed commentaries, still more perhaps to the text of the most popular translations, where the gay sarcastic tone of description and dialogue which seasons the whole adventure is replaced by the tragic solemnity of the gravest scenes of the Iliad."

There can be no more damning comment on the whole tone of "Homeric" criticism than is supplied by the fact that while the name of every pedant who has started some hare connected with the language or metre or any other technicality of the poems is faithfully incorporated in the index of the latest books on "Homer" (that mythical monster who is the author of two epics which it is generally admitted were not written by the same man), the name of such a just and perceptive critic as Colonel Mure has dropped into oblivion. Jebb refers to him once only, and that merely in his bibliography, as "interesting as a defence . . . of the conservative view." A "conservative" in "Homeric" criticism means merely one who has not sliced the Iliad and the Odyssey up into some fresh mosaic; Jebb did not perceive that there is more revolutionary criticism in one of the sentences we have quoted from Colonel Mure's book than in the whole of his own. But then Colonel Mure's criticism is that of a humanist, and nowadays it is only the archæologist, or the anthropologist, or the comparative mythologist, or the philologist, who is entitled to respect as a critic of Greek epos. Butler, too, was a pure humanist; therefore his name also is of no account.

There is no distinction more familiar to the student of epic poetry than that between the literary and the non-literary epic, between the Æneid and the Divine Comedy and Paradise Lost on the one hand, and the Iliad and the Odyssey on the other. Yet Butler is the only

translator in modern times who has so strongly seized that distinction as to make it the guiding principle of his translation. Here, as elsewhere, he achieves his result by carrying to their logical conclusion opinions which others also hold, without, however, seeing their implications. The case with Butler was that he loved the non-literary epic as heartily as he disliked the other sort, therefore the transference of the former into the manner of the latter was not an inadvertence against which he required to guard himself; it would have been an impossibility for him. Without something so deeply rooted as this in the constitution of his mind I do not believe it would have been possible for him so completely to eschew all the qualities of the literary epic and thus restore to our astonished eyes something more like the real Iliad and the real Odyssey than the world had looked on since the language of the Greek epos became a dead one.

The manner of the literary epic hardly needs illustration. We see it in a humble form in Leaf and Bayfield's Iliad in their caption to the passage in the first book that begins at line 568: "Hephaistos counselleth submission to the will of Zeus. He telleth how he himself was once punished." We see it at its English best in the familiar Miltonic adaptation of the passage in question where he sings of Mulciber:

> how he fell
> From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
> Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
> To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
> A summer's day; and with the setting sun
> Dropped from the zenith like a falling star
> On Lemnos, th' Ægæan Ile. . . .

A great proportion of the poetry of the Æneid consists of a similar transposition of the Iliad and the Odyssey into a new key, and this is undoubtedly the reason why a polished age was ready to find in the Æneid the most finished work of Homer. But Butler's instinct was right. However much art there may be in Homer, however various commentators may extend or diminish the number of archaisms that are incorporated in his vocabulary, however certain it be that he stands at the culmination of a long tradition, it is also certain that his poetry was meant to be readily understood at a public recitation and was free both in vocabulary and in turn of phrase from anything that could hinder that ready understanding. In the age of Homer, it is tolerably sure, the academic or the bookish did not yet exist. The correct idiom, therefore, in which to render him is the best cultivated spoken idiom of any particular age or society. The richer that idiom is, the racier it is, the more poetical it is, the better. It may suitably in English employ the more familiar locutions of great popular wells of speech like the Bible, Shakespeare, and Bunyan. But the moment the vocabulary and locutions are such that the bookish man is at an advantage over all others in understanding it, then the Homeric quality

is gone from it. And in this respect, what is true of the Iliad is true of the Odyssey also.

The best test of this is the readableness of the Greek epics and the readableness of Butler's versions. Butler, of course, loses much of the poetry, though not so much as is lost by other more popular prose versions. That may be taken as inevitable. But he is readable in long stretches. With the literary epic, and with the translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey into the manner of the literary epic, this is not so. Literary epics are for the study, not for popular recitation. They require to be taken slowly, line by line and phrase by phrase, and thus they yield their charm. They demand a patient attention, a conscious savouring of literary art, a recondite equipment of learning, an unhurrying interest in the plot. And these are not the requirements the Iliad and the Odyssey demand.

Now it happens by a curious chance that we possess some fragments of a once famous version of the Odyssey which was made when the medium into which it was translated was yet as free from academic flavour as the original Greek. I refer to the version of Livius Andronicus at the very dawn of Latin literature, the version which apparently was superseded by the Æneid, with its superior polish and sophistication, much as the Tudor translations in English lost their popularity in the age of Anne. It is true that the Saturnians of Livius are both too slight and too inelastic for the Artemis-tread of the divine Odyssey; but from his opening line, through the few fragments we possess of him, he is simple, direct, unobtrusively eloquent, and must, one should think, have been eminently readable.

His opening could hardly be improved upon:

> Virum mihi, Camena, insece versutum,

an excellent line, in movement light and swift and balanced, and pointed in expression. The epic formula for shocked protest is thus turned:

> Mea puera, quid verbi ex tuo ore supera fugit?

The outline of the story emerges from the fragments. We are now at the storm in consequence of which Odysseus is cast upon the shore of Scheria:

> igitur demum Ulixi frixit præ pavore
> cor . . .;

now the cry of the maidens has awakened him from his sleep and he stands debating

> utrum genua amploctens virginem oraret;

and now Nausicaa is informing him what he must do:

> ibi manens sedeto, donicum videbis
> me carpento vehentem en domum venisse.

As a last example, hear the Phæacian athletes discuss the damage the sea can do to a man's condition:

> namque nullum peius macerat hemonem
> quamde mare sævom: vires quoi sunt magnæ,
> topper eas confringunt importunæ undæ.

Who will deny the freshness and grace of this? Who will refuse to exclaim in another verse of Livius, again from the same translation:

tuque mihi narrato omnia disertim,

with full emphasis on the first word in the line and full confidence in the last?

From Livius Andronicus to Samuel Butler is a far cry, but far as it is it seems to measure the interval between the two translations of the Odyssey that best preserve the manner of the original. What Butler chose to do Livius was forced to do by the circumstances of his time. Butler eschewed the manner of the literary epic because it seemed to him to spoil his original; Livius had perforce to dispense with it as it did not yet exist in Latin. Butler himself saw a parallel between his own method of translation and that of the Elizabethans; but the closer parallel is with Livius. In the hope that the comparison may illuminate both, let us again offer Nausicaa and the two men who have best translated her to the attention of the reading public.

B. Farrington.

(*Concluded.*)

A FATHER

He was a piano-tuner. Snow was falling as he went from house to house, his little blue hands tucked up his sleeves. Already during that morning he had tuned three instruments in rooms where no fires burned, and now through bleak streets was making his way to another, walking solemnly, staring with screwed-up eyes at the passing hats, letting the snow cover his fat face as it would.

Sometimes, hating the snow, the wet soles of his feet, the cold rooms and the icy keys of the pianos, he wished for night to come. Frequently something like a lump of frozen stone seemed to lie oppressively across his chest. Now and then drops of moisture shivered in his eyes and on the end of his nose, falling on his moustache and the frayed edges of his black bow.

The knocker of the next house he lifted slowly, as if worn out. It too fell like a stone. In the room where he was admitted there was, as he had expected, no fire, and he remembered that for a long time now he had had no money from the people living there.

"Ah, well!" he thought, simply. "That'll have to be looked into," and sighed.

Sitting down, he opened the instrument, and shivering as he touched the keys, began his work.

"Da!—da!—da!—da!—da!—da!—dadaaaa!" he tested, mournfully.

Suddenly he paused, and then, trembling, from his pocket produced a newspaper of that morning, spread it out on the keys and read slowly and methodically, his lips moving a little:

"An inquest was yesterday held on Selina Bridges, twenty-seven, professional singer, whose body was taken in a decomposed condition from the Thames near Waterloo Bridge, on Tuesday afternoon. Medical evidence was given to show that there were signs of alcohol and neglect. Suicide while of unsound mind."

The notice became blurred and as if the printing were to blame he brushed his hand once or twice across the page, but misjudging the distance, struck a discord on the piano instead. He tried to smile but suddenly tears began to run over his face. His fat shoulders dancec sadly in their grief. Gradually, softly, the snow on his hair began to melt in pure blobs on his temples and on his legs and boots changed to streams that curled under the piano like dark snakes.

In his misery he noticed nothing. At last the woman of the house put in her head and asked:

"What's the matter, Mr. Bridges? I don't hear you tunin'."

"I'm only cold. It's all right," he whispered. He brought a pair of blue hands together in a feeble, demonstrative smack.

"You've no business out," this woman told him.

"That's all right! That's all right," he croaked. "That's all——."

He began to cough; his eyes swelled and became an ugly grey. Suddenly he trembled and wept again.

"You ought to have something," the woman suggested and went out.

While she had gone his fit of coughing ceased and he fell into a morose state of reflection, shuddering at the thought of the freezin winds, bringing the snow.

"You don't look well," said the woman on returning. "Not half you don't. You've no business out. I've brought a glass of wine."

He drank some wine.

"I'd be well enough," he replied. "I used to be strong. I never had an illness. But it's my daughter, Selina, who's a singer. That's what's the matter."

He pointed out the notice. As the woman read it he drank more wine and whimpered quietly. Hearing him, the woman in consolation sniffed and then whimpered too. They wept together. By and by there seemed to come over the woman, the cold piano, and the cheerless room a change, and in the place of the great stone across his chest crept somethin

soothing and warm. He felt suddenly that he must pour out a long stream of confidences and woes.

"She's my only child," he whimpered. "When she was young I used to say she'd be a singer. A prima donna, I fancied. It's nice now to think that I was right. I taught her to read and play—and then, after all that——"

"Yes?"

"After all that she went away," he told her, and was silent.

Because of the pain of all this he did not speak again but sat rubbing his blue hands together, thinking of his daughter, of the poverty of her death, and lastly of what everyone knew—that once, years ago, he had quarrelled with her and had not seen her since. On his shaky fingers a tear fell, and looking like a grey pearl, would not roll off. The woman, observing this, left him and fetched a second glass of wine.

As he drank it, a soft sensation went through his flesh. He suddenly found it an unimaginable pleasure to do nothing but murmur to the woman between his tears, miserable with a warm, comforting misery, softer and easier to bear than the deadly thoughts which had moved leadenly across his brain in the snow.

He murmured: "My only child. I remember I taught her to play. I always said she'd be a singer. I always said so. . . ."

Now, though he knew of the poverty and misery of her death, it seemed easy to think of her as successful, artistic and clever, even that she had never despised and left him. In a little while, growing warmer and less conscience-stricken, he turned again to work on the piano, permitting himself occasionally the thin luxury of a scale or two, forgetting the snow, the endless list of houses before him, seeing the death of his daughter as if screened from it by a pleasant rosy cloud. At last he got up, called thanks to the woman of the house and tucking his hands into his sleeves, stepped into the snow again.

Then gradually as the dreamy sensation of the wine wore off he began to shiver again. The heavy stone dropped back across his chest and bent his ribs inward in great, painful arcs. There were no longer hallucinations and comfortable miseries as in the house. Each piano he tuned grew colder. Between his visits the snow was venomous and froze him into an aching heap.

He turned in, ordered whisky, and drinking it very quickly, went on.

Now at the houses the people seemed to know of his grief and pitied him.

"Yes, it's my daughter," he would tell them, "Selina. She went away to be a singer in London. It's a long time ago. I remember I used to say she'd be a prima donna. It's nice to think that. Yes, it helps."

And they would shake commiserating heads, give him tender "Good-mornings" and thanks, yet all the time think: "He's a fool. And

he's been drinking again. They say he used to beat Selina before left him."

The snow shot down its white bullets faster than ever. His began to look no more than a wrinkled blue pea tucked between his and shoulders. His feet seemed to die, frozen, beneath him. conceived a desire to drink again.

In the warm bar he became enveloped in reminiscence and th seemed to come back the soothing air that had shrouded the wom who had been generous with the wine. From the bright face of the b maid shone kindness. His thoughts were glowing, immense in rea He felt that he must confide in her too.

"My daughter S'ina. You knew my daughter S'ina?" he mutter

She looked sharply up. "Selina?"

"She used—used to sing. She's a singer."

"Yes, I know. What's the matter?"

He muttered two words in a low voice, then closed his eyes. The b maid stretched out her warm, soft hands and put them on his. " it's true?" she whispered. "I'd heard something."

"Yes, it's true."

The girl's hand crept upwards and touched his bowed head. "Do carry on," she said. The sound of her voice, the softness of her han the warm smell of the room comforted him. It seemed to him sudde that Selina was no more than a child in a pink cotton dress, standi on his chest and pulling his hair. His heart was heavy.

"I used to say how beautifully she'd sing," he said.

Tears ran down his cheeks in a soft, unchecked flow. The hea misery of his heart made him say: "I did everything. I made what she was."

And though she knew, too, that he had ill-treated her, had quarrel and parted with her and had not seen her since, and that she had drow herself at last, the girl went on softly stroking his hair, comforting hi And sometimes, as if in response, tears fell on her hands, sighs wo shake his breast, and she would hear him murmur softly, half to hims

"I used to say how beautifully she'd sing. I had faith in her. made her what she was."

H. E. Bates.

NO THEATRE, NO DRAMA

IN every generation the usual attitude of artists and critics toward the drama has been one of indulgent contempt, as though the play, in the theatre at least, were literature's poor and not quite respectable relation. Shakespeare's plays, and those of a few other dramatists, are excepted by the simple process of taking them away from the theatre into the library. I suggest in this essay that contempt for the stage, justified though it is by many theatrical performances, is quite stupid when it is based upon the general notion that the theatre must, of necessity, vulgarize the playwright's vision. It is no new thing to plead that drama is not literature, but truths have to be restated as often as the errors which they confound are repeated.

The text of a theatrical performance is set down in words. That is the only necessary connection it has with literature. When the dramatist *is* the theatre rather than a part of it, his play, whether in verse or prose, can become *almost* self-sufficient and self-explanatory, and can be enjoyed in print as a poem or a novel can be enjoyed. But when the theatre reaches a certain stage in its evolution, when the separate arts which make the composite art of the theatre have been clearly defined and divided between the different practitioners, then the value of the playwright's contribution, however great, will with difficulty be gauged in print. The full worth of a modern play is never seen until it has become a vital part in that complex organism we call "the theatre."

When Shakespeare wrote his plays he made the theatre so nearly the single art of the dramatist that his work became a magnificent gift to literature as well as to the drama. In the case of a modern genius in the European theatre, Ibsen, for example, the medium in which he expresses himself has become too complex and too subtle for him to make gratuitous presents to literature. So carefully does Ibsen allow in his text for the tributary art of those who will help to transform his play into drama, that Mr. C. E. Montague is able to quote a capable literary critic who could not make sense of *Hedda Gabler* when he read it, although he had to admit that the play was crystal clear when he saw it performed. Read the plays of Tchehov, and it is quite possible that you will see nothing in them to compare with his stories. Certainly, you will not read them and re-read them with the same pleasure with which you read and re-read Shakespeare. Yet Tchehov's plays, when well performed, evoke a very high and special pleasure in the theatre. There is Strindberg's *The Spook Sonata*, which was produced in London last June by Mr. J. B. Fagan. This extraordinary play made a great impression, as well it might,

for there are few readers, however intelligent, who could have foreseen from the text what the play would be like in the theatre. It requires the peculiar gift of the dramatist, or of a good producer, to stage this play in the mind's eye. Whereas most plays are only partly theatrical, this play is wholly and essentially theatrical. Whereas in most plays words are still everything, and light, music, properties, and movement are only *accessories* to the text, in *The Spook Sonata*, Strindberg *depends* upon these things as part of his means of expression. So magical is the effect of this attempt to make full use of the theatre that the dramatist is able to hold one's attention even though his meaning is often unintelligible, even when the words of his text seem ludicrous to the reason. I suggest that it is impossible to describe the content of this play or to picture its effect on an audience. I suggest, further, that this difficulty is due not simply to the fact that Strindberg was, or had been, [illegible]ne when he wrote the play, but largely because his play is an ex[illegible] of pure theatre, just as *The Ode to a Grecian Urn* is a piece of [illegible] poetry, the delight of which can be experienced but not easily explained.

If this be granted—" as it is a most pregnant and unforced position " —what is more evident than that a modern play can be fine despite, even because of, the fact that readers can make little of it?

Mr. C. E. Montague, who has written some of our best English dramatic criticism, in his essay on *The Literary Play* *, would still prefer to regard the play as a branch of literature. When the dramatist of to-day tries to create the whole play by himself, that is, attempts to write not merely the play but a description of the scenery, the action, *and to do other things which properly belong to the other artists of the theatre*, then Mr. Montague would prefer to describe him, not as being too literary, but as not being literary enough, since such a dramatist is evidently not aware of his limitations as a writer of plays. This is perfectly true, of course, but I still cannot see the advantage of trying to regard plays as literature. All other kinds of writing are judged on their own inherent merits. The epic, the novel, the sonnet, the short story, each of these things is complete in itself. Like the statue and the picture, each is its own sole intermediary between the creative and the perceptive brain. But a play is *not* complete in itself. It may be nearly so, as in the case of Shakespeare, but it can never be entirely so. This is surely a difference that is essential.

The fact that Shakespeare wrote for the stage at a moment when playwriting was not so distinctly divided as it is now from oratory, lyric poetry, and descriptive narration, is responsible for many curious things. One important result is that all kinds of people whose ignorance of the stage is as immense as their contempt for it, have been able to steal Shakespeare for their own purposes, and even to

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* *English Association Essays*, 1911.

forget that his [illegible]
amongst the first of those who have tried to separate Shakespeare from the theatre; and he was not content with half measures. In a famous essay he remarks:

> It may seem a paradox, but I cannot help being of the opinion that the plays of Shakespeare are less calculated for performance than those of any other dramatist whatever . . . There is so much in them that does not come under the province of acting, with which eye, and tone, and gesture have nothing to do. . . . Of the texture of Othello's mind, the inward construction marvellously laid open with all its strengths and weaknesses, its heroic confidences and its human misgivings, its agonies of hate springing from the depths of love [an audience see nothing]. Some dim thing or other they see; they see an actor personating a passion, of grief or anger for instance, and they recognise it as a copy of the usual external effects of such passion, or at least as being true to that symbol of the emotion which passes current for it in the theatre, for it is often no more than that . . .

From the point of view of this essay, Lamb was unwise to choose *Othello* as an example of a play which is falsified by performance, for of all Shakespeare's plays I should say it is the one that receives most benefit by being acted. In writing every scene of *Othello*, Shakespeare seems to have kept a more than usually sharp eye on the demands and limitations of the theatre. On the other hand, Lamb is too often justified in his indictment of the stage, particularly as he confines his case against it to the plays of Shakespeare. The best of Shakespeare passes beyond the confines of the stage. Only frequent reading of the text can give one a glimpse of the deepest wonders of his art. But unless you have also seen the plays in performance no amount of reading will give you a true appreciation of them. And, of course, if Lamb had suggested that what was true of one great dramatist was true of all, one could have confronted him immediately with the case of Molière. For Molière is the perfect example for the plea of "No theatre, no drama." It is no exaggeration to say of any play by this great dramatist that not even half the true worth of his comedies can be appreciated in the study.

But to take Molière for my example would be to make my argument too easy. Molière is *simply* a great dramatist. It is the fact that Shakespeare is more than a great dramatist which allows people to think that the theatre ought not to claim him at all, or at least to think that *they* need not enter a theatre in order to know Shakespeare. Now this cannot be allowed. Persuasively as Lamb may talk, I cannot forget that Shakespeare was a man of the theatre all his writing life. Because in his plays he was sometimes more than a great dramatist he is none the less a great dramatist, and his ability as a playwright can *only* be appreciated in performance. And this ability as a playwright, in which he surpassed his contemporaries as he surpassed them in everything, is as much a part of the greatness of his plays as his poetic gifts.

Beethoven's symphonies will give more pleasure if you read them than if you listen to them played by an incompetent orchestra. And it is as true of Beethoven's symphonies as of Shakespeare's tragedies, that they begin to be fully appreciated *only* by those who examine them in the study as well as listen to them in performance. But I feel certain that neither Shakespeare nor Beethoven would be pleased at the suggestion that their works were meant only or even chiefly for the eyes of readers. They would be more likely to ask why the theatre and the orchestra were not made more worthy of them. Beethoven wrote his music in the hope that it would be expressed in physical sound, knowing full well the inadequacies of the average orchestra. And Shakespeare wrote his plays in the hope that actors' voices would speak his words, and actors' bodies give them colour and movement, knowing full well that bad actors are commoner than good actors. No one would have laughed more than Shakespeare at the member of Vincent Crummles's company who thought he played *Othello* better when he blacked himself all over. We may realize, sadly, that the theatre is too often as stupidly unimaginative as that immortal actor; but this need not blind us to the fact that the fine staging of a play performs a similar function to Carlyle's critic "who stands like an interpreter between the inspired and the uninspired, between the prophet and those who hear the melody of the words and catch some glimpse of their material meaning, but understand not their deeper import."

I am reminded at this point of something that Mr. Ernest Newman said when he was discussing a performance of Puccini's last opera, *Turandot*: "It is useless to try to get any real idea of the opera from the piano arrangement, so organically is the harmonic tissue interwoven with the orchestral colour: things that are meaningless and repellent on the piano are found to be perfectly right when we hear them in the theatre." This distinction is almost exactly analogous to the difference between the text of an Ibsen or Tchehov play and the performance. It *is* exactly analogous to the difference between the text and the performance of Strindberg's *Spook Sonata*, which, as I said before, is a step ahead of any play yet written in making a continuous effort to use the whole art of the theatre. This analogy, then, though it does not hold for Shakespeare, is worth remembering.

To return now to Lamb. The attempt to separate Shakespeare from the theatre has led me into a somewhat abstract discussion; but the question is vital, for it involves the value of the theatre as well as the purpose for which a great dramatist wrote his plays. Mr. George Jean Nathan, an American dramatic critic who has many good things to say in the midst of many tiresome verbal antics, remarks that "the criticism that nominates itself to hold drama and the theatre as things apart is a criticism which, for all its probable integrity and reason, suffers from an excessive aristocracy, like a

[illegible] in a play by Sidney Grundy." I would say, bluntly, that such criticism is wrongheaded and essentially absurd. Divide the theatre as art from the theatre as popular entertainment and you make a necessary distinction, a distinction which you also have to make in painting, music, sculpture, and literature. But separate the drama from the theatre and you take the fish out of the water.

Why is such a thing attempted? You do not seek to divorce the painter from his canvas and his pigments, because you know that without them he cannot give you his vision. But you can receive the vision of the dramatist (more or less) in an intermediate state on paper, and because the medium it has next to go through often distorts and coarsens it, you do not want complete realization and seek to prevent it. But all artists have to entrust their visions to some imperfect realization in the material in which they choose to work; and the dramatist is not afraid to entrust his to the theatre. He is willing, or he would not be a dramatist, to pay the price of working in the least ideal medium of expression (least ideal because he has no control over the final stage of expression), because he is rewarded by his belief that when the theatre reaches a certain point towards perfection, his work will surpass in grandeur of effect anything that can be achieved in the other arts.

Therefore, the great dramatists belong to the theatre, however often the scholars choose to disregard the fact, however often the theatre itself chooses to forget it. Lamb states that a play of Shakespeare's differs from a play by Banks only by its poetry. This is simply not so, unless poetry is going to include the difference between puppets and characters which move and live. Such a wide use of the word "poetry" must not be allowed; the difference between Shakespeare and Banks *as dramatists* is by this means suggested to be the difference between them as writers of poetry. But other English poets have written verse in the shape of plays. Poets who rank as high as Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning have done so, but the theatre will never lay claim to them. Mr. Arthur Symons was nearer the mark when he said that:

> Life and beauty are the body and soul of great drama, and while one is poetry and comes bringing beauty, the other is a violent thing which has been scornfully called melodrama, and which is the emphasis of action. The greatest plays are melodrama by their skeleton, and poetry by the flesh which clothes the skeleton. . . . The outlines of *Hamlet* are crude, irresistible melodrama, still irresistible to the gallery, and the greatness of the play, though it comes to us by means of poetry, comes to us legitimately as a growth out of melodrama.

But here, again, is the suggestion that Shakespeare is a great dramatist because he is a great poet. If all you need for great drama is a poet working on a basis of melodrama, how is it that *The Cenci* is not a great play, not even a good play?

Reference to the undramatic poetic drama brings me to that awkward question: What is a dramatist? What is the vital difference between two great poets which makes Shakespeare dramatist and Shelley no dramatist? And what is the vital difference between two playwrights which makes Banks a bad and Shakespeare good playwright? A. B. Walkley once quoted Venables on Carlyle: "He had a stereoscopic imagination; he put everything before you in solid shape." "That quality," adds Walkley, "which is a luxury in an historian, is a necessity in a dramatist." Goethe put all this briefly when he said that "Nothing is truly theatrical that is not symbolic to the eye," and Hamlet illustrated the apothegm very neatly when he preferred to *show* his uncle that "murder, though it hath no tongue, can speak with most miraculous organ." The possession of "stereoscopic imagination" combined with the power to conceive and control movement in design (the rhythmic interplay of the parts within the whole), are essential to the art of the dramatist.

In trying to suggest the difference between the dramatic and the undramatic, it is obvious that "movement" is a vital factor. You cannot have drama without action, although you may without character or beauty of speech. Action, of course, need not mean anything external or strepitous. Dryden said that "Every alteration or crossing in design, every new-sprung passion, and turn of it, is part of the action, and much the noblest, unless we conceive nothin to be action until the players come to blows." (Dryden, you see, was ready to appreciate Tchehov and Ibsen). Lessing also makes an important point, which elaborates a little the phrase "stereoscopic imagination," when he says that the distinction of the dramatist and his chief difficulty, is "to let the passions arise before the eyes of the spectator in lieu of describing them, and to let them grow u in such illusory continuity that he must sympathize with them whether he will or no." It is not easy, Lessing adds, "to convert a touchin little story into true drama, for it is necessary to transfer oneself from the point of view of a narrator into the real standpoint of each personage."

With these things in mind a brief definition of "good theatre" might be: "The designed, rhythmic interplay of emotions made visible, audible, and intelligible." It may be thought a point of inferiority in dramatic art that it should appeal so largely to the feelings. But this, as William Archer replied, "is a criticism not of dramatic art but of human nature. We may wish that mankind took more pleasure in pure apprehension than in emotion; but so long as the fact is otherwise, that way of handling an incident by which the greatest variety and poignancy of emotion can be extracted wi remain the specifically dramatic way." Perhaps we have here the reason why the "intellectuals" are so contemptuous when the theatre is mentioned? Yet all art, surely, is addressed to the emotions

he chief glory of the drama is the complex nature of its appeal. No other art has at its command so complete a range of expression—action, form, colour, gesture, voice, persons—and the test to apply to any play, or any scene in a play, is to ask to what extent the dramatist has tried to use the full scope of theatrical art.

Such a test will be difficult to apply. But anyone who takes more than a superficial glance at the English stage will soon begin to realise that most contemporary productions use but a tiny part of the potential powers of the theatre. One may even come to the conclusion that the full flower of the modern European theatre has not yet been seen: that its varied and subtle means of expression have not yet been harmonized by a dramatic genius into one complete and magnificent synthesis. We have had the dramatist on top of the theatre and we have had the leading player. On the Continent, the stage director is now supreme. The scene-designer gave ominous warning in London this year when Mr. Charles Ricketts swamped Shakespeare and the actors in the Ainley-Thorndike production of *Macbeth*. It has been suggested, indeed, that if Mr. Gordon Craig were given the theatre of his visions the stage-designer would be supreme in it. There is not much to be gained by a discussion of this point, because Mahommed has sworn he will not come to the mountain—which he swears is a molehill, anyway—and the mountain refuses to go to Mahommed. But it is only fair to remember that Mr. Craig is and always has been a man of the theatre even if his uncompromising idealism now prevents him from working with those who bravely sweat and groan to bring but a penn'orth of their dreams into the theatre of commerce. To say the least, he has helped to blaze the path for that community of directed effort which we are seeking, but which will never be found by that absurdly tyrannical producer of to-day who tries not only to organize the show but to force upon the actors and the play his own conceptions.

The finest theatre will not be evolved by domineering personalities. We may hope a little from the competition of the cinema and the radio. Drama has always been the popular art: the other arts, in comparison, have been for the few. The popular art has now an art even more popular than itself to compete with it in its appeal to the love of spectacle in movement, and it has a new medium, as popular as the cinema, for spreading interest in the spoken word. To keep its supremacy, the theatre *must* learn to fulfil its true function. It must vacate the pulpit in which Mr. Shaw and the Do-me-good dramatists so dangerously placed it, and try to bring into being that harmony of colour and sound and movement and meaning which is drama.

JOHN SHAND.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

An Ambiguous Bicentenary.—Surrounded by all the apparatu of secrecy which he loved, in May, 1728, Pope published anonymous the first edition of the *Dunciad*, imagining that thus he was avengin himself on Lewis Theobald's editorial victory over his own unluck edition of Shakespeare, but, in reality, giving to his world and i posterity an unrivalled piece of self-revelation.

The anniversary should properly be celebrated by experts in textu criticism of Shakespeare. The honours of the occasion fall to Theoba rather than to Pope; and even Pope's most loyal readers must confe that the original *Dunciad*, a somewhat slight thing of three book much as it gained in piquancy from having Theobald as hero in pla of Cibber, is the poorer for lacking the fourth book.

A great satire had been called forth by a great piece of scholarshi The eighteenth century proceeded to neglect Theobald after Warburt had stolen his emendations and wrapped his editorship in those tangl of literary hatred which no other century has more painstakingly create Nineteenth-century critics, flushed with belief in humanity, were mo prompt to recognize the extraordinary psychology of the pioneer edit the first methodical critic who had known how consecutively to discu a foggy line or word, dismiss it for his own emendation and suppo the latter by a group of parallels from other plays. Theobald was poet; his was not more than ordinary organic sensibility. To a te perament such as Pope's he must have appeared the "damn'd insip Animal" which he names himself in a letter when suffering from cold; and yet they had in common some fraction of insight. Theobal conjectures, brilliant by themselves and immeasurably more so wh placed beside Pope's half-hearted and inept guesses, cannot have be the speculation merely of

> Some bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
> With loads of learned lumber in his head.

They manifest an astounding capacity for mental sympathy on t part of a critic who could not himself write poetry, but could usual imagine what a poet had wished to say. The modern reader of Shak speare never pauses to remember his debt to Theobald. Our ignoran forgets that there was ever any reading less clear than "Priscian a litt scratched; 'twill serve," or

> As is the bud bit with an envious worm
> Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
> Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

or "My father has gone wild into his grave," or "We have scotch the snake," or "the ne'er lust-wearied Antony," or:

> Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream
> Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide.

Textual chaos and intricacy must have afforded him the same nervous delight that Pope absorbed from a dinner at Timon's villa or a drive with St. John.

One hesitates over the supreme and indisputable crown of Theobald's emendations, the "table of green fields," which drove Pope to his feeblest evasion. Can Theobald claim more credit for "and a' babbled of green fields" than his unknown friend, in whose copy of the play "table" had been changed to "talked"? However, there it is, the most remarkable fruit of the Shakespearean scholarship of those vexed Augustan years; and the total list of Theobald's emendations leaves one wondering at the blindness which overtook Pope's fancy and the impotence which crippled his gift for turning a visualizing phrase as soon as he undertook "the dull duty of an editor."

Theobald was omnivorous. No scholar of his time knew his Chaucer better. He traced Hamlet to Saxo Grammaticus, he found the grave-digger's song in Tottel, he discovered the works from which came the devils' names in *Lear* and the rules for quarrelling in *As You Like It.* The tedious notes of every Fifth Form copy of Shakespeare look back to him. He read Holinshed, whom Pope had thoroughly neglected, and there he found that "weird" was a better epithet for witches than the Folio "weyward." He knew all about "the Egyptian thief at point of death," and "pampered jades of Asia" and the *Spanish Tragedy.* He collected instances of adjectives turned by Shakespeare into verbs. The only edition known to him was the second Folio. Research was no cheap and easy matter in his day, but he devoted his obscure life to it while Pope was being thrilled with rage, not, almost certainly, with a purely jealous personal envy, but with distaste for the whole life of the scholar.

> Each wight that reads not, but that scans and spells,
> Each word-catcher that lives by syllables,
> Even such small critics some regard may claim,
> Wrapped round in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.

Had he some idea that the textual editor might pry too far? Did Theobald, who lumbered, doubtless, where he himself could soar, arouse in him some heroic desire to defend the last secrets of the creative mind from trespass? Was Pope's the fury with which a lonely, creative modern writer might sometimes eye the neat labellings of the psychologist, the man who thinks that nothing is inexplicable? Nothing as vital, as energetic, and—in the last book—as radiant with wit and imagination as the *Dunciad* could have been produced from a sheer sense of inferiority. Pope did not care a rap for the ultimate fate of Shakespearean texts. Theobald, even if he had not wounded the satirist's vanity with the title-page of *Shakspere Restored, or a Specimen of the many Errors committed as well as unamended by Mr. Pope in his late edition of this Poet,* was bound to jar when his personality crossed Pope's vision. He did not know how to play, certainly not how

to play with his faith and his calling as Pope played with his every day just because at heart he took life more seriously than did Theobald; but he came off lightly even in the original *Dunciad*, so speedily did the arrows of satire glance away from him to the gross bulk of the cloudy goddess of Dullness herself. Had the attack on Theobald (or Cibber) been sustained throughout the poem, the *Dunciad* would have found its last reader long ago, and remained as a grove of asterisks and forgotten names which no star could penetrate; but the divine energy of the poet, luxuriating in his play, saved the poem and carries the willing reader easily over all troublesome allusions, until the contemporary and the ephemeral are seen from the heights of imagination to be but insignificant particles in the whole universal landscape of literature. No other poet has ever taken last week's news-sheets and written on their perishable leaves, over the undistinguished records of the mediocre, so splendid a panorama of intellectual fashions. The *Dunciad* is the greatest example of a poem which appeared to be constructed from purely contemporary matter for a season's success, but has rid itself, thanks to genius, of the heavy load of the particular and swung to the universal. It has triumphed over time and can never be blighted, as most of Dryden's satire has been blighted, by mere political evolution. Critics have usually complained that Theobald's busy talent met with neglect, even after his Shakespeare was published, and his intuition was certainly amazing, considering the obscurity of the undocumented Shakespeare known to his generation, and the kink in his own mentality which led him to proclaim the Shakespearean authorship of the *Double Falsehood*. And yet his highest title to praise was undoubtedly earned when his pen coined the final epithet or phrase which kindled the accumulated, involved resentment of a far rarer mind to the creation of one of the greatest pictorial expressions of an intellectual's creed ever written in England.—D. N. Dalglish.

Soul, Spirit and Personality.—I happened to pick up the first number of the New Adelphi a short time ago, and what I read there from Mr. Middleton Murry's pen provoked reflections which seemed just possibly worth placing alongside his.

The discernment with which Mr. Murry treats Our Lord's parables could not be lost on anyone who, like myself, believes the Gospel message, but finds it hard to extract the full meaning from the New Testament. I was particularly struck by his interpretation of what might be called the "seed motif," and it seemed to me the more strange on this account, when I went on to read the reviews he has grouped under the heading "Spiritual Vision," that he should apparently hesitate to recognize the existence and activity of spirit as distinct from soul.

Mr. Murry says that what Dean Inge and Mr. Santayana mean by Spirit, General Smuts by Personality, and he himself by Soul is, broadly speaking, the same. That these three words have something in

son, I agree, but I am equally convinced that they represent distinct realities, and it seems to me that there is no more rtant task for any thinker to-day than to disentangle the confusion exists about them. This I cannot claim to be able to do either present time or in these few words, but I should like to suggest r. Murry's consideration that the idea of unity in trinity has a bearing on the matter. I believe myself that this idea has been ialy neglected. Ordinarily, it is regarded as a mysterious and aprehensible doctrine of Christian Theology, whereas I think it be shown to solve, not only the difficulties of all monist and ist metaphysical systems, but also the difficulties which are my present concern.

Christian doctrine of the Trinity asserts that there are three *ns* in one God, and we are, moreover, told that God is *Spirit*. uld therefore seem reasonable to expect to find the principle of in Spirituality and the principle of differentiation in Personality. now can one be three at the same time? My answer is that *nnot be one without being three*. Perhaps I shall make my meaning r if I explain myself thus: Let us say that A+B=D. We are hat D is the sum of A and B, but we sometimes forget that the juxtaposition of A and B does not make D. In order to produce must go through the process of addition, which is represented by lus sign in the formula. D, therefore, implies three things: the nce of A, the presence of B, and the presence of something which ther A, nor B, nor D, but connects A and B in order to make D. s call this C. Now, if A, B, C and D are each distinct unities, it rs that A, B, C will each be trinities of the same nature as D. God Ultimate Unity, but there is nothing inconsistent with this in the affirmation of a Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, this Trinity inconsistent with God's Unity. They are necessities to each.

Murry will no doubt have noticed a similarity between the view e been trying to express and General Smuts' theory of holes. I with him as to the great significance of General Smuts' work, should like to see it carried a step further. General Smuts says passage quoted by Mr. Murry that "The ideal Personality only where Mind irradiates Body and Body nourishes Mind, and the re one in their mutual transfigurement." This in my view is not true, because I can only conceive of human Personality as a in trinity of Body, Soul and Spirit. I do not know whether ral Smuts would identify Mind and Soul—for me, Soul includes but they do not mean the same thing—nor am I quite clear ier he regards Body and Mind as two independent realities, as I ound to do. I shall, however, assume for present purposes that ifference between Mind and Soul is one only of degree, while that en Body and Soul is a difference of kind. In this case it seems

to me that in order that there should be Personality, a third factor is required. This, I believe to be Spirit. It is that which makes the Unity which we call Personality, that Personality which each human being claims to possess by the fact of saying "I." It is also that which gives us our relation to God.

I am very conscious of having presented these views inadequately and most probably ambiguously, but I must trust Mr. Murry's perspicacity to see what I am driving at. If I can interest him or any readers of the NEW ADELPHI, my object will have been achieved.—J. DE V. LODER.

DEATH'S LITTLE IRONIES.—The full effect of Press enterprise on the conduct of public ceremonies has scarcely yet been realized. We shall discover one day that it has become impossible to preserve any sort of impressiveness on any occasion possessing "news value." Those who read not long ago of the burial of Thomas Hardy's heart at Stinsford will remember the emphasis laid on the simplicity of this village gathering. In some accounts there was a tendency to prefer it to the Abbey funeral as a tribute probably more in keeping with Hardy's own wishes.

There was naturally no mention of the reporters and Press photographers. These young men were only doing their job. I was one of them. But the battery of Press cameras was certainly striking. The churchyard was full of photographers: they stood on walls, on wooden steps, on tombstones, on a ladder propped against the church roof. An almost complete circle of cameras appeared to be trained over the heads of the crowd on the narrow grave cut in the shade of the yew tree.

Before this I had been standing in the crowd densely packed in the church porch for the brief memorial service. One journalist sat on a wooden seat at my side digging his elbow into me as he scribbled furiously on a writing pad. Another stood wedged against me equally busy with a small notebook. I had my own notebook ready. The sonorous voice of the Vicar was heard entering the porch—"I am the Resurrection and the Life." But following the Vicar, taking advantage of his passage to get through the crowd, came another string of reporters, headed by a peculiarly eel-like young man with a pasty face and long flapping hair. It was a little curious to hear those words, always impressive, and at the same moment to catch sight of what they seemed to announce.

The village people did not appear to resent this invasion from Fleet Street. I believe they were rather proud of it. I heard one young countryman tell another in an awe-struck tone that reporters were there from "all the papers." The country people were pleased to find their village such a focus of metropolitan interest for the first time in its life. But it would not have been very easy under such conditions for anyone to be moved by the ceremony.

I do not think that personally I should in any case have been much impressed with this curious rite of heart burial. There most certainly was a sincere local desire to pay tribute to Thomas Hardy, but I doubt whether on this occasion it found its true expression. Two days before, I had seen Hardy's coffin arrive at Woking and a cloud of dark smoke pour from the crematorium chimney. That seemed to me the end. If Hardy had been buried at Stinsford, I think I should—not very logically—have resented the Press cameras. I should have felt that he was somehow still attached to the scene. But it seemed to me that after cremation he was no longer concerned with any mortal follies. Perhaps I imagined him looking at the Press cameras with an ironic smile and simply murmuring to himself: "What a fuss—but what has it to do with me?"—C. D.

CORRESPONDENCE

PARLIAMENT AND THE NEW PRAYER BOOK

To the Editor of *The New Adelphi*.

Sir,—I was so much interested by your admirable editorial notes in the March number of *The New Adelphi* that I hope you will permit me to make a few comments.

I find it a little difficult to reconcile your various statements about the Church of England. First, you say that the House of Commons, in rejecting the new Prayer Book at the beginning of this year, "voiced the dormant sentiment of the nation." Being struck by this remark, I read further in the hope of finding out what the dormant sentiment of the nation might be. I admit that I am not yet clear in my mind what the dormant sentiment of the nation is, unless it be a dormant sentiment for remaining dormant: in which it seems to resemble the dormant sentiment of a dormouse. The nation, apparently is (at least, in hundreds of thousands) attached to the Church of England: it is surely our business to analyze this sentiment of persons who, as you say, "scarcely ever take part in a Church service." But I think, Sir, that you alter the case by assuming, as you seem to do, that the new Prayer Book represents a tendency towards "Roman sacerdotalism." I have no doubt that to you, and to the hypothetical hundreds of thousands who "scarcely ever take part in a Church service," because they are so "shy"—not because they are occupied with more important matters, but solely because of that schoolboy shyness, that precious quality which must be preserved at all costs unless the race is to degenerate—the rejected Prayer

Book stands for "Roman sacerdotalism." But I find no admission in your admirable notes, that to those who like what you (and no doubt the hundreds of thousands as well) call "sacerdotalism," the Prayer Book represents a restriction of this "sacerdotalism." Accordingly, you speak of the rejection of the Book as a "blow" to Anglo-Catholicism. Yet you have read the report of the speeches in the Lords, including the speech of Lord Halifax, so you can hardly suppose that the "Roman sacerdotalists" received the Book with great enthusiasm.

In one or two points of detail I cannot accept your statement of fact. It is interesting, of course, to hear that Lord Hugh Cecil is an Anglo-Catholic, for I did not know that fact. But it is not interesting to hear that, according to the Anglo-Catholic view, Parliament has no right to pronounce upon doctrinal issues. The fact is that, according to the law of the land, Parliament has not only the right but the duty so to pronounce. To some of us, this is a legal absurdity which ought to be altered; but none of us question the legal right and duty of Parliament to pronounce, according to existing law. You refer to Hooker: but you must know as well as I know that the whole social situation was very different in Hooker's day; the relation of Crown to Estates was different; and it is hardly likely that Hooker envisaged the prospect of a Commons in which Nonconformists, Jews, Parsees, Atheists and women took part. I doubt even whether Hooker realized that in the House of Lords an Isaacs would be a Marquis, a Smith an Earl, a Samuel a Baron.

One other point. You say that the hundreds of thousands, who listen in or ride about in Morris cars on Sunday because they are too British in their "shyness" to go to Church, the hundreds of thousands who are too shy to take communion, the great broad-shouldered Englishmen who are such sensitive creatures that they cannot make confessions, these great generous, boisterous schoolboys, these persons constitute the Church of England. The Church of England is not a visible Church of communicants, but a wholly invisible Church of shy schoolboys. And yet you admit that there is a real danger to the Church of England. The shy schoolboy attitude does not, in fact, work. They are so shy that they will not take holy orders! It is not that they are not religious: no, there is no one more religious. No, it is that they are "educated," the hundreds of thousands; and being educated—they *cannot* believe in the Resurrection.

Now I wonder, Sir, whether you suppose that the "uneducated" believe in the Resurrection, and that the "educated" do not. My opinion is that it has nothing to do with education or illiteracy in the ordinary sense. I suspect that in England to-day there are more "educated" people who believe in the Resurrection than there are "uneducated" who so believe. But, perhaps, your standards of "education" are different from mine.

I can only suppose that your view of the Church is exactly the opposite of mine. According to your view, the Church of England consists of those people who never go to church (except, perhaps, to be baptized, married and buried), and who are too honest and too religious to think of becoming clergymen.

Yours, etc.,

T. S. ELIOT.

saying that the House of Commons in the Prayer Book debate had d the dormant sentiment of the nation, I meant precisely what I said. that sentiment is was expressed with lucidity by Sir John Simon and delicately by Sir Martin Conway: to whose speeches I must refer Eliot.

e question whether or not the new Prayer Book really does represent pproach to "Roman sacerdotalism" can be decided only by an analysis e new Communion Service, upon which I decided not to enter. My on is that the new "Epiklesis" is deliberately and dangerously uous.

was perfectly aware that many of the extremer Anglo-Catholics were st the New Book, and that an extreme Anglo-Catholic, like Mr. Darwell e, has declared that the Old Book is preferable to the New, but I cannot t the familiar argument that these facts prove that the New Book con- no doctrinal change.

e extremer Anglo-Catholics refuse the New Book because it makes illegal and would control others of the practices obtaining among them. s quite irrelevant to the question whether a new doctrinal tinge is given e New Book.

e remainder of Mr. Eliot's letter seems to me an extravagant and (I am d to say) unilluminating development of his own theme of "the shy oisterous schoolboy." That Mr. Eliot has a totally different conception e Church of England from mine is indeed obvious. I can only reassert elief that my conception of the *Established* Church is nearer to the truth his own. But I must complain of some palpable misrepresentation in st paragraph. To assert or imply that I dreamed of excluding com- cant members from the membership of the English Church, because luded non-communicant members, is fantastic. Mr. Eliot's desire for e has carried him away.

ally, in giving the inability of most educated (or cultivated) men to re in the Resurrection as the fundamental cause of the continued shortage ndidates for orders, I was prepared for correction. Mr. Eliot offers none. he fact still needs explanation. Mr. Eliot offers none, I shall therefore nue to believe that my explanation is correct. It does not involve the ary that those who can believe in the Resurrection are uneducated: y that the minds in which a belief in the Resurrection is compatible high level of culture grow steadily more rare.—The Editor.]

THE ETHICAL PROBLEM IN "JULIUS CÆSAR"

[*The following essay takes the place, for this issue, of our usual Notes on Shakespeare.—The Editor.*]

The year 1601 was a fateful one for Shakespeare. We do not know exactly what happened to the poet. The critics are not unanimous: some of them think that Shakespeare was profoundly influenced by the trial and condemnation of his aristocratic friends Essex and Southampton, who had made a foolish plot to dethrone Queen Elizabeth; others refer to the poet's unfortunate passion for the "Dark Lady" of the sonnets; others, again, identify this date with that of his father's death.

We may trust more or less any of these hypotheses—it is a matter of inclination. One thing is certain: there occurred in Shakespeare's life a terrific event which affected him profoundly. After 1601 he becomes an entirely different man, and his works take on a new character. A little while before he had written *Twelfth Night*, full of sincere, joyous and careless laughter. Now, almost immediately after it he writes *Julius Cæsar*, where none of the principal characters ever dares to smile even for a moment, and *Hamlet*, where Hamlet alone is laughing; but in such a way that we doubt whether his laughter is not more terrible than his tears.

Julius Cæsar and *Hamlet*, however unlike each other in subject, matter and form, are written round the same theme, which finds expression in Hamlet's famous words: "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right." This means that his previous unconscious and easy belief in the expedience and significance of man's life has vanished. He must find immediately, *at once*, a new creed—otherwise life becomes an endless and insufferable torture. But how is that to be done? Where can one find that creed? And is there one on earth at all?

Julius Cæsar is the first experiment in this search which, though restless, feverish and impatient, yet at the same time is hidden, as though fearing to unveil itself. And yet for Shakespeare it is essential not so much to get an answer to his question as to get it *at once*. It seems to him that he cannot abide any longer, that his strength is already exhausted, that a few days—a few hours—more of that inhuman torture will make him mad. Of course, it is a mistake, man is an all-enduring creature. Not only will the answer fail to come at once, but it will not do so for many years. Yet Shakespeare will not go mad—he will live and live with the consciousness that for him all is lost, and that all answers ever given to Hamlet's question were but hollow words. In *Julius Cæsar*, however, he fears to admit even the possibility of such a supposition. He anxiously calls to mind everything which he has ever learned from people or from books, in the hope that some wise man, of ancient or modern times, will instruct and show him how to set the time right again. There must be somewhere *the* "word" which can solve all tormenting doubts.

Plutarch, whom Shakespeare read in the translation of Thomas North, was apparently the best adviser in that heavy task. Plutarch is above all a teacher, a moralist. He is a man of firm, unshakeable principles, at the back of which lies the belief in a moral world-order. He is deeply convinced

morality is all-powerful, and that mortals will find enough consolation in conscious fulfilment of their duty despite all the vicissitudes of life. a follower of Plato. Like Plato, he makes it his leading idea that man bear any injustice as long as he is not unjust himself. It is true, the of Plutarch and his master Plato are not strictly pure, or as philosophy it nowadays, not "autonomous": they are sanctified by religion and the immediate protection of the gods. Plutarch's dialogue "On the ate punishment of the ungodly," as well as some of Plato's dialogues, ncluded by a fantastic description of the world beyond. An unjust man his conception—is punished not only by impersonal morality, but also e almighty gods. And it is not only here, but almost everywhere, that rch, in conformity with the ancient custom, lets the gods meddle in n affairs. Shakespeare, as a child of the 17th century and a con-orary of Bacon, could not, of course, attach any real importance to standpoint. To his mind the gods of Plutarch had merely a symbolic . As for us nowadays, so for him, religion was divorced from morality. lid not cease, however, to expect miracles from morality, nor reject the ht that this impersonal god might and should require sacrifices, even an ones. . . .

is is the chief line of thought in *Julius Cæsar*. Of course, the idea its expression not in Cæsar himself, who was least fitted to exemplify ut in his murderer, the honourable Brutus. Brutus has to prove by ehaviour that he who is prepared to carry out the commands of high lity to the bitter end has nothing whatever to fear.

here is a passage in Act IV, Scene 3, in the conversation between Brutus Cassius, which has been little noticed by critics:

> *Brutus:* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
> *Cassius:* Of your philosophy you make no use,
> If you give place to accidental evils.

akespeare thinks that Brutus has a philosophy, which teaches him how ce all dangers and how to endure manfully all "accidental evils." An able philosophy! To attain it, it would certainly be worth while not to read Plutarch but other thinkers as well—a multitude of books. "accidental evils" of Brutus would suffice a dozen of the most virtuous true Romans. These "evils" began long before Brutus decided to the conspiracy against Cæsar. The same "philosophy" which, accord-o Cassius, is able to teach mankind so much, has more than once *required* *ices* from Brutus on the grounds of her divine right. Plutarch says during the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey, Brutus took the side ompey, though the latter had killed Brutus's father, because he thought his cause was a just one. And what a miserable life was that of poor us! He abjured food, drink and sleep; even during a campaign when men were taking rest he watched through the night reading the books h would reinforce his belief in the almighty power of morality!

nd as soon as Cæsar, his friend and benefactor, arrived in Rome and atened its ancient liberties, morality had merely to nod to her faithful ant—who immediately forgot everything and started to prepare a ifice—a *human* sacrifice. In this respect morality is much more exacting those simple heathen gods who used to content themselves with some or goats, or if the occasion were especially solemn, a hundred oxen. orality is greedy and it demands *men*—not just one, but many, and not

the first you may meet, but your dearest and most beloved—your father, your mother, your son, your friend. . . .

What does morality want with such sacrifices? The gods admitted such questions, and would even at times reply to them. But morality is above them—*sic volo, sic jubeo—sit pro ratione voluntas.* Shakespeare understood this perfectly, but his critics unfortunately have been either unable or unwilling to understand it. Not only our contemporary Brandes but also people of the old school (Germans, too—idealists *par excellence*), such as Gervinus and Kreussig, or their faithful pupil the French Mézière, or the American Hudson—all of them think it possible to attack Brutus because of his unprotesting readiness to execute the orders of morality. They call him "dreamer," "unpractical idealist," "common-place idealist," etc. Why—they ask—did he kill Cæsar when it was clear to the blindest that the Republic was past saving and that Rome had in any case lost her freedom?

But these critics have mistaken their person: it is not Brutus and not Shakespeare even whom they should have reproached, but morality herself. It is for her and for her alone that Brutus, so gentle by nature, embarked on evil deeds. Listen for a while to his soliloquies; consider for a moment his actions; and, lastly, if Shakespeare be too difficult for you, read Plutarch—and you will realise that Brutus had no personal or selfish aim in what he undertook. Kant would have been completely satisfied with him: he was acting all the time in accordance with the demands of autonomous morality and *against* his own feelings and desires. Cæsar was his friend and benefactor whom he loved as his own father; yet he killed him. Cassius merely hinted that action was *needed* and Brutus was ready for everything. "What is it that you would impart to me?" he asks his friend:

> If it be aught toward the general good,
> Set honour in one eye and death i' the other—
> And I will look on both indifferently.

These are not mere words! Terrible trials were awaiting Brutus, but he never abandoned his task. Nobody ever heard his grievances: to complain would have meant mistrusting and even accusing morality. And she should be worshipped! Such is the teaching of our ethics and of their great founder, Kant. Brutus must consider his destiny a happy one! Morality herself has bestowed her choice upon him! It is a cause for triumph: is not the highest, the "absolute" good—to sacrifice one's self and others to virtue?

And this should not be done for any *end*: every possible end should be unconditionally excluded, otherwise—*horribile dictu*—an eudaimonistic element would stain the pure task of morality, and make "autonomy" a hollow sound. Brutus and Shakespeare have before them the idea of duty in all its dove-like purity. It is to this idea that they offer sacrifices. I say "they," because we must not lose sight of this for an instant if we are to understand Julius Cæsar. Shakespeare does the same as Brutus—he brings to the altar of morality *all* that is dear to him, everything that he has on earth of value.

And what terrible sacrifices were demanded of them! Portia says to Brutus:

> And could it work so much upon your shape,
> As it has much prevail'd on your condition—
> I should not know you, Brutus.

The same is true of Shakespeare: had his appearance in the interval between his last comedy and his first tragedy changed as much as his mood—

his best friends would have refused to recognise him. But like the Brutus of Plutarch, "When he was out of his house he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind" (North). So with the poet. No one ever tried to guess at his thoughts when he was writing *Julius Cæsar*. Some say with Swinburne that Shakespeare wanted to glorify the republic, others ascribed to Shakespeare the desire to prove the great truth that men in their political life should act on the principles that sufficed them at home. But surely many writers have dealt with that question and have produced learned treatises and not tragedies. It is clear that when writing *Julius Cæsar* Shakespeare cared little for either republic or politics. Plutarch, whom he trusted so much and followed so closely, could have impressed upon his mind that the republic was doomed not because of Cæsar but because of the march of historical events. Describing the Roman life of that period, Plutarch says:

> . . . The assembly seldom time brake up but that pulpit for orations was defiled and sprinkled with the blood of them that were slain in the market place, the city remaining all that time without government of magistrate, like a ship without a pilot. Insomuch as *men of deep judgment and discretion, seeing such fury and madness of the people, thought themselves happy if the commonwealth were no worse troubled, than with the absolute state of a monarchy and sovereign lord to govern them.* Furthermore, there were many that were not afraid to speak it openly that there was no other help to remedy the troubles of the commonwealth, but by the authority of one man only that should command them all: and that this medicine must be ministered by the hands of him that was the gentlest physician, meaning covertly Pompeius. (North.)

These remarks would have sufficed alone to induce Shakespeare either to give up his republican sympathies, if he ever had any, or at any rate to withhold them for awhile. But Shakespeare did not go to Plutarch to obtain lessons from history of which he knew enough by himself: witness his historical plays unmatched in the world's literature. What he wanted was to find in life something that might be worshipped by everybody—by the strong and the weak, by the just and the unjust, by the fortunate and the unfortunate. He needed the highest element in life—something which could support a man when he is overwhelmed by despair. He had to perform sacrifices and wanted to know to whom they were to be offered. Is it possible at such a time to think of politics, of systems of government or the needs of far-distant Rome? Shakespeare learned from Plutarch that the honourable, honest and disinterested Brutus slew his best friend and eventually had to commit suicide. How was he to justify Brutus? How was he to convince himself that in his misfortunes and shortcomings Brutus was yet a greater, juster and worthier man than the lucky and successful Cæsar? The intentions of Brutus were pure, and purity of intention justifies everything. Is that not so? *Does purity of intention perhaps not justify everything?* Do Plutarch and philosophy tell us lies? When Shakespeare was writing *Julius Cæsar* he dared not think that such a fraud was possible: virtue is right and her priests are justified. Brutus, not Cæsar, possessed the absolute good. The only problem is to be consistent, to believe in high precepts and fear no sacrifice—all the rest shall be added unto you, and he that endureth to the end shall be saved.

Here lies the explanation of the directness of Brutus which has so much displeased the critics. Shakespeare put a man's life in one scale and the demands of high morality in the other; and he did his utmost to weigh

down the second scale. Whenever and for whatever purpose morality calls on Brutus, he is always ready to respond. All the other conspirators are influenced by accessory reasons—ambition, hatred of Cæsar, etc. "In contrary manner (says Plutarch) even his enemies did never reprove Brutus for any such desire." He has an aversion to murder, he cannot even bear the lies and deceit demanded by the task he has undertaken. He would like to act openly, to do everything straightforwardly, and to avoid bloodshed. But duty commands and he resignedly obeys. When addressing Cassius and the conspirators, he says:

> Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius,
> We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
> And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
> O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit
> *And not dismember Cæsar!* But, alas,
> Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
> Let's kill him boldly, *but not wrathfully,*
> *Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods.* . . .

It is not given to Brutus even for a single moment to act from the motives that usually influence people. It is not given to him to fall into a passion, or rejoice; he has no right to fears or desires. He must obey; he performs a divine service, he offers a sacrifice. Fichte wrote some striking lines which define with extraordinary precision the "desirable" relations of a man to his ideal: "I am called upon to bear witness to the truth: my life and destiny have no meaning whatever, but the task of my life is all important. I am the priest of truth, I am her hireling, I have to attempt and to dare and to endure everything for her sake." Just replace here the word "truth" by the word "virtue" and you have the *profession de foi* of Brutus. He, too, is a priest, a hireling, who pledges himself to dare and endure everything for the sake of his ideal.

But the cheerful, all-conquering, dynamic pathos of Fichte's speech is not to be found in any of Brutus's soliloquies. On the contrary, his words show a strange and dark depression. He cannot speak freely—it is as though he foresees that the creed, for whose sake he will dare all things, is going to dupe him. His presentiment did not deceive him. The Fichtean philosophy that Shakespeare drew from Plutarch (another huge store of the *pâture des grandes âmes*) proved mere bookish wisdom, to be discarded in the critical moments of life. A crowd is easily electrified by eloquent words on truth, goodness and beauty; in large and brightly lit halls these words will make thousands of hearts beat with joy. But the same words will never appeal in any way to Shakespeare: "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy" of the most learned. This sentence occurs as early as in *Hamlet*, written almost simultaneously with *Julius Cæsar*. In *Hamlet* there is no attempt to solve the tragedy of life with the aid of a traditional morality. Plutarch and all his teachers of morality are done away with. As soon as Hamlet met a ghost from the world beyond, all his previous beliefs and ideals became to him a childish romance. Hamlet's first reflection after his talk with the ghost was this:

> Remember thee!
> Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
> In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
> Yea, from the table of my memory
> *I'll wipe away all trivial fond records*

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain
Unmix'd with *baser* matter.

Books are of no avail; reason is distrusted and thrown overboard. All except what Hamlet heard from the ghost is "base matter." Neither Fichte's eloquence nor Kant's autonomous morality supported by learned arguments are able to drive away the poor Prince of Denmark's horrible vision.

And yet, the "ghost" in *Hamlet* is not the product of a diseased fancy. Hamlet and Shakespeare are perfectly aware that the "other world" is closed to us for ever: "The undiscovered country from whose bourn o traveller returns." In our enlightened days no consolation will come therefrom. In this sense we are all positivists to the utmost—we refuse to believe not only in other people's tales about such miracles, but also in the testimony, however palpable, of our own senses. And yet, we are only half-hearted positivists. We do not receive ghosts when they come to encourage or to help us—we drive them away as deceitful illusions or hallucinations. But if ghosts come to us as to Hamlet to put us on the rack we never for a moment doubt that they are real. Our learned exorcisms become helpless and weak . . . None of the critics has ever attacked Shakespeare for introducing into a realistic tragedy such an absurd fiction as the apparition of a ghost. Apparently we feel that science has only partly done away with the old superstitions. Science has abolished paradise but has had to keep hell, nay, to transfer it nearer to ourselves, from the world beyond to *this* world.

This is the ever-recurring refrain of all Shakespeare's tragedies. In *Julius Cæsar* it is not yet distinctly heard, because Shakespeare is still trying to convince himself that when Brutus became the hireling of morality he stepped into Paradise and not into hell. Brutus obstinately endeavours to vanquish the frenzied nightmare of reality by efforts of reason and will. "Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar," he says, "I have not slept." But Shakespeare does not allow his hero to lose his balance. Brutus's speeches to the conspirators are clear and sound; he foresees all that the scheme will involve, down to the smallest detail; he does not wish to perform it carelessly, to rush it through and be done with it at all costs. His aim is a lofty one, and he himself never falls below it. Cassius suggests that the conspirators should swear to carry out their plot. But Brutus does not want them to swear. It would be an insult to that high morality whom he serves. One must obey her of free will and not because of an oath.

Cassius suggests killing Antony, who may prove a dangerous enemy. If he were not Brutus he would accept that advice: what does a man's life matter when a revolution is at stake! But Brutus has to comply with morality. Like a jealous mistress, she wants him always to think only of her. And thus Antony is saved. As soon as the conspirators withdraw, Brutus has kind words for his servant Lucius and a smile for his wife as if they were not on the eve of terrible deeds, and the Ides of March were to be like any ordinary weekday. Brutus never ceases to be frank, firm and just. After the murder of Cæsar he addresses the crowd in a speech—surely unique in history—in which there is no kind of lie or rhetorical ornament. He could really say to people: "Look at me, I conceal nothing

from anyone!" Lastly, in Act IV, in the course of his quarrel with Cassius, Brutus grows angry and loses his temper, but even then he is justified by morality: his indignation was aroused by the unscrupulous conduct of Cassius.

Brutus never thinks of himself! He knows that a fresh "evil" has been added to those already endured: his wife, poor Portia, who thought it her duty as the daughter of Cato to attempt and endure everything for the sake of morality—has died a horrible death by swallowing fire, because she heard a false rumour about Brutus. But "philosophy" does not allow Brutus to be put out. All is to be given her, nothing to be spared. She wants you to slay Cæsar—do it, however great a friend of yours he may be. She demands civil war—start a civil war. She constrains your beloved and guiltless wife to swallow fire—accept this, too! She will constrain you, too, to swallow fire and to smile in ecstasy as you do it. And if she succeed in obtaining all this from you—she will merely grant you a condescending smile and say of you what Antony said of Brutus:

> His life was gentle and the elements
> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world: "This was a man!"

Is that all? you ask. When Shakespeare was writing *Julius Cæsar* he wished to think that this was sufficient because he believed that nothing else could be wrung from life. Life requires sacrifices—it is no longer a theory; it is neither Plutarch nor Plato—but who is to receive these sacrifices? Can it be that they do no one any good? Must we admit that they are vain? Why, then, not lay them on the altar of morality and listen to her soulless commendation which is the only reward she can give? Would it not be better? No, much worse, a thousand times worse! This is already obvious in *Julius Cæsar*: Brutus after having performed his duty so devotedly at the last moment ceases to believe in his service and renounces the "absolute good" so eloquently extolled in philosophic treatises. "Cæsar," he says, "I killed not thee with half so good a will" as I will kill myself. But in *Julius Cæsar* this dissonance escapes the notice of the careless reader: it is drowned by Antony's funeral speech on Brutus. In *Hamlet* there is no trace of the firmness which masks Brutus's speeches, despair is getting the upper hand. In *King Lear* an awful question arises at the close: "Is that the promised end?" And in *Macbeth*, the hero, guilty of a horrible murder, who should not dare to think of himself but who should rather lie in the dust before high morality—ventures to throw a challenge to the fates:

> Rather than so, come fate into the list
> And champion me to the utterance,

he exclaims. . . . Shakespeare has passed from the greatest humility to the greatest daring. Is that not the real meaning of tragic experience? Is not this the key to the mystery of tragic beauty? It is obvious, at any rate, that the "autonomy of morality," the duty *an sich* to which Shakespeare had recourse in a most painful period of his life failed to give him anything at all. Should one go back to Plutarch, to his childish creed and myths, or proceed forward—whither?—hand in hand with Shakespeare—to *Macbeth*?

So much for Brutus's part in the tragedy. As for Cæsar, we have to admit that Shakespeare did not succeed very well in depicting him. Nevertheless, and strangely enough, it took the critics long to realize this. Why so?

It is difficult to give a definite answer; probably Shakespeare's authority was too imposing, and people were, it seems, uneasy about criticising anything which came from his pen. But now things have changed. Brandes, for instance, goes so far as to reproach Shakespeare at length for his handling of Cæsar. That, of course, is ridiculous. Cæsar, as depicted by Shakespeare, is lifeless and even caricatured, but not because Shakespeare was unable to do it properly, as Brandes thinks. Had he written *Julius Cæsar* not in 1601-2, but five or six years earlier, he might perhaps have exhibited him in quite a different way. But now, since the subject-matter implied the "autonomy of morality" and the "idea of duty"—the highest principles of human action—the poet could no longer be concerned either with Cæsar as a man or with Cæsar as an historical figure. Moreover, even Plutarch was somewhat ironical in dealing with Cæsar. Thus, for instance, relating the famous episode of how Cæsar was captured by pirates and with what a high hand he behaved himself in prison, Plutarch concludes the story with the following sarcastic remark: "But the pirates were as merry with the matter as could be, and took all in good part, thinking that this his bold speech came through the simplicity of his youth." The whole of Plutarch's life of Cæsar is interpersed with ironical comments which alone would have been enough to make Shakespeare doubt Cæsar's majesty. But even apart from that, a man who is driven to seek his last refuge in Brutus could not take Cæsar too seriously. For the triumph of Cæsar means the defeat of Brutus.

Antony is not less enigmatic than Cæsar, though in quite a different way. His figure is matchless and his speeches—to the very last word—are pearls of artistic creation. The most surprising thing about him is this: the reader is left with the impression that Shakespeare for the time being was forgetting Brutus for the sake of Antony. The latter is near to the poet's heart; he cannot help admiring him and forgives him everything, even his treacherous policy towards Brutus. And yet, Antony is as far from the idea of "autonomous morality" as Cæsar—perhaps even further. Rules of conduct do not exist for him. He is bound by nothing and fears nothing but might. He is a splendid specimen of a bold, handsome, cunning beast of prey. As long as Brutus is strong, Antony fawns on him. But Brutus has turned aside—the dangerous moment is over, and the animal, at large, assails his tamer. He leaps on him from round the corner, from behind the bushes—craftily, falsely, heedless of gratitude and every other lofty feeling and principle, yet with wild animal grace and beauty. But what really strikes us is that every movement is full of autocratic, self-willed, self-confident, rebellious life. The impression is still more overwhelming because we have just been with Shakespeare in a dark and stifling subterranean place, where the modern inquisition, "autonomous morality," has put Brutus on the rack and made him swallow fire. . . . True, a beast of prey does not always calculate well; it is sometimes defeated where it hopes to win. But it is not so terrible to perish in a struggle for one's rights as to acknowledge oneself a creature without rights, a hireling though it be of morality herself.

> All that great peril can impart
> Gives to the earthly mortal heart
> Ineffable and strange delight—
> To immortality a right.*

*Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837): "A feast in the city of the plague."

Brutus will never know those ineffable delights: he fights not for himself but for an idea, for a ghost which men have made their god. Brutus is not their aim but their means, not a priest but a sacrificial animal. Even with Cassius we feel more comfortable than with Brutus, though his actions arouse our hatred and disgust. Purely personal considerations prompt him to kill Cæsar. He plunders the country that his army passes through, he winks at the corruption of his subordinate officers, he refuses pecuniary aid to Brutus, and so on. Had not Brutus been his companion, we should have given more vent to our moral indignation. Yet all the crimes of Cassius seem of little importance compared with the task undertaken by Brutus. The latter wants to sacrifice himself and all the world to an idea, and the word "sacrifice" becomes unbearable to us.

It is grievous to see Portia, the unhappy wife of the unhappy Brutus. She, too, though absolutely innocent, was devoured by the insatiable god. It is moving and at the same time terrible to remember how she gave herself a wound in the thigh to make proof of herself and to reassert that she is the worthy daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus. She went through the first trial, but the longer it continued the more painful it became for her. Brutus goes to the Senate, and she can no longer keep her self-control; she almost betrays the terrible secret of her husband. She recovers for a while, only to die soon after in torment. Of her also one can say: "her life was gentle." She, too, may serve as an example to all those who crave to distinguish themselves before high morality. Swallow fire—and then, perhaps, history will not forget you and will erect you a monument—either separately or one for all of you, if you prove too many. Is that not a consolation? And is it not a justification of all sacrifices offered to and all exactions made by the autonomous morality?

There is yet another, and that a hydra-headed *dramatis persona* in *Julius Cæsar*—the people, or rather the "crowd." Not for nothing is Shakespeare called a "realist." He never flatters the mob, nor does he adorn it with hackneyed virtues. His crowd is light-minded, changeable, ungrateful and cruel. To-day it runs after the car of Pompey; to-morrow shouts hurrah! for Cæsar; some few days later delights in the speeches of his murderer, Brutus; and then, swayed by Antony's arguments, demands the head of its late favourite. It is customary to be indignant with the inconstancy of the crowd. But surely the crowd's behaviour is in accordance with the most ancient law of justice: an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The crowd does not care a whit for any Pompeys, Cæsars, Antonys or Syllas, and none of these heroes ever cared a whit for the crowd. To-day Cæsar is the master—let us praise him; to-morrow Antony—let us follow him, provided only that we have our *panem et circenses*. There is no call to remember their merits. They will remember them sufficiently themselves and reward themselves with an emperor's liberality. True, there may be found some day in the serried ranks of those ambitious men, one honest Brutus. But who will trouble to look for a pearl in a heap of sand? The crowd is cannon-fodder for heroes; heroes are entertainment for the crowd. Justice triumphs—let the Curtain fall!

LEO SHESTOV.

(Authorised Translation from the Russian by S. Konovalov).

THE REALM OF ESSENCE

The Realm of Essence. By George Santayana. (Constable.) 12s. net.

Any philosophy is a point of view taken up by the philosopher towards things in general; and the complete statement of a particular philosophy consists partly of sailing-directions to persons desirous of arriving at this particular point of view, partly of descriptions explaining what things look like to one who has reached it. For the beginner, the main thing is the sailing-directions; and here a great advantage lies with the ancient Greek, the mediæval European, and the Oriental of every period, who learn their philosophy in a school of regular and even ascetic discipline. You cannot acquire a point of view by reading books. You must be schooled to it: long personal contact with people possessing it, and subjection of the will and affections to its cultivation, are its indispensable approaches. European thought, since the break-up of the mediæval tradition, has lost this advantage, and has almost ceased to realize its loss, complacently cherishing the illusion that philosophy (or, for that matter, anything) can be learnt solely from books.

But with the loss of this traditional discipline has arisen a new technique in the writing of philosophical books, a technique, one might fancy, deliberately intended to compensate for it. Whereas earlier works were all esoteric, in the sense that they required a trained reader, and became intelligible only when the point of view which they represented had already been reached, these new works contained in themselves the sailing-directions necessary to bring the reader to the point of view of the writer's philosophy. Thus the point of view keeps shifting throughout the book: the writer leads the reader by the hand from one view-point to another until the mountain of his thought has been scaled and they stand together on the summit.

This method of writing philosophy reached its culmination in the hands of Hegel; and since his time there has been a reaction. People came to realize that the method involved an over-estimation of the power of books. If you cannot acquire a point of view by reading books, but only by long practical discipline, you cannot, as the Hegelian dialectic bids you do, acquire scores of them, one to every few pages, as you sit in an armchair. So, by substituting literature for life, the dialectical movement of thought becomes what Bradley called "an unearthly ballet of bloodless categories." The reaction against Hegel's method is seen in its purest and most extreme form in a book like this of Mr. Santayana. It is as long as Hegel's original Encyclopædia, but it consists of a single point of view, described and re-described and described again, never altered or approached or receded from, but held like a great glittering jewel in the writer's hand and scrutinized under every kind of light, turned this way and that and studied in all its aspects as Monet studied his haystack under every hour's varying illumination.

Impressionism is apt to breed impatience in a spectator. Critics might have urged Monet to leave his haystack alone and get on to something else. Yet impressionism justified itself; that way of studying haystacks did prove useful. And Mr. Santayana's philosophical impressionism has this in its

favour: that, even if a reader feels that all this could have been said in a few pages, the very elaboration of the thing makes it impossible, or nearly impossible, for any reader to fail of arriving at the author's point of view. If you must rely on books, if you must make philosophy literary, you must take the consequences: that is to say, you must write in the best possible prose the most elaborate exposition of the very simplest ideas, and feel your labour well spent if, at the end of one volume, you have stated one idea.

The idea of essence is a very simple idea; and Mr. Santayana has thought it out with the utmost lucidity, and expounded it with that elegance and clarity which are the admiration, envy and despair of other philosophical writers. Plato has accustomed us to think of essences, and to recognize in triangularity or justice a "form" (an essence, Mr. Santayana would say) exemplified in triangular things or just actions, but having its own eternal being independently of any thing or action whatever, "itself by itself." Mr. Santayana would say that Plato was so far right, but would add that there is an essence, just as eternal, of blueness or dog-in-the-manger-ish-ness; and even that there is an essence of the particular sound-group which I heard just now—the peculiar rhythm of raindrops on the window combined with the peculiar rise and fall of the wind's howl in the chimney—which was embodied in an actually existing thing, this morning's storm, exactly as justice may be embodied in an actual legal decision, and, before and after being so embodied, has, exactly as much as that, its own proper eternal disembodied existence. Thus the question which Plato raises in the *Parmenides*, "*Of what* are there essences?" Mr. Santayana answers, boldly and without hesitation, "of everything concerning which the question could possibly be asked." Is there an essence of mud? The fact that you can ask the question proves that there is. Is there an essence of evil, of injustice, of out-of-tuneness? Yes, for the same reason. Whenever we ask "*What* is this thing?" and answer "blue," or "a gold watch," or "an error," or "Septuagesima," our answer is the name of an essence. Essences are "whats," if we may appeal to the traditional distinction between the *that* and the *what*—the fact *that* a thing exists and the question *what* it is.

So far, no reader has any option but to follow Mr. Santayana, with gratitude for his firm grasp and lucid statement of an important, if elementary, idea. In philosophy the most important ideas are generally the most elementary. But it is part of the author's method that he does not envisage or anticipate or meet any criticisms whatever. His procedure is to state his doctrine, dogmatically, in its rounded perfection, for the reader to take or leave. Because the reader accepts it (how can he help himself?—it is so reasonable, and so well expressed) the reader will accept its consequences, and will adjust his other ideas to it, not it to his other ideas. Thus, to take one example of such adjustment, it can be easily shown that essences have no implications. Therefore, the three-corneredness of a triangle (which, of course, is an essence embodied in the triangle) is not implied by the other essence, its three-sidedness: three-corneredness and three-sidedness are just two different essences which I happen to have observed in the same thing—the triangle. Here, perhaps, the reader will begin to bluster: "Come, come: you are denying the *a priori* element in knowledge, and asking me to join you in reducing *a priori* certainties to *a posteriori* observations." Oh no, Mr. Santayana replies, I admit the reality of the *a priori*; but every instinct and organ has its history, just as every custom has, and

once the organ is formed, it imposes *a priori* certain responses on the body and certain ideas on the mind. The *a priori*, then, is only psychologically necessary, and this necessity is a mere biological fact. This doctrine, which poses as an explanation of the *a priori*, is really its negation. Mr. Santayana has made mathematics impossible.

Then what about natural science ? He has made that impossible, too. The processes of nature are " a perpetual genesis of the unwarrantable out of the contingent," and though this process may contain repetitions, these repetitions are never necessary in themselves, nor known by us as necessary ; we merely learn to expect them. That is to say, a crudely empiricist denial of logical necessity leads to a crudely empiricist denial of natural necessity. Natural change is simply the disembodiment of one essence and the embodiment of another : as no essence has implications, there is no reason in the essences themselves why any transition should take place rather than any other, or, indeed, than none at all.

After this, it is not surprising that philosophy becomes equally impossible. Logic and ethics evidently become part of biology (which is a natural science), and metaphysics seems either to disappear altogether, being in one place frankly called a fiction, or, being elsewhere identified with the study of essence, to become another name for science. Kant's three questions, How is pure mathematics possible ? How is the pure science of nature possible ? How is pure metaphysics possible ? are all three answered in the same way—it is *not* possible. Caligula's wish that all mankind had a single head, to be chopped off with one blow, here comes true of all kinds of knowledge.

This, it might be replied, is an over-statement. Knowledge is not exterminated : it is reduced to the observation of things and the intuition of their essences. That is to say, we are assisting at a restatement of ordinary empiricism. But observation of things and intuition of their essences is not knowledge : it is only that *part* of knowledge which is not thinking ; and that part by itself is not knowledge. But Mr. Santayana might here accuse me of the grossest stupidity : do I not see that what I call thinking he calls intuiting essences ? I do : and I see also that to call it that is to call it by a name which deprives it of its very essence. For thought, too, has an essence : and its essence lies in regarding its objects not as isolated entities, but as mutually related within a whole which implies them as they imply each other. No, Mr. Santayana might reply, *that* whole is the world not of essence but of existence, the world of facts. But he could only reply thus if he forgot that the world of existence is, for him, as devoid of necessary connections as the world of essence. And he would never forget this ; for he has the surest possible grasp on the rules of his own game. He would, I think, prefer to say that my description of thought is mere mythology—a romantic fiction, like those other romantic fictions called mathematics, science and philosophy. And that would be to concede my point : which is, that the logic of his position involves him in a wholesale denial of knowledge as such.

To push the criticism home and show that Mr. Santayana's theory destroys itself, though I do not think it would be difficult, would take more space than I can here claim. But the moral is, I think, that his theory involves a false step ; and I would identify this in the passage where he denies that essences are abstractions. They *are* abstractions, for all he says to the

contrary; and the reason why he says they are not abstractions is just that they are *false* abstractions; that is, abstractions mistaken for something concrete. He is right to say that they are not the qualities of things taken in abstraction from the things, because, as he rightly says, there are essences which are nowhere embodied in things. They seem to me to be abstractions from *propositions*—the predicates of propositions, whether affirmative or negative propositions, treated as having a real being apart from the proposition or the act of propounding it. And, therefore, I cannot but accuse Mr. Santayana of a crime which, in his own eyes, is especially heinous—the crime of crude psychologism, of being deceived in one's philosophizing by mere *forms* of language. I do not think that is a very serious crime; it happens to everybody. The real fault, I think, lies in his conception of what a philosophy should be. For him, it is a jewel: a thing to be polished and rounded and perfected and then offered to the world as one of a potentially infinite number of systems, all valid and all legitimate, because each has achieved a genuine intuition of an essence. That is a good description of a poem; it is a bad description of a philosophy, because a self-contradictory one. It involves maintaining (a) that any philosophy is as true as any other; (b) that the philosophy which holds that any philosophy is as true as any other is absolutely true, and any other absolutely false. In a word, it is a dogmatism clothed in the woolly garb of sceptical innocence. Whatever philosophy ought to be, I do not think it ought to be that.

R. G. Collingwood.

THREE "PSYCHE MINIATURES."

Intelligence and Mental Growth. By Claude A. Claremont, B.Sc.; Selene, or Sex and the Moon. By H. Munro Fox; The Basis of Memory. By W. R. Bousfield, K.C., F.R.S. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net each.

The main effort of Mr. Claremont's book is to establish pragmatically that intelligence, although it baffles all attempts at definition, depends upon the power to become aware of the necessity in the very nature of things of certain causal relationships. This may appear too simple at first sight, as the author himself says, yet he makes out a good case and supports it by examples of intelligence in children trained by Montessori methods. He clearly justifies his extension of the principle of causality to include relations which do not at first appear to be causal in the strict sense. The last chapter, on "Intelligence and Instinct," is particularly good. "The end of the instinct is the means," he says, "and in intelligence the means are chosen by the performer after he recognises their relation to the end." The examples given to substantiate these statements are most interesting.

The author's admiration for Fabre and Montessori is based on the fact that their methods, instead of being conceived in that cold spirit which is miscalled "scientific," are inspired by a feeling for life. This feeling translates itself into admiration; and admiration is our only means of apprehending the infinitely complex. "Surely we should allow this emotion to grip us—to form our minds; we are then possessed of a certain sense of proportion; we are already protected from a certain type of foolishness," says Mr. Claremont in his wise deprecation of certain tendencies in experimental psychology.

Professor Munro Fox enlivens his account of the multifarious superstitions about the relation of the moon to growth and sexual processes with some interesting glimpses into marine zoology. He tells us that one of the first subjects of investigation of the Royal Society at its foundation was: "Whether those shell-fish that are in these parts plump and in season at the full moon, and lean and out of season at the new, are found to have contrary constitutions in the East Indies!" The professor shows that a superstition widely held along the Mediterranean sea-board, and vouched for by Aristotle, that shell-fish are only edible at the full moon, is entirely without foundation. Recent investigations in the Gulf of Suez, however, have established the fact of a constant relationship in the Red Sea between full moon and the succulency of a certain large edible sea-urchin. Succulency depends on the exuberant ripeness of the sex organs of these creatures at spawning time which always synchronises with the full moon. This connection between Selene and sex was probably well known to Egyptian epicures, and perhaps the idea was transmitted through the Egyptian to the Greek culture.

The investigations of Arrhenius on the connection between moon phases and the female menstrual cycle are described. But the chief interest of the book perhaps lies in the descriptions of marine zoology in various parts of the world. Like Gerard de Nerval's lobster, Professor Fox knows the secrets of the ocean, and he tells some of them very interestingly.

Mr. Bousfield tries to prove the inadequacy of Semon's conception of the "Mneme" to account for the facts of memory. He follows McDougall in postulating a non-materialistic medium on which the function of memory depends. McDougall talks of psychic structure. Mr. Bousfield uses the term "psychoplasm," and suggests the word "mnema" for his hypothetical non-protoplasmic organ of memory. He argues that the molecular changes underlying Semon's hypothetical protoplasmic "engrams" could not but be transitory and that the cerebral neurones merely undergo such changes in subserving their purely receptor function of transmission of impressions to the "mnema." With the dissolution of the acquired molecular pattern they return to a state of *tabula rasa*. He also shows how untenable is the idea that new association paths are laid down in molecular brain structure for every new thought or combination of ideas. The argument is well and closely reasoned.

James Young.

MR. WELLS AND DEMOCRACY

The Way the World is Going. By H. G. Wells. (Benn.) 7s. 6d. net.

Is there a better journalist in the whole wide world than Mr. H. G. Wells? Other journalists, even among Englishmen, write almost as well as he, and one or two, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, sometimes write better; but they lack Mr. Wells's humanity and his range of interests. Compared to him, they are *virtuosi*, executing innumerable variations on a few chosen themes. Mr. Wells does not choose to perform these technical feats. If we put poetry apart, for which we can imagine neither inclination nor aptitude in Mr. Wells, there is very little in the way of literary achievement that he could not have accomplished had he chosen. His collected works are littered with the debris of many masterpieces, which the sheer exuberance of his intellectual energy alone prevented from completion. He has deliberately preferred comprehensiveness to perfection. It is therefore inept, if not impertinent, to criticize him for failing to be what he might have been. He is the greatest journalist in the world, and he has sought no higher praise.

In like manner one must resist the temptation to criticize points of detail in this extraordinarily interesting collection of his recent newspaper articles. Mr. Wells is a man of moods, and he finds it hard to resist them. With him impatience quickly comes exasperation; exasperation, injustice. We do not need to be in a position to quote chapter and verse against his denunciation of the Fascist regime as "a tawdry and unclean tyranny" to sense an essential unfairness in his attitude, such that a reader by nature as unsympathetic to Fascism as Mr. Wells himself is compelled by his violence to an unreasoning sympathy with it.

This violence is curious; for precisely the same charge which Mr. Wells finally brings against Fascism, namely, that "the deadliest thing about it is its systematic destruction of criticism and critical opposition," might be brought against Bolshevism also. But Mr. Wells does not bring it against Bolshevism, although the Russian system bulks as large in his book as the Italian. Fascism exasperates Mr. Wells, Bolshevism does not. Mr. Wells gives no reason for the difference of treatment which he metes out to these two important political phenomena; indeed, he seems to be unaware that the treatment is different and inconsistent.

We can only guess at the reason; and we give our guess for what it is worth. It leads us straightway to the main theme of his book. Mr. Wells is, like many less able men, convinced that Democracy—or one phase of Democracy: Parliamentary Democracy—has had its day. It is, he believes, incapable of dealing with the major problems, of war, of finance, and of economics, with which the modern world is confronted. "The essential weakness of Democracy is that the great mass of human beings are not sufficiently intelligent or sufficiently interested to follow political issues at all." Since Mr. Wells is deeply interested in political issues and anxious that they should be competently handled, he is eager to find a way out of the democratic impasse. He sees hope in what has happened in Russia, in China, and (almost against his will) in Italy, where compact and well-organized minorities have seized political power. With Communism as a political theory

Mr. Wells has no sympathy whatever; the ideals of Kuomintang he does not pretend to understand, though he suspects that they may have great importance. Fascism is at once nearer and more familiar. It is outwardly, perhaps, more like the system after which Mr. Wells has been hankering ever since he wrote *A Modern Utopia* than any of the others.

It is, we guess, precisely because of this outward resemblance to his ideal that Mr. Wells particularly detests Fascism. He feels it to be a caricature, almost a deliberate caricature, of his dream. For the Fascists are, or he believes they are, a disciplined minority which uses its power for the ends of an aggressive nationalism. It makes use of Mr. Wells's methods for purposes which Mr. Wells holds in utter contempt. Mr. Wells is an internationalist. Russian Communism has an ideology which he believes to be completely mistaken; still it is an international ideology. It therefore escapes his vituperation. All his disappointed practical idealism is vented upon Signor Mussolini.

If this explanation of Mr. Wells's violence towards Fascism is the true one, why does he not make it clear to himself and to his readers? There is nothing discreditable about it; and to have stated it clearly would have left him free to give credit to Fascism for its positive and practical achievements, which are many, and so give more force to his abhorrence of its ideas. Why should he have obscured the position by asserting that "the deadliest thing about Fascism is its systematic destruction of all critical opposition?" That is not peculiar to the Fascist system at all, but an inevitable concomitant of the acquisition of political power by a minority. If some body like Mr. Wells's own Samurai were to be formed to carry into practice Mr. Wells's own international ideals, it would be compelled to behave towards its domestic opponents just as Fascism behaves. Mr. Wells cannot believe that in a modern democratic State "an active-minded minority" could maintain itself in power by the benevolent consent of the majority, however beneficent the ideals it might pursue.

Those ideals, according to Mr. Wells, should be the establishment of a real political and economic unity among the nations of the world. If there is to be world-peace, it can only be secured by a real surrender of sovereignty. Just as clearly as Mr. Wells sees this, he sees that any proposal that a great Power should surrender any part of its own sovereignty would be immensely unpopular. How can an active-minded minority in any nation be found to enforce such a policy upon a reluctant majority? It is not generally the pacific idealists who are attracted by the notion of armed conspiracy. Armed conspiracy for aggressive ends is the more natural phenomenon. This is the impasse into which Mr. Wells's speculations and velleities finally lead him; and he has only Kuomintang to comfort him. That he does not really deal with this difficulty is no criticism of a collection of newspaper articles which aim rather at suggesting than solving problems. But Mr. Wells should give us another book. We fear something else will catch his eye first.

J. M. MURRY.

[Since the above was written Mr. Wells has given us the other book: "The Open Conspiracy." Its opening chapters are criticised in "Notes and Comments"; and the book as a whole will be dealt with in our next issue].

DAS EWIG-WEIBLICHE

FEMINISM. By H. A. Wieth-Knudsen. Translated from the Danish by Arthur G. Chater. (Constable.) 12s.

LEISURED WOMEN. By Viscountess Rhondda. (The Hogarth Press.) 2s. 6d.

Dr. Wieth-Knudsen's essay is the result of a shock received in youth at the hands of a Japanese student who first asked him to explain why Europeans respect women, and then smiled gleefully at his speechless amazement. Since that day Dr. Knudsen has devoted his leisure to a ceaseless search for the answer, travelling all over the world, consulting history, science, philosophy and the poets, and has come to the conclusion that Western man is a fool and blind. This echo from the days before East and West began to exchange ideas might be allowed to sink unnoticed were it not accompanied by a theory of feminism that leaves feminists no choice but to disprove it or forever hide their diminished heads. This theory, implicit, its author assures us, in the findings of biological and medical science, and now for the first time concisely stated, presents Western civilization as a refrigerator operating, we are left to assume, only upon women, but operating so effectually that there are now in Europe and the United States but few women—Dr. Knudsen supplies the exact percentage—who can be counted the erotic equivalents of man. Of the remainder the larger number, at the cost of training calling for patience and self-control on the part of the trainer, might become passable mates. Most men for one or another reason shirk their manifest duty. Hence feminine unrest, the collapse of marriage, and the more vindictive aspects of modern feminism, an aggressive feminism led by sexually anæsthetic women all of whom regard themselves as superior beings, whereas, in truth, both they and all women whatsoever, even in the qualities supposed to be peculiar to them, are immeasurably inferior to men. Eastern man, never having fallen into the error of doubting his all-round superiority, wisely restricts woman to her proper sphere, and it is only in the East that the Western male can now find his erotic equivalent.

There is in this caricature of Western humanity an air of verisimilitude. Who can say, many a horrified reader may ask, whether this is not the truth at last about our distressful quarter of the globe? Dr. Knudsen is himself so abundantly convinced and supplies such masses of supporting evidence that he has a very fair chance of imposing his conviction upon minds disinclined for reflection. Reflection, however, will at once suggest that while it is permissible to regard sexual well-being as the foundation of society and erotic equality as the *prius* of sexual well-being, the presence of such equality between Western male and woman of the East fails as proof of the degeneration of Western womanhood unless accompanied by evidence of erotic equality between Eastern man and woman. Such evidence Dr. Knudsen fails to supply. And even if we take this missing evidence for granted, it still does not follow that the discrepancy claimed for the West is to be laid to the

account of civilization, even if we include in that term the ideal of chastity in all its aspects, the dark as well as the radiant, and particularly in its rôle as an inhibitor, resulting from the idea, born of the demand for feminine chastity at all costs, that woman is without sex-needs.

But if the evidence that would transform Western womanhood to an army of frustrated furies is incomplete, other evidence is supplied whereby we may test Dr. Knudsen's qualification to form opinions either on this or on any other matter of importance. In informing us that it is to the more recent developments of feminism, affording a spectacle "unparalleled since the Hellenic culture's lowest period of degradation," that we owe the publication of his treatise, Dr. Knudsen, who is a professor of Jurisprudence, reveals himself prone in the embrace of a fallacy: the fallacy of concluding that a fully flowering feminism and a fatally plunging civilization, because they appear side by side, are, therefore, related as cause and effect. And we learn without surprise that but for these developments, Dr. Knudsen's book would have been withheld until he could hand it to the world "from the brink of the grave in the hope of its acceptance as the work of a man *sine ira et cura.*" Yet this abandoned scheme for securing serious attention by a trick—procedure usually described as feminine—shows its author at least dimly aware of the lack of judicial impartiality that characterizes his handling of his material. Not the absence of either *ira* or *cura*, but the presence of uncontrollable fury is responsible for the capers Dr. Knudsen cuts amongst his assembled data. Faint shadows of evidence that appears to support his hypothesis cause him to emit diagrams and improvise percentages. The threatened emergence, through a lavishly staged feminine defect, of its companion quality brings him hastily to the fore with the screen of a minimizing interpretation. When severely embarrassed by the poets, he escapes by explaining that they draw only self-portraits and, true to his method, compares these only with the more libellous sayings of women on the subject of Man—we retain the capital preferred by Dr. Knudsen for his own sex—which are also self-portraits! The philosophers are easily managed, for there is but one: Aristotle. Plato is a bubble pricked by Aristophanes.

Dr. Knudsen is still in middle life, and we may therefore hope that the shock which has left him slanted discomfortably backwards at an angle exactly compensating that of his first instinctive reverence, will produce further oscillations leading in time to balance and serenity.

Lady Rhondda, who agrees with Dr. Knudsen in regarding most of the women of to-day as a menace to society, draws a vivid picture of the transformation of the home since the days when it centred round the comfort and well-being of the husband, and maintains that just because to-day the highest duty known to the average married woman is her duty to her children, she is prevented from doing that duty. She calls upon leisured women to cease short-circuiting in the home that to-day is little more than a conspiracy to give the children the best possible time, calls upon mothers to rescue their daughters from the inferiority-complex acquired in the cradle through the failure of mother and nurse to regard the female infant as an embryo citizen, and upon schools to teach girls to be responsible beings. Duty to the community emerges as the prime business of woman and the sole guide to the fulfilment of all other duties whatsoever. Failing the realization of this duty by leisured women of all classes who at present spend that leisure in

dissipation and encourage their children to do likewise, civilization, whose danger-zone is the enclosed family playing for its own hand, is bound to go under. While admitting change of heart and of public opinion as the first desiderata, Lady Rhondda maintains that leisured women will not awaken to the sense of their responsibilities towards their daughters until those daughters are admitted to the full citizenship whose symbol is the franchise. It seems probable that Lady Rhondda, if asked whether the young men of to-day have a sense of their communal responsibilities, might reply that women are by nature more conscientious than men.

Dorothy M. Richardson.

E. M. FORSTER AND THE ANARCHIST

Aspects of the Novel. By E. M. Forster. (Arnold.)

The study of facts with a view to the shaping of generalizations by a process of induction has a great fascination for the human mind. Can any discovery, indeed, be more satisfying than that of a "law" which by its application shall change the appearance of chaos into the demonstration of method; such discoveries, for example, as those of Kepler or Newton, laws that, once formulated, work with such nice accuracy that an Adams or a Leverrier can by their aid deduce the exact position of a hitherto unobserved planet? There must be some need of the human mind for explanations of this order, a craving for the exposition of method, and we can find an aspect of it, even in literary criticism. Where are we to look for a standard of judgment if literature has not been to some extent formalized, if we cannot assume that the accepted authors of the past have created precedents to which we can refer with certain authority? All the laws of prosody and of syntax have thus come into existence after the fact, by a gradual process of inferring the rule from the example; and some of these laws have become so sanctified by custom that Gertrude Stein herself would hesitate to break them.

But we are surely on the verge of an age of anarchy. Those wonderful laws of Newton have been shown to be limited in their application. "Scientific theory is outrunning commonsense . . . and Heaven knows what seeming nonsense may not to-morrow be demonstrated truth," writes Professor Whitehead in "Science in the Modern World." And it occurred to me more than once in reading E. M. Forster's Clark Lectures, delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the spring of 1927, that for two pins he would have thrown his cap and gown over the windmill and declared that there wasn't a single principle among all the canons of literary criticism that was worth twopence. (It is true that his subject was the novel, a disorderly form at best; so disorderly that we cannot precisely define it, and so paste James Joyce's *Ulysses* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* with the same label. They are both novels, which according to Mr. Forster, who had no intention of wasting his time in attempting impossible definitions, are prose fictions of not less than 50,000 words.)

But anarchy cannot be openly preached in a University lecture hall, not even literary anarchy, and Mr. Forster had to respect the wishes of the late

William George Clark. Discretion was essential, a measure of solemnity, and Mr. Forster, by way of beginning, acknowledges the dignity of scholarship, acclaiming it as "one of the highest successes which our race can achieve," before tossing aside its shackles in the confession that he, himself, is but a "pseudo-scholar," a member of that "very large and quite powerful class, eminent in Church and State," which controls the education of the Empire. He instances other influences and achievements of this class, but at the end of his demurely ironical recommendations of pseudo-scholarship, he permits himself to add that if instead of this, "another ladder to employment was contrived, much so-called education would disappear, and no one be a penny the stupider."

I hope I am not libelling Mr. Forster by suggesting that he has strong anarchistic tendencies? It may be that my own prejudice had distorted my view of these lectures; but I found in them, or thought I did, a continual undercurrent of impatience that every now and again disturbed the demure surface with exciting whirls and eddies. Moreover, in his treatment of the greater novelists, living and dead, I was aware of this same subdued effect of impatience. It is true that he praises with discrimination various aspects of their work. Jane Austen, Dickens, Meredith, Hardy, D. H. Lawrence, Herman Melville, among others (but not Sir Walter Scott), receive comforting little eulogies for their diverse merits; but when he seeks a standard he clings with just such a touch of passion as may hint a mood of despair, to Tolstoi's *War and Peace*, as to the one example of the great novel with extension both in space and time that might be regarded as satisfying a claim to almost unqualified admiration.

And so I wondered—I am still wondering—whether the lecturer in his private mind was not sometimes on the verge of open revolt; if he did not now and again long to proclaim that the writing of fiction was a waste of time, and the reading of it something worse? For I am sure that the spirit of anarchy came hovering about me as I read, and that I, too, composed myself with difficulty to resist its destructive insinuations. Indeed, when I went out later into the blast of a devastating east wind, I found myself composing the tale of a last and desperate catastrophe that overtook mankind; a tale of great winds that blew all about the world, here the blizzard, elsewhere the bise, the mistral, the sirocco, whatever you will; but always wind, a vast and increasing wind that presently invaded our dearest strongholds, smashing windows and walls, sweeping the dust of ages from the sacred corners of our cherished houses, breaking, destroying, until mankind deprived of all his patient accumulations went mad, and respectable old ladies committed suicide in public because there was no longer any place in which to disguise the hideous truth that they, like the rest of humanity, had been stripped of the last pretensions that had hitherto hidden so comfortably their minds and bodies.

Yet I enjoyed Mr. Forster's book. I enjoyed his humour, wondering how far his audience had anticipated my amusement in that connection; and his analyses, his strictures and his commendations. And here and there I had the pleasure of disagreeing with him quite violently, persuading myself for a few brief happy moments that the novel was in truth a literary form of quite considerable importance.

J. D. BERESFORD.

POETRY AND LANGUAGE

POETIC DICTION. A Study in Meaning. By Owen Barfield. (Fabe
Gwyer.) 9s. net.

WORDS AND POETRY. By George H. Rylands. (Hogarth Press.) 10s.
net.

CONTEMPORARIES AND SNOBS. By Laura Riding. (Jonathan Ca
7s. 6d. net.

There have been many theories of English poetry, but none of th touches reality until it condescends to words. In words, and words o do we find the essence of poetry. Other things follow, other things prec but we have touched nothing essential until we come to these spic heiroglyphics on the page, which in themselves seem so negligible, but w actually are solid and tangible objects, standing between dumb flesh and meaning of the world.

The first two books noted above are signs of the present tendency realize the importance of words in poetry. It is doubtful whether eithe them is inspired in any way by the recent debate in France on " pure poetr but they are both offsprings of the same general feeling about poetry. L most theories, the theory of " pure poetry " began with certain unresol facts—the inexplicable appeal of the poetry of Mallarmé and Rimbaud France, and with what Miss Riding calls " the case of Monsieur Poe " England. Perhaps it all began with Poe, though Landor and—far more t is realised—Shakespeare, also contribute to the problem. It is merely problem why certain words in a certain juxtaposition and subtle suspens are in themselves and apart from their normal function suddenly and tainly poetic. It is not a simple problem, but one which, as both Mr. Barfi and Mr. Rylands realize in different degrees, involves the whole philoso of language.

Both books are in the nature of academic theses written up for pu consumption. Mr. Barfield's study is the more philosophic in tone; it indeed, desperately earnest, though never, in my opinion, dull. For him poet is the maker of meaning and the poetic process is essential for increase of knowledge. The distinction between science and poetry as mo of experience is "parochial."

Mr. Barfield has given a good deal of attention to the new science *semantics* and this subject rouses him to an almost passionate invective:

> A book appeared recently called *The Meaning of Meaning.* The auth of this work wrote on page 5 (in a brief critique of M. Bréal's *Semantics*) t "it is impossible thus to handle a scientific matter in metaphorical term The reader is thus confronted with a long and clever book on Meaning, authors of which have never managed to grasp its essential feature—the relat to metaphor. . . . The book is a painful example of the *lack* of just that deta ment from the thought-forms of a particular civilization, to which I h referred. The authors of *The Meaning of Meaning* have never practised gentle art of *unthinking*, though it is one for which the subtlety and agility their intellects must, as a matter of fact, make them peculiarly fitted. A result, they are absolutely rigid under the spell of those verbal ghosts of physical sciences, which to-day make up practically the whole meaning-syst of so many European minds.

It will be seen that Mr. Barfield is anything but a rationalist; he is ratl

a mystic, and speaks with great respect of Blake and Rudolf Steiner. For him poetry is the experience of truth, the identification of the self with the meaning of Life. The rational principle

> can clear up obscurities, it can measure and enumerate with greater and ever greater precision, it can preserve us in the dignity and responsibility of our individual existences. But in no sense can it be said to *expand* consciousness. Only the poetic can do this: only poesy, pouring into language its creative intuitions, can preserve its living meaning and prevent it from crystallising into a kind of algebra.

In intention I think Mr. Barfield's theory is the right one. I am only a little doubtful about the scope he assigns to metaphor. Aristotle defined metaphor as an intuitive perception of the similarity in dissimilars, and metaphor should always imply an intuition involving two separate terms in some kind of unifying relationship, as between stone ruins and the dead body of Arthur in Shakespeare's line:

> Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life.

There the poetic force is due to the metaphor rather than to the word.

But in those other famous lines where the word "ruin" plays such a critical part:

> That time of year thou may'st in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

—the poetic force of the last line is absolutely verbal, and owes little or nothing to the metaphor.

That is to say, I am jealous in all these discussions for the absolute and direct appeal of the objective and unassociated sound of the word. The tendency of metaphor-mongers is to make too much of a mystery of poetry; metaphor is not essential to poetry; witness Chaucer, or most of the Ballads.

Mr. Rylands is not so mystical nor so ambitious as Mr. Barfield. He is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, where it would be difficult to imagine mysticism flourishing, and his book is in fact his Fellowship dissertation. It is an able analysis of English poetic effects, though I do not feel quite certain of Mr. Rylands' poetic judgment; it is a little sophisticated, and I am sure Miss Riding would detect evidences of both contemporaneity and snobism. It is not merely that Mr. Rylands quotes *The Shropshire Lad* too much for my liking, but he misquotes Donne in one of the most poetic of his verses:

> No Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace
> As I have seen in one Autumnal face.

Mr. Rylands has "in *an* autumnal face," which is an insensitive oversight. Mr. Rylands is also facetious: "The days of the potato are, rumour has it, numbered. The original specimen introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh," etc., etc. This may be the way to lecture to undergraduates, but it is too bad for the intelligent public to which it is addressed in print. But having made these trifling objections, I have nothing but praise for the book. I commend especially the second part, "Notes and Quotations preparatory to a Study of Shakespeare's Diction and Style," which contains many original perceptions and acute analyses. Mr. Rylands has a theory of the develop-

ment of Shakespeare's diction which I find wholly convincing. It is to the effect that "*Shakespeare found himself dramatically in prose*, and his apprenticeship in that element helped him during those middle years in which he threw over his old models and created a new form of blank verse."

> It is true that as he advanced and elaborated that new style he was able more and more to dispense with prose. But the greatness of *Othello* and *Troilus and Cressida* and *King Lear*, and more particularly of *Hamlet*, arises from the combination of both which enabled him to create his characters, as it were, in another dimension. Although prose is not entirely eliminated from *Anthony and Cleopatra*, it is a *tour de force* in the use of verse. After that, Shakespeare let his obligations as a dramatist slide; he exploited his verse style recklessly, and, where he did not feel inspired to write poetry, filled in the gaps with prose.

Mr. Rylands marshals a great army of quotations to support his theory, and these, with the observations he makes by the way, make delightful reading for anyone who has the curiosity to study Shakespeare rather than the blindness to worship him.

Of Miss Riding's book I have not formed any very definite opinion. It is so clever and so voluble that it leaves me rather dazed. I think the two tendencies which she tilts against—the desire to be part of the spirit of the time, to be smart and up-to-date at any price, and the desire to be obscurely erudite—are both tendencies to be deplored, but I hardly think that such tilting deserves the dignity of seven shillings and sixpence. It is powder for a penny squib, or a Hogarth pamphlet—for several pamphlets, indeed, so there is little or no money to be saved. And yet definitions like the following are more than ephemeral:

> The snob is one who defeats circumstances which are against him by not committing himself; one who adopts a strategical position which he does not have to defend because its strategy is so obscure that it is not attacked.

Miss Riding is herself so extremely well-versed in the most modern literature that I wonder more than ever at the strength of the scientific spirit, which carries its devotees to such degrees of immolation. A psychologist might suspect an anxiety complex of some kind. I also wonder what Miss Riding really wants us all to do. We admit our sins, but will she lead us to salvation? Like most inveighing critics, she is a little vague about her own creed. I gather that she would call it Humanism, but it sounds more like He-man-ism. Whatever its name and its precise tenets, its nature is undoubtedly boisterous and apostolic, but whether its revelation will be announced by a brass band or an angelic choir, remains to be seen.

HERBERT READ.

THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA

POEMS. By Anne, Countess of Winchilsea, 1661-1720. Selected and with an Introductory Essay by John Middleton Murry. (Jonathan Cape.) 5s. net.

From the preface to these poems looks out the story of an early-orphaned little girl whose life, it might almost be thought through her own directive

wisdom of heart and head, fulfilled itself ripely and sweetly. Mary of Modena's devoted Maid of Honour and her husband, surely

> A partner suited to my mind
> Solitary, pleased and kind,
> Who partially may something see
> Preferred to all the world in me,

were harmoniously placed in that retirement necessitated by old unbroken allegiance on the accession of William of Orange. There was leisure for study, and for deep and satisfying friendships, and a country home and summer and nightingales.

Peace, of course, there could not be altogether. The Countess of Winchilsea knew well the quaverings and burdens of melancholy described so variously in her Pindaric poem, "The Spleen." Yet, if she had known, too, what it was to call vainly on sleep and to name Death "The surer friend, though with the harsher face," these were to her the casual adventures of what was, after all, only the spirit's temporary exile. After death it would be free of its own home again, nor would what was dearest here be lost.

> In triumph we'll together go,
>
> New arts to find, new joys to try,
> The height of friendship to improve;
> 'Tis worth our pains, and fears to die,
> To learn new mysteries of love.

With this faith in the outcome, the Valley of the Shadow may be explored, though the assurance of safety perhaps cancels poetry's revealing power.

Anne is not too unkind to the fashionable world at which she laughs, contrasting with it her *rustic self*, a blue-stocking in love with her own husband; and here peeps out endearingly that delicate vanity which prefers, whilst it deprecates, its own talent and its own way.

The Countess loved poetry. One feels, for instance, how absorbed she must have been by the spell of *Il Penseroso*. Out of echoes of beautiful cadences there flies unerringly her exquisite, individual note. Here one may turn back to the preface again:—

> Softer than love, softer than light
> When just escaping from the night.

Or that so subtly breathed estimate of the measure of art which was the recognized adornment of the life of women.

> Nor will in fading silks compose
> Faintly the inimitable rose.

So in Anne's verse the living rose blossoms.

This pure note of hers is like that "Sigh" whose hidden passion is conveyed to the beloved in the midst of all the fret and folly of the world.

When the nightingale sings and her own poetry yearns in pursuit of its song, or on a summer night (and how rightly that cowslip's June wraith is placed near bramble-rose and paling foxglove) when the river gleams in moonlight between banks where flowers sleep, till the soul

> Joys in the inferior world and thinks it like her own,

the Countess, too, has her own home and season and speaks distinctly and perfectly.

GERTRUDE WOODTHORPE.

FRANÇOIS VILLON

François Villon: A Documented Survey. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. (Peter Davies.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Lewis's work on Villon (prefaced by Hilaire Belloc) is an astonishing book. Despite its serious defects no pure biography in French or English (save the rather inaccessible two-volume work by Pierre Champion) has as yet been written to equal it, crowded as it is with information about Villon and mediæval Paris, and executed in prose that is remarkably lavish, shot with irony and wit, and full of curiously welded antagonism, a book not unworthy to be set by the side of Feuchtwanger's *Jew Süss*, or George Moore's *Héloïse and Abélard*. But, unlike *Jew Süss* and *Héloïse and Abélard* it is too suggestive, in places, of Catholic propaganda. The disgraceful priests of the period are laughed at or whitewashed, and we are told of Villon himself that he was "firm in faith and affection." As a matter of almost certainty, Villon, though probably lacking in neither affection nor charm of character, must have broken the hearts of both his mother and foster father; and his own honest confessions in his poems support, if they do not actually prove this assertion. While, as regards his faith, he was about as Catholic as a half-tamed panther. His work is full of strange anarchy. He is as anarchic as Blake, though while Blake's anarchy is philosophical and metaphysical (spiritual, if you like) Villon's is moral. He prays, curses, dances a jig, kneels to God, he is forgiven, he backslides, he foams at the mouth. The Salvation Army knows him well, and for a long time has wrung its hands in despair over his deficiencies. There was no firmness in Villon's faith in any disciplinary sense of the word; but he had definite religious impulses, and being only a poet, and not a prophet, and anxious to preserve his poems (it would have been indiscreet to have produced verse which the Church might burn) he expressed these impulses in Catholic formulæ. At any rate, in the poems which have survived, we find very little which might dangerously offend the Church. Mr. Lewis has dimly recognized that Villon is a subject for religious treatment, and, impressed by certain Catholic elements in his verse, has lifted him to our gaze as a torch-bearer of the Faith—promotion that must be causing great astonishment to this rapscallion and bandit, if he is anywhere in Earth, Heaven or Hell to know about it. For the recurrent theme of Villon's verse is not Catholic doctrine, but the evanescence and transience of earthly Beauty united to his broodings upon the futility of Evil-living—one aspect of which Biblical speech has rendered as "The wages of sin is death." He sobs it, whispers it, moans it, spits it, screams it—or flings it at us with heart-breaking laughter. R. L. Stevenson misrepresented and badly misunderstood Villon, but wrote more or less truthfully: "Alas, and with so pitiful an experience of life Villon can offer us nothing but terror and lamentation about death! No one has ever more skilfully communicated his own disenchantment; no one ever blown a more ear-piercing note of sadness." Very high praise which, actually, Stevenson did not wish to commit himself to. Unconsciously he has put him side by side with the greatest poets, a position Villon undoubtedly deserves, for it is only great poetry which can so completely communicate its author's

sense of disillusionment with earthly vanity. Mr. Lewis does not sufficiently dwell upon this element in Villon's verse. In all his crowded, informing, ornate volume there is nothing quite so clinching as a few sentences in the little book on French literature by Mr. Lytton Strachey:

> One thought, however, perpetually haunts him; under all his music of laughter or of passion, it is easy to hear one dominating note. It is the thought of mortality. The whining, leering, brooding creature can never for a moment forget that awful Shadow. He sees it in all its aspects—as a subject for mockery, for penitence, for resignation, for despair.

Villon was a great sinner, but manifestly a little mad also. And he was constitutionally indolent, his passions overwhelming, his conscience mordant, and his environment execrable. Against all this he seems to have had considerable courage, what is called "guts." But he missed his hold on hope and joy. He is a subject for profound pity. He cannot be judged by cold intellectual standards or sentimental standards of bonhomie. I think he has made all the angels weep and that their tears are still flowing. So it is a little rebuffing to come upon Mr. Lewis (as if he were Bishop Thibault d'Aussigny) chillily censuring Villon, and then suddenly to catch him behind the door chuckling audibly over his villainies. Most people forgive sins easily, probably because this expression of magnanimity excuses their own; but, meanwhile, they treat the sinner little better than do the police or the journalists. Mr. Lewis's life of Villon contains something of this newspaper, court-of-law confusion of attitudes. Though difficult to pin down, it may sometimes be clearly felt.

But his ritual integrity and comments on the priesthood are the most misleading. Villon lived at the *end* of the Middle Ages, when the Catholic Church was in the melting pot, the priesthood thoroughly corrupt, vice and cruelty as flagrant among clerics as among laymen. It certainly partially helps to explain the anarchy of Villon's life; yet Mr. Lewis shirks this part of his task. So "The Most Reverend Father and Lord, Monseigneur Thibault d'Aussigny, Bishop of Orleans," who cast Villon into a deep pit, and shamefully tortured him, "was, apart from a notorious avarice and a devouring passion for law-suits rather an admirable person than otherwise; admirable, but not lovable." And Pierre Marchand, Prior of Paray, the cleric who played detective and stooped to the most contemptible simulation that he might trap Tabarie and his cockle-shell companions, is of "reputation irreproachable," although for all we know he was as dissolute as any of the wandering thieves. Nothing whatever is known of this Reverend Pierre Marchand save the very shady part he played in bringing to judgment the robbers of the College of Navarre. So "reputation irreproachable" must be romance masquerading as biography. Rather too frequently in Mr. Lewis's book are we confronted by romance masquerading as biography, a perfectly legitimate device in an historical novel or historical play, but a startling incongruity in a scholarly book of this kind. Also, why is the priest Chermoye's terrible oath, "Je regnie Dieu," when he attacked Villon with his dagger, translated as "By God"? It is another example of a certain kind of fault in the book; the author turns his back on difficulties. So, lightheartedly accepting other biographers' botching guesses, he makes no attempt to battle with that strange, obscure line: "Foy que doy brelare bigod," referring to Margot. In such a good book such faults are a pity.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

CATHOLIC AND ANGLO-CATHOLIC

JAMES II. By Hilaire Belloc. (Faber & Gwyer.) 15s. net.

FIVE DEANS. By Sidney Dark. (Jonathan Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

These two books are interesting to the observer of religious attitudes modern England. They are representative. Mr. Belloc is one of the mo distinguished of English Roman Catholics; Mr. Dark, as editor of *The Chur Times*, is one of the most influential of Anglo-Catholics. Mr. Belloc tal much of the Faith; Mr. Dark much of the Church. Mr. Belloc would, course, deny Mr. Dark's claim to be Catholic; Mr. Dark would admit Belloc's. Apart from the use of a word, there is no resemblance, but on contrast, between them. For Mr. Belloc, the expulsion of James II. fro England was the tragedy of a noble nature, beset by mean and contemptib enemies, whose baseness was incomprehensible to him.

> I am so lated in the world, that I
> Have lost my way for ever.

Mr. Dark's essay on Dean Swift opens with these words:

> The Church of England flourished exceedingly during the reign of James The King's character, the obstinate stupidity of his policy, were not go advertisements for his religion, and although conversions to Rome mi properly have been expected to be a means to Court favour, they were co paratively rare, and the quality of the few converts was not high.

One might imagine from this that Mr. Dark had affinities with the English High Churchmen, who were for Church and King. But not at a Though he speaks with reverence of the great English Bishops, Laud ar Andrewes, in the preface to his book he makes it plain that he looks forwa with eagerness to the abolition of the Establishment. In politics, he is very opposite of a High Tory. He is a sentimental democrat, a Christi Socialist. It is not easy to disentangle his principles; but they may gathered—vaguely, for themselves are vague—from two propositions whi he advances—the first: "Morally, and I believe intellectually, the custome of a Stepney four-ale bar are superior to the people who dance to the tune saxophones and banjos till four o'clock in the morning in a West End nig club"; the second (in criticism of Dean Inge): "There is far greater appr ciation of the Christian Church in Shakespeare than in the whole of the man volumes of Plotinus:—

> There's a divinity which shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

Both these propositions seem to us without foundation or import.

Mr. Belloc has an altogether more definite and coherent philosophy. regards the history of England as one long process of decay from a mo excellent order which, he says, once existed, and which he calls "Popul Monarchy." It is difficult to discover from him when this existed, or whom it was embodied. Elizabeth was not an exponent of Popular Monarch neither was Henry VIII. Indeed, it seems that there was, almost definition, no Popular Monarchy before the Reformation. But in son unspecified manner it existed before the Reformation. It finally ar

unexpectedly materializes when we are assured by Mr. Belloc that the régime of Louis XIV. was the shining example of Popular Monarchy. In the light of this example, it turns out to be only a peculiar and misleading phrase for Absolute Monarchy. If this is so, the difference is not so great as Mr. Belloc thinks it is between him and "the academic historians." Most of them are agreed that James II. did make an abortive attempt to restore Absolute Monarchy in England, and that he was dethroned because of it. Most historians are also agreed that James II. was defeated chiefly by the rich aristocracy, the squirearchy and the City—roughly speaking, by the landed and commercial interests. The only question really at issue between Mr. Belloc and them is whether he deserved to be defeated or not. Most English historians think he did; Mr. Belloc thinks not.

We may say that Mr. Belloc is prejudiced, because he is a Roman Catholic; he retorts that the other historians are prejudiced because they are Protestants. Very likely they are prejudiced; certainly Macaulay was. But at this point of time, when we can afford to be detached, it is hardly useful to drive out one prejudice by introducing another. Further, there is a little more to be said for Protestant prejudice in this matter of history than for the other. First, because England was then, and has been ever since, a mainly Protestant country: so that we may presume that it did what it wanted when it turned out James II. Second, because Mr. Belloc's cardinal assumption that the Catholic Faith covers a multitude of sins is even more inimical to unbiased history that the contrary assumption that Protestantism covers them. For the Protestant Faith does not cover quite so many sins, nor quite so thoroughly as the Catholic. Not even an extreme Protestant feels that a man's reputation is safe because he died a good Protestant. That is the weakness and strength of Protestantism. It lays a little more emphasis on what a man actually does.

Mr. Belloc, on the other hand, feels quite sincerely that James II.'s faith should make up for everything; and in order to make this apparent (since it is not quite self-evident) he seeks ardently to minimize the gross political blunders made by his hero—*capax imperii nisi imperasset*. James II. had many fine points, and fair-minded men will be grateful to Mr. Belloc for urging them so vigorously. His services to the British Navy were indubitably magnificent. Nevertheless, he was a woefully incompetent king, a childish statesman; and, whether or not we regard Absolute Monarchy with the enthusiasm which Mr. Belloc feels for it, it was James himself and not his enemies who made it impossible.

Mr. Dark's book has nothing of Mr. Belloc's clean-cut Catholic philosophy, nor much of Mr. Belloc's great literary ability. None the less, it has a quality which makes it very agreeable. The five Deans he studies are Colet, Donne, Swift, Stanley and Dean Inge; and in all the essays save the last he deals squarely with his subject. And he has the courage of his own reactions. He is not afraid to say that he finds nothing particularly admirable in the characters of Donne and Swift. Nowadays, when the fashion is to proclaim both these men immune from criticism, it is salutary to hear a few downright words about them. Mr. Dark seems to be one of those who find it really hard to forgive contempt for humanity. Whether or not charity is the supreme virtue, it is a virtue, and none too common. Mr. Dark seems to possess it.

J. M. MURRY.

THE FUTURE OF BIOGRAPHY

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY. By Harold Nicolson. (Hogarth Press.) 3s. 6d. net.

PORTRAITS OF THE NEW CENTURY. By E. T. Raymond. (Benn.) 12s. 6d. net.

GENIUS AND CHARACTER. By Emil Ludwig. (Cape.) 12s. 6d. net.

In this self-conscious and highly critical age, it is somewhat surprising to discover that, although we have now been writing and reading a rapidly increasing number of biographies for nearly a century, it is only recently that we have begun to turn our serious attention to the problems raised both for the reader and the writer by this form of art. We are therefore grateful to Mr. Nicolson, one of the most engaging of our modern biographers, for giving us a very readable—almost too readable, in fact; if Mr. Nicolson has a fault, it is that his prose is excessively frictionless in its progression—survey of its development in this country.

As one would expect, that development proves to be determined at every stage by the spirit of the period: the achieving of what he defines as "pure biography" is frustrated in the sixth century by the contemporary tendency towards didacticism and hagiography; although all the essentials of the art have been evolved by the seventeenth, production is vitiated by such factors as the moral earnestness of the age and the influence of Plutarch, with his interest in "typical" characters; in the nineteenth the difficulty is smugness and a profound distaste for admitting the existence of unpleasant facts.

It is, of course, the last period which interests us most, not merely because it witnessed the development of biography as we understand it to-day, but because our modern approach to the problem is largely determined by a revulsion from the characteristic Victorian attitude. According to Mr. Nicolson, "the true Victorian fog" descended upon English biography with the publication of Stanley's *Life of Arnold* in 1844, and remained almost unrelieved until 1881, when Froude, in his life of Carlyle, first ventured to treat his subject's behaviour with ironic detachment. *

Our tendency nowadays, of course, is to overdo that salutary discipline. We are impatient of anything in the nature of hagiography; in maintaining that "the moment . . . that any emotion (such as reverence, affection, ethical desires, religious belief) intrudes upon the composition of a biography, that biography is doomed," Mr. Nicolson is giving expression to a thoroughly modern point of view. We demand to-day that none of the known facts which can be recorded in print shall be withheld from us. Our instinct is healthy enough. We are right to insist that even the most remarkable characters are made of flesh and blood, that, as Herr Ludwig says in the introduction to his book, "great men are not gods, that they have been gripped by the same all-too-human passions, repressions, and encumbrances

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* Not, as Mr. Nicolson is well enough aware, that there were not a few brilliant exceptions. It is remarkable, for instance, to observe the way in which the very spirit of Mr. Lytton Strachey flashes out—of all places—in certain passages in that curious production, Winwood Reade's *Martyrdom of Man*, published in 1872 (see rticularly pp. 356-357).

as afflict every other mortal, and that they have fought through, regardless, to their goals."

This reaction from pious insincerity, welcome as it is, has serious dangers. Those little bits of scandal, those tell-tale gestures and revealing asides, which were so discreetly omitted from the Victorian *dossier*, happen, apart from their historical or psychological significance, to be extremely entertaining in themselves. It is not therefore surprising at the present time that the vogue should be for a type of biography in which the author delights to exercise his capacity for criticism, detachment and irony to a perverse degree. The fashion was set, of course, by Mr. Strachey, although the writers who have followed in his footsteps have almost invariably lacked his deft touch and his fundamentally serious approach to the problem. How widely popular it has since become is shown by the publisher's advertisement on the wrapper of Mr. Raymond's volume of portraits: "With his usual scintillating and satirical style he trounces," etc., etc., . . . "this lively backward glance at the former objects of our admiration or anathema" . . . "Reputations that run the gauntlet of Mr. Raymond's humour will stand the test of time," etc. Apart from its vulgarity and triviality, such a method of introducing the work is hardly fair to its author. Although we find ourselves smiling on occasion, and even indulging in the appreciative snigger promised us by the notice on the cover, we do not carry anything very satisfying away with us from the feast. On the other hand, we do derive considerable pleasure from viewing this collection of politicians, soldiers, priests and business magnates through the eyes of an experienced man of the world, who, although he rarely achieves anything in the way of a spiritual interpretation of the manifestations with which he is dealing, is extremely just in his judgments, and who excels in arriving at a shrewd estimate of the performance of his subject on the concrete plane. We feel that Mr. Raymond has both sacrificed himself and been sacrificed by his publishers to the more frivolous demands of the age.

With Herr Ludwig we encounter a very different point of view. He, too, is typically modern in insisting that we can learn as much from the minor as from the major events in a life. But his method is essentially passionate rather than detached. He begins, as he himself confesses, by exploiting the labours of the conscientious literary historian (we wish, by the way, that the translator had not throughout the work repeatedly, and with nonsensical results, translated the German word *philolog* as "philologist"). Provided by this process with all the material available—and it is evidence of his insight that he realizes that it is only when the individual is dead that the record is complete, "for often the time, the nature, and the circumstances of a death determine the interpretation of all precedent events"—he then, by an act of self-projection, identifies himself with the personality thus revealed, a process which can only be successful, of course, to the extent that the biographer is the poet who "has no self." Then, out of that identification he writes, usually in a tense historical present which is the truest possible expression of his total immersion in his subject. It is, we believe, just the intensity of this identification which invests the studies in this volume—Leonardo, Stanley, Voltaire, Wilson, Balzac, "An Officer": eighteen of them altogether and all appealing—with their peculiarly attractive quality. The method is certainly apt to make for diffuseness and obscurity. Luckily,

however, in Herr Ludwig this exceptional power of projection is joined with an incisiveness of mind which impels him to subject his reactions to a rigorous analysis and to present the reader with only the final results of the process of distillation; the Teutonic thoroughness is for once revealed only by implication.

Mr. Nicolson concludes his study by speculating on the direction in which modern biography is likely to develop. He foresees progress by way of two increasingly divergent streams: pure art on the one hand, and the most ruthless type of science on the other: "there will be biographies examining the influence of heredity—biographies founded on Lombroso, on Havelock Ellis, on Freud; there will be medical biographies—studies of the influence on character of the endocrine glands, studies of internal secretions. . . ." The possibility is certainly to be considered seriously enough. All one can hope for is that if the second type of study is to become the fashion, the significance of the other approach to human experience which is made by writers like Herr Ludwig will not be obscured. As he himself says "psychiatry, with all its arrogance and pretence . . . can never treat of a complete man." No amount of scientific particulars added together will ever produce that total impression which we receive immediately from the presence of the man himself. That is why he has insisted on the need for supplementing the written study with the portrait, the portrait which reveals something which no verbal description or technical analysis can ever convey. Nor will some of us stop even at this point. We cannot really be content to accept even the things which "happen to" a man as being something altogether alien to his inner life. To adapt a famous phrase of Schiller's, we realize obscurely that the history of the man is the judgment of the man. Rathenau's violent death becomes for us as *positive* a manifestation as his writing and thinking. It is only a facile rationalism which is able to tear subject and object apart and maintain them in an unnatural opposition. As Herr Ludwig remarks, "the man of genius always anticipates his destiny."

LAWRENCE HYDE.

A PORTRAIT OF DR. ARNOLD

DR. ARNOLD OF RUGBY. By Arnold Whitridge. With an Introduction by Sir Michael Sadler, K.C.S.I. (Constable.) 10s. 6d. net.

In this study of Dr. Arnold, Mr. Arnold Whitridge has aimed, first at presenting him as a human being, and secondly at determining the scope of his achievements.

> Dr. Arnold (he says truly) has fared better at the hands of posterity than most schoolmasters. He has inspired a great biography, a great elegy, and the best novel of school life that has ever been written; more recently he has provided a brilliant essayist with an excellent opportunity of displaying his talent for caricature, which is in itself a proof of Arnold's hold upon our generation. It is no easy task to take the measure of a man who could win the devotion of a delicate scholar like Dean Stanley, of a poet and a man of the world like Matthew Arnold, of a vigorous country gentleman like Thomas Hughes, and who although only a schoolmaster was eminent enough to excite the irony of Mr. Lytton Strachey.

About the figure of Dr. Arnold there has always lingered something of the fascination of romance—a fascination never entirely dispelled even by

he entertaining glimpse behind the scenes of Olympus afforded in *Eminent Victorians*. Indeed that sketch considered as a serious study of a man who, if not remarkable for the breadth and clarity of his intelligence, was a man of real nobility and extraordinary personal force, would be so one-sided as to appear trivial.

No one who has read Stanley is in danger of forgetting that Arnold was a human being. It is of Dr. Arnold's work and influence that Mr. Whitridge has most to tell us.

From this study, Arnold emerges as a schoolmaster, first and last. As a clergyman and theologian, one remembers him as the opponent of the Oxford Movement. "None cherished their beliefs more passionately than Arnold, and no one, not even Newman himself, was more responsible for startling the Church out of her lethargy," says Mr. Whitridge. But he admits that "Arnold was too close to the Tractarians to do them justice. Disliking their theology, he dismissed them as a set of dangerous and misguided men, without ever informing himself what they were doing." His own theology, we are too apt to forget, was anything but orthodox to his contemporaries. It was hardly distinguishable from his politics. "Arnold horrified the Tractarians by his proposal to substitute an arbitrary national church for the Catholic and Apostolic Church." In politics his views, so unquestionable in his own eyes, were shared by few, and never made much impression beyond earning for their author the reputation of a dangerous Radical. Moreover, he aroused opposition in every quarter "when he insisted that religion and education could not be divorced. In Oxford, as Dean Stanley says, he was condemned as a Latitudinarian, and in London as a bigot. At Rugby, and at Rugby only, he eventually swept everything before him."

His achievement as a headmaster, however, was by no means limited to the inculcation of "moral thoughtfulness" and the ideal of Christian citizenship. His ideas on education were much wider than Mr. Strachey and Mr. Bertrand Russell have implied:

> Unquestionably the strictly educational side of his work has suffered in comparison with his ethical and religious reforms. He refused to admit any dividing line between religion and education, but the modern world sees a great gulf between them, and it has decided to place Arnold on the religious side. Granted the moral fervour of the man, this is perhaps inevitable, but if anyone else had added history, French, German, and mathematics to the regular list of school subjects, he would probably have been hailed as an educational pioneer.

It must not be forgotten, on the other hand, that he did not add science. Great as were the improvements that Arnold effected in the discipline and curriculum of Rugby—and by force of example, in the whole public school system—his real greatness as a schoolmaster was due to the personal enthusiasm which he inspired. As the most significant proof of the importance of Dr. Arnold's personal influence, Mr. Whitridge, rightly, I think, brings forward Matthew Arnold:

> Was he not, after all, the determining factor in all Matthew Arnold's social philosophy? It may seem a far cry from the simple earnestness of the Rugby sermons to the delicate irony of *Friendship's Garland*, but the persiflage which so disturbed "the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*" was only skin-deep. Underneath it was the solid substratum of righteousness inherited from the militant headmaster. The object of religion, said Matthew Arnold, was conduct, and conduct was three-fourths of life. Does that suggest an elegant

> Jeremiah in white kid gloves? On the contrary, it sounds strangely like the headmaster of Rugby. Whenever Matthew Arnold is most himself, as for instance in his Notebooks, which were intended solely for his own edification, he sounds the same note as his father. They were alike in their conception of the Church of England—"A great national society for what is commonly called goodness" Matthew Arnold called it. How heartily Dr. Arnold would have approved that definition, and how hopelessly inadequate it would have sounded to Keble and Newman. They were alike in their belief that the essential duty of the teacher was to call forth in every pupil a sense of pleasurable activity and creation, and not to ladle out information. In their passionate love of nature, their indifference to the fine arts, and their infinite capacity for family life there was not a shade of difference between them. In temper, in intellectual curiosity, and in the capacity to arouse enthusiasm they differed profoundly, but they aimed at identical ideals.

There is no more striking result in a detailed study of Matthew Arnold than the amazing similarity to his father, down to the very turn of his periods. Not only his limitations, but the majority of his qualities and opinions were inherited. "*Mes yeux le retrouvaient dans les traits de son père.*"

One of the things which Matthew Arnold inherited from his father was, as he says in one of his letters to his mother, "a deep sense of what, in the Greek and Roman world, was sound and rational." Mr. Whitridge remarks that at the beginning of the nineteenth century:

> . . . the inspiration of humanism had been lost while that of science had not yet made itself felt. It remains to be seen how Dr. Arnold restored confidence in public schools by inoculating them with the old conception of humanism. He was the first Englishman of his time to comprehend that the classics were the gateway to all ethical, philosophical, and political problems, and to teach them as such.

But humanism is something more than this; and Dr. Arnold, one feels, was lacking in certain qualities that are necessary to the humanist—chief among them that quality of "disinterestedness" upon which Matthew Arnold insisted. Dr. Arnold was not disinterested, he was not really curious, he was far from logical, and he was certainly not tolerant. And with all his prophetic fervour, he lacked the spark of the Promethean fire. The element of tragedy did not enter into his character—he was always Keble's "cheerful Tommy." Sir Michael Sadler in his admirable introduction quotes Lake's saying that the effect of greatness in Arnold was produced "in the main by the union of reality and simplicity of character with a constant freshness and liveliness of intellect almost amounting to poetry." In the last analysis, however, the ideal type towards which Arnold strove was πολιτικός, but never ποιητικός.

The literary monuments inspired by Dr. Arnold seem to owe their measure of greatness to the fire kindled in the writers by his personal magnetism; the facts of his life and his mind do not in themselves alone afford the material for a great biography. Mr. Whitridge's book is not a biography, but a portrait, and as such it supplements but does not supplant Stanley's Life. It is interesting and brings much that is new. There are a few slips which must be noticed. It strikes one unpleasantly to hear something in the Radcliffe Camera as "in Radcliffe Library"; and we are told that Arnold "had read Godwin's *Political Necessity*." In a book, too, by a grandson of Matthew Arnold one does not expect to read—"wandering between two worlds, one dead *and* the other powerless to be born."

JAMES ORRICK.

ROSS AND SOMERVILLE

THE IRISH R.M. AND HIS EXPERIENCES. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Faber and Gwyer.) 7s. 6d. net.

FRENCH LEAVE. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

The appearance of a new novel by Miss Somerville simultaneously with the publication in one volume of all the Irish R.M. stories in England, and of an American edition of all the sporting novels in seven, sets one considering more precisely as to the peculiar qualities which mark the work that she has produced in collaboration with Martin Ross. Martin Ross has described how, when she first met Andrew Lang, she said, on being questioned by him as to her method of working in collaboration, " I didn't know how we managed, but anyhow that I knew little of book-making as a science. He said that I must know a good deal, on which I had nothing to say."

It is the humour, the life, the acute observation that strike one most when one reads their books purely for pleasure; but studying them as an example of the story-teller's art, one comes to realize with increasing admiration the deft sureness, the patient hard work that went to their construction. Sometimes, of course, they were writing against time, or Martin Ross was suffering from her recurrent ill-health, and then, as in *Dan Russel*, the effect is apparent; but to watch them at their best work is to learn a good deal about the art of making a story. There are too many books which, in spite of being fresh, and alive, and vital, are poor as compositions; the Brontës fall short in this way. The art of counterpoint in writing is apt to be neglected.

Probably one reason why their work is taken less seriously than it deserves by some of the literary cliques is that they themselves belonged to none. If Miss Somerville and her cousin were richly endowed by heaven with that gift which breathes life into the creations of a human brain, they were endowed with another gift more valuable still, since an artist with work to do is no less a human being with a life to live. They had, by instinct, that supreme good sense which enabled them to take their work, but never themselves, seriously. Many a fine artist has been ruined, many another has wasted years and energy, through confusing a serious attitude towards himself with a serious attitude towards his work. But these two avoided that pitfall as if it had never existed. They began their first novel light-heartedly enough; an incident— Miss Somerville has described it vividly—occurred to bring them face to face with the seriousness of life.

> The shock of it was what we needed. . . . Little as we may have achieved it, an ideal of Art rose then for us, far and faint as the moon, and often, like her, hidden in clouds, yet never quite lost or forgotten.

It was a pity, though, that they did not meet with more encouragement in this direction; for then we might have had more work from them of the quality of *The Real Charlotte*. As it was, their very diffidence, if it never shook their private conviction that *Charlotte* was their best book, caused them to turn their energies towards the kind of writing that met with more immediate response. *Charlotte* came before its time; rare critics, like Andrew Lang, realized that it " treated of a new phase " ; but in 1894 a novel had to be " pleasant." The reaction in favour of " realism " had not yet set in,

and too many of the reviewers shared the opinion of the family critic who assured them with brotherly frankness that "such a combination of bodily and mental hideosity as *Charlotte* could never have existed outside your and Martin's diseased imaginations." Indeed, it was not until Martin Ross paid a visit to St. Andrews in the following year, and there met with an appreciation as warm as it was keenly discriminating from Andrew Lang and his eclectic circle, that they realized that the book had real merit in the eyes of competent judges. The appreciation was not sufficiently general to encourage them to continue in the same vein; they began on the R.M. stories, and meeting there with instant success, they returned only occasionally and in passing to the deeper note they had struck in *Charlotte*. It sounds again in one or two of the R.M. stories, and still more distinctly in *The Big House of Inver*.

But whether the note is deep or light, they have at their best a quality all their own. They understand the art of rendering conversation as few moderns do; it flies back and forward like a shuttle, never halting. When Flurry Knox and his grandmother come to grips it is like watching two skilled fencers.

> "Is it that curby, long-legged brute? You promised him to me long ago, but I wouldn't be bothered with him."
>
> The old lady uttered a laugh of shrill derision. "Is it likely I'd promise you my best colt? And still more, is it likely that you'd refuse him if I did?"
>
> "Very well, ma'am." Flurry's voice was admirably indignant. "Then I suppose I'm a liar and a thief."
>
> "I'd be more obliged to you for the information if I hadn't known it before," responded his grandmother with lightning speed; "if you swore to me on a stack of Bibles you knew nothing about my colt, I wouldn't believe you!"

Sometimes the precision of the design in their stories is a little obvious to us to-day, accustomed to such devices; but more often they catch us with a surprise that is inevitable, as in the ending of *Philippa's Fox-Hunt*, when after a long and varied chase old Mrs. Knox is faced with the problem of the cub that has taken refuge in a culvert. Finally, having sent the unwilling Johnny up the culvert, after the hound that had already gone in after the cub, she hauls him out by the legs, assisted by her brother-in-law, the elderly clergyman to whom she had not spoken for twenty years.

> Exactly as Philippa and her rescue party arrived, the efforts of Mrs. Knox and her brother-in-law triumphed. The struggling, sopping form of Johnny was slowly drawn from the hole, drenched, speechless, but clinging to the stern of a hound, who, in its turn, had its jaws fast in the hind-quarters of a limp, yellow cub.
>
> "Oh, it's dead," wailed Philippa, "but I *did* think I should have been in time to save it!"
>
> "Well, if that doesn't beat all!" said Dr. Hickey.

We were expecting it as little as Dr. Hickey himself; but we realize at once that it was precisely what she *would* say.

The sense for design, so clear in all these stories, comes to its full fruition in *The Real Charlotte*. There is the wide back-ground of lesser characters—the aristocratic, easy-going Dysarts, the officers, the provincial, vulgar, good-natured townspeople of Lismoyle, and the servants and peasant class in general, with their curious Celtic melancholy, and wild dignity; all sketched in with the few essential strokes that make them real. Against them stands out that smaller group: Lambert, his first wife, the sickly "turkey-hen," and Francie Fitzpatrick, with her lovely face, her sweet, shallow, unrestrained nature, lovable in its artlessness and singleness of mind, all dominated by

Charlotte Mullen, Francie's middle-aged second cousin. Francie, of course, attracts to herself every man she meets even from that first appearance as a child on her way home from Sunday-school, when she captivates Lambert with the beginning of a passion which, not in itself essentially tragic, leads to tragedy, since it crosses Charlotte's will. Charlotte's own volcanic passion for Lambert, never suspected by him, nor by anyone else—who would suspect Charlotte, with her masculine mind and her old-maid ways, of anything tender?—consumes her, and one by one the others fall victim to it. She brings about the first Mrs. Lambert's death by carefully playing on her two weaknesses: her terror of losing her husband's affection, and the diseased heart that is bound to succumb to excessive agitation; a scheme so subtly carried out that no one guesses her deliberate planning and execution of it. That obstacle removed, and Francie safely dispatched back to Dublin, she sets about slowly involving Lambert in financial indebtedness to herself—an easy matter, with his naturally extravagant ways; and now she sees her desired end in sight. Then falls the sudden blow: Lambert's announcement of his hasty marriage to Francie, whom he has been meeting all unknown to her. It is then that her passionate love turns to yet more passionate hate, and she works out her revenge on him. It is part of her inevitable destiny that she cannot forgo her triumph, but taunts him with the fact that it is she who is responsible for his ruin; even as they stand facing each other in the last terrific scene, the news is brought of Francie's fatal fall from her horse in the road outside; and Charlotte realizes that she has finally destroyed her chance of ever capturing him at the very moment that the only human obstacle has been removed.

Miss Somerville has told us how she and Martin Ross had based the character of Charlotte on an actual person, dead long before they began writing. For them the story of her love-affair grew simply out of her character as they saw it; it was after the book was published that they were told by someone who had known her intimately that she had, indeed, had just such a story in her life, though they themselves had never suspected it, and that the story as it evolved itself for them in their own minds was, in fact, "perfectly true; in almost every detail of Charlotte's relations with Lambert and his wife incredibly, even appallingly, true."

Reading the book, one can well believe it; there is conveyed throughout precisely that sense which so often impresses us in real life in people of marked individuality—the sense that a man *is* his own destiny; given a certain character, a certain trend of events is inevitable. Charlotte is just such a person; her essence, huge, formless, menacing, purposeful, hangs brooding over the book like a cloud, although to the outward eye she is merely a rather unpleasant middle-aged woman. The veil lifts in such a scene as her reception of Lambert's letter telling her of his marriage to Francie:

> The weak side of Charlotte's nature was her ready abandonment of herself to fury that was, as often as not, wholly incompatible with its cause, and now that she had been dealt the hardest blow that life could give her, there were a few minutes in which rage, and hatred, and thwarted passion took her in their fierce hands, and made her for the time a wild beast. When she came to herself she was standing by the chimney-piece, panting and trembling; the letter lay in pieces on the rug, torn by her teeth, and stamped here and there with the semi-circle of her heel; a chair was lying on its side on the floor, and the cat was crouching aghast under the sideboard, looking out at her mistress with terrified inquiry.

Throughout this one of their books, in glimpses here and there in the rest, persists their awareness of all the vast and terrifying world that lies behind our comfortable, every-day human consciousness; and they succeed in making it present and imminent for their readers; an achievement possible only where there is profound experience of life, understanding, sincerity, and, most necessary quality of all, reverence.

The present publications represent the lighter side of their work. *French Leave* goes along with *Dan Russel*; it has its amusing passages, its vivid pictures, its shrewd touches of character, without having any permanent qualities of construction or psychological intensity. Miss Somerville is amusing herself by reminiscences of the far-off days of bustles and no motor traffic. It is not one of her best books. No doubt the publishers know what they are about in republishing the sporting stories, and we are glad to have them. But it is to be hoped that they will follow this up by a collected edition which will contain the more serious books; *The Big House of Inver*, and above all *The Real Charlotte*. This has been issued in a cheap edition, but it is worth having in a more dignified form, since it is, of all their work, most definitely the one to keep and re-read.

M. Robinson.

Mrs. Annie Besant. By Geoffrey West. (Gerald Howe.) 3s. 6d. net. (Representative Women Series.)

If the other volumes in the projected series of *Representative Women* are as good as the first, they will form a very valuable group. Mr. West has dealt efficiently with a difficult piece of work; and such an account of Mrs. Annie Besant as he gives here has long been wanted. Mrs. Besant was born exactly eighty years ago; and up to now it has been almost impossible for those of younger generations who wanted information about her varied activities before their own time to know where to look for it. Her amazingly diverse activities; the extremes of praise and blame that have been showered on her; her abrupt changes; the enigmatic contradictions in her own character, which this book sets before us with remarkable impartiality, all make her an arresting and complex study. Mr. West's selection and arrangement of his material is admirable; but still more noteworthy is his success in maintaining a really balanced attitude towards the subject of his book. For Mrs. Besant is a person with regard to whom it is unusually difficult to be impartial. The conflict of opinion between those who revere her as something almost more than human and those to whom she appears to be an unbalanced emotionalist makes it hard for a biographer to keep the mean: to give her full credit for her great powers of brain, her sincerity, her powerful effect on those about her, her faith and courage, her loyalty to herself; and, at the same time, to keep in view that strange lack of solidity, that falsity of judgment, that absence of fine discrimination which make sober people mistrust her wisdom, though not her sincerity. This Mr. West has done; it is a notable achievement, and one which must have required of him a discipline of mind which is not common.

M. R.